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THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY.

THE

GREEKS OF TO-DAY

32499

BY

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Late Minister Resident of the United States of Athens

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"A NEW state of things has arisen from the shifting of the balance of power, and it is not easy for the most experienced statesman to say at once what are the true relations of the Ottoman and Hellenic States, and their protectors or allies, the Austrian or Russian Powers, in the new conditions of Europe. Until, therefore, the consequences of the late war unfold themselves, it would seem almost useless to speculate on the politics of those States, which must always be dependent on those of their mightier neighbors. But while waiting for the clearing up of political prospects, we may utilize the present period—possibly, a mere interval—of calm in Western Europe, to take note of the social condition, and the material progress of the countries, which may at any time become the theatre of great events. *Of these, Greece, though the smallest, is the most interesting; more has been written about the little kingdom than about any other Eastern State; and what has been written, has been always widely read.*"

London Times, May, 1872.

THE GREEKS OF TO-DAY

ARRIVAL.

THE traveller who approaches the coast of Greece with his imagination imbued with the prismatic hues of her ancient glory, will be disillusionized, as one by one the dreary and verdureless islands of the Ægean rise from the expanse around him, and the sterile coast stretches its monotonous lines, and patches of unvarying ochre. Yet as he passes Cerigo—"Cithera's Isle,"—it is not without a pleasurable sensation that he remembers that there the most realistic of divinities was born; and Melos reminds him that she furnished the peerless statue which adorns the hall of the Louvre; and Ægina tells him that he is gazing upon the famous "eye sore" of ancient Athens; and Salamis stirs him with the recollection of that naval achievement which crowned the fame of Themistocles, and saved the destinies of Greece. These suggestions, rather than evidences, of ancient mythology,

art and prowess, partially atone for the meagerness of the island scenery, and the mind prepares itself to receive the reality of Modern Greece with that spirit of philosophy which ever comes to its aid when most it stands in need.

Our route to Athens was by way of Brindisi, in southern Italy, to which port Admiral Farragut, then in command of the European Squadron, had dispatched one of his steamers to meet me. The trip to the Piraeus, the port of Athens, occupied fifty-two hours, during which the *Frolic* had little opportunity to display her festive qualities, for "Boreas vexed not the aerial space," and with the exception of the usual tumbling, off rude Cape Matapan, the sea was as calm as Diana's mirror. I will mention the single incident that broke in upon the tranquillity of our little man-of-war. It was a few minutes after midnight, the steamer moving steadily onward at eight or nine knots the hour, when we were suddenly aroused from sleep by the ringing of the fire alarm bell. Hastily throwing on such articles of clothing as were nearest at hand, we rushed to the cabin door and beheld an exciting scene. The deck was already crowded with the crew, half dressed, bare-footed, and bare-headed. The officer in command was issuing rapid orders in a stentorian voice; a length of hose lay extended from midships to forecastle, and a volume of water deluged the deck. Men with hatchets, and men with ropes, were flying like mad from one part of the steamer to another, and the alarming order to "cut away" something or other, sound-

ed like a death warrant. This scene of systematized confusion lasted some twenty minutes, and was finally brought to an end by the welcome order, "Back to quarters." This was followed by the speedy restoration of the vessel to its former ship-shape condition; and before we turned in again, all was as quiet as if nothing unusual had occurred. During this scene, not even the ladies of our party manifested the slightest nervous anxiety; nor did any of us take the trouble to enquire as to the origin of the fire, or the extent of danger to which we had been exposed. The explanation of this apparent apathy lies in the fact, that on the evening previous, the commander had quietly remarked to each of us: "If you hear an unusual noise to-night, do not be alarmed, as I intend to call the men to quarters—for *practice.*"

We approached the peninsula of the Piræus just in time to catch a telescopic view of the Parthenon, faintly crowning the heights above Athens, before the sun "sunk behind Morea's hills;" but we were not favored with one of Byron's sunsets. It was a burning, rather than a "living," light, and the marvellous transitions from gold to saffron, saffron to red, delicately pink in the upper heavens, like the hue of young roses, and gradually deepening to ruby as it falls upon the surrounding hills, which have so often since delighted our vision, were superseded by a furnace glow of such intensity, that the vast amphitheatre of hills—Phyle, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, which encircles the plain of

Attica, was a wall of fire. But we were not deprived of that last miraculous touch, which distinguishes the Grecian sunset from all others. Hymettus loomed up before the expiring rays a mass of glowing purple; not that uncertain hue which is occasionally observable in the Highlands of the Hudson, but deepening from the exquisite tint of the violet, to the deepest imperial purple. Our greeting was certainly a grand one. Better than the salute of guns and ripple of flags, seemed to us that purple pomp at the portals of Greece, and thus the "Violet-wreathed City" of the Greek poet became to us a living reality.

I was so absorbed in watching the heavens, that the dull clank of the anchor-chain, as the cumbrous mass descended to the bottom, suddenly recalled the fact that our voyage had reached its termination. But where was the Piræus, the busy port of Athens—the shipping—the bevy of boats that so eagerly surrounds the newly-arrived steamer? Not a sign of any thing of the kind! Before us spread a little bay, land-locked by ridges of barren soil, but no evidence of man or of human habitation. We were too late to enter the port, and had come to anchor for the night at the mouth of the Munichia, a little circular bay indenting the Eastern shore of the peninsula of the Piræus, but unsafe as a port of entry, and entirely in disuse. The spot is interesting to the student of antiquity as having been a receptacle for ships of war in the time of Themistocles; but as our present occupation was entirely disconnected

with that epoch, I could not regard the position with archaeological cheerfulness.

I shall never forget the solemnity of that night, while lying off the coast of Greece; the grim shore, the silence of the sea, the intensity of the starlight, "far splendoring the sleepy realms of night." So transparent at times is that wonderful atmosphere, that the vault of heaven seems lowered, or humanity lifted towards it, that the starry canopy may be the better comprehended and adored. As I walked the deck at midnight, the position contrasted so violently with the experiences of our long journey as to become almost insupportable. The rush of life had suddenly culminated in a profound hush on the shadowy threshold of what had been to me a land of promise from the days when I was drilled in Ancient History and thumbed the Greek grammar. It seemed as if the procession of thought had halted just at the point where it should have advanced, and that some impenetrable barrier were interposed between the familiar objects of the past, and the new scenes and circumstances upon which I had been called upon to enter. Daylight most effectually dissolved these doubtings, and amidst the welcome of new hands and faces, we were soon landed by the Consul's boat at the "King's Stairs," on the long stone quay of the Piræus. There, carriages were in waiting to convey us to Athens, Commander H. and his officers, with our American friends, doing the "escort."

The accounts of enthusiastic travellers in Greece,

from Professor Felton to Miss Bremer, and of cynical or morose ones, from About to Thackeray, had pretty well prepared me for the actual condition of things, and I laid aside my glasses of *couleur de rose*,—not for the green or the blue—but for clear crystal. I must confess that these soon became very dusty on the road from Piræus to Athens—a stretch of five miles over a well-constructed macadamized road which follows the course of the ancient "long wall." With the exception of a meagre line of Italian poplars which expends its force in a clump at the half-way restaurant and wine shops, there is but little verdure. Neither do the fields attract by luxuriant vegetation. Much of the land on either side is waste and sterile, and it is a constant marvel to the American, who comes from "pastures green" and most abundant, how the thousands of sheep and goats, browsing on the melancholy plains and stony hills around Athens, find sustenance. Some grape vineyards attracted the attention, but they looked dried up under the blazing sun of June, and the poor creatures at work in them excited, no doubt needlessly, our deep commiseration. The dust raised by our carriages and the vehicles which we passed on the road, was most aggravating to eyes and olfactories. A perpetual cloud of it, fine and penetrating, seems to be the necessary accompaniment of those who pass to and fro on this highway between the months of May and October, for during that period not a drop of rain falls on the parched plain of Attica. The consequence is, that the face of

the country has that wintry look which stereoscopic views of landscapes frequently present, so thick lies the white dust on trees, shrubbery and vineyards, and which is never washed off by artificial process, nor blown off by refreshing breezes. Now that the English railway is in successful operation, the bulk of travel between the city and Piraeus avails itself of the speedier and more comfortable mode of conveyance. The entrance to Athens from the Piraeus road is not imposing. The street is ill-paved, and the quarter of the town dirty and squalid. Avoiding the long "street of Hermes," with its throng of carts, donkeys laden with brush-wood and paniers of fruit; crowds of red-capped Greeks in dirty fustanellos—blue bagged Cretan trowsers—shepherds' shaggy capotes, and the less becoming but now prevailing Frank costume—avoiding these and the accompanying din of many voices, we took the pleasant road which winds round the base of the Acropolis, and after a brisk drive alighted at one of the three excellent hotels on the "Square of the Constitution."

FIRST DAYS AT ATHENS.

FIRST DAYS AT ATHENS.

HE Greeks take things quietly. Kings and princes arrive and depart, and beyond the usual modicum of street staring and side-walk criticism, excite no sensation. As to foreign Ministers, the Capital is surfeited, and they succeed each other as noiselessly as the seasons. Etiquette in political and social circles at Athens is extremely rigid. The last arrival, be he who he may, is expected to make the first call. The departure from this rule is so rare that I could not but regard it as a very high compliment, when many of the leading men of Athens waived the custom, and anticipated the new Minister in the first ceremonial visit. This cordiality of reception was chiefly owing to the fact that until then the United States had not been represented by a resident Minister in Greece, and he was peculiarly welcome as coming from a Government that has no sinister motives to conceal, nor selfish ends to gain, among a people whom we wish to see obtain the largest liberty consistent with the law of human progress.

Two demonstrations of a public character were made during the first days of my arrival, which were pecu-

liarly interesting to me from their connection with the Cretan insurrection, at that time in its most critical phase. The first was a deputation of Cretans, accompanied by the Bishop of Kissamos—a province of northern Candia—and two priests. It was sad to look upon the anxious faces of these men as they gathered in and filled my parlor, trusting that the affecting address of their chief would elicit something from me, that might lead to the hope of eventual interference on the part of the United States Government, in behalf of their struggling country. They were a fine-looking set of men, hardy, earnest-eyed and simple mannered. They thanked me with tears in their eyes for the charitable aid so freely extended to the Cretan refugees in Greece—then about sixty thousand—by their sympathetic friends in America, and especially to the Cretan Committee of New York. Finally, the Bishop, with uplifted hands and eyes, and in words trembling with emotion, invoked a solemn blessing upon the Government and people of the United States. I doubt not that every word proceeded from his heart.

One evening I was informed that a procession of Cretan children, refugees from their unhappy island, had called to pay their respects to the American Minister. They numbered about nine hundred, and had been brought by their teachers, Missionaries of the American Board, and were ranged in line, up and down the street, before the legation. They were all of tender years, and were neatly dressed. A large crowd had collected at the

unwonted spectacle, which was altogether quite touching. There they were, the helpless children of poor and suffering mothers, who had been cast upon the shores of Greece to find that subsistence which was denied to them at home, where their fathers and elder brothers were sustaining all the hardships of a struggle which, in the face of tremendous odds, they still hoped might terminate in the independence of an island which is theirs by right of nationality, language, religion and numbers. To our countrymen at home they were indebted for the very clothes on their backs, and for the food which from day to day kept the feeble life within them, while to the disinterested labors of our missionaries at Athens they owed a moral and intellectual salvation from something worse than death itself. After singing two or three hymns they saluted the Minister with cheers, which forced him to address them with a few sympathetic and encouraging words, the venerable Dr. King acting as interpreter. Among other things he told them that, could their benefactors in America but witness the spectacle which they presented, they would feel abundantly recompensed for such assistance as, amid great domestic suffering existing at the time in the Southern American States, they had been able to bestow upon the refugees in Greece.

Then, with more singing and more "zetos," the assembly quietly dispersed.

In further proof that the Greeks are not ungrateful

for the assistance extended to the Cretans by our countrymen, let me quote the address of Monseigneur Théophile, the head of the Greek Synod, and highest ecclesiastical authority in Greece, who, wearing his robe and insignia of office, was among the first to call upon the newly arrived Minister: "I come," said the archbishop, "as a man who participated in our great struggle, which commenced in 1821, and still continues, and as the head of the Greek clergy, to express to you, the representative of the great American nation, the gratitude of my companions in arms, not only those belonging to the Orthodox clergy, but those of the entire Greek nation, for the many benefits of every kind, which, not only during the old war, but during the present struggle in Crete, your countrymen have conferred upon the Christians of the East, who are fighting for religion, country and liberty. I pray your Excellency to transmit this expression of our deep thankfulness to your whole nation; and if it be possible, to every American citizen. Tell them that what they have done for Greece is written in indelible characters in the Hellenic heart, and will be transmitted from generation to generation. The clergy of Greece will ever pray for the peace and prosperity of the world, but above all for these two nations so closely bound together by the ties of friendship and of sympathy. Without the beneficence of America the difficulties of our great struggle would have been much greater, and but for her generous aid many Cretan widows and orphans would have perished of hunger and

of cold. May God bless the American benefactors of the Christians in the East."

Beside these formal utterances, notes poured in from individuals, many of whom I have never seen, full of similar expressions of gratitude for American liberality.

Let me say a single word here on this Cretan question, with which, so far as charitable aid to the refugees is concerned, I have been more or less connected before and during my residence in Greece. The insurrection, chiefly from the imperfect manner in which it was conducted, has long since terminated, but the popular principle which it illustrated is as vital to-day as then, and the moral effect of the charitable movements in America and other countries, is not only perceptible in the amelioration of the condition of the Greeks in Candia, but gives promise of ultimate reforms which will unquestionably lead to the realization of just hopes on the part of those restless and unfortunate people.

My official presentation to the King of Greece took place at the palace at Athens, His Majesty coming to the Capitol for that purpose from his summer residence. King George is the second son of King Christian of Denmark, and is brother to Alexandra, Princess of Wales, and to Dagmar, the Crown Princess of Russia. He ascended the Hellenic throne in 1863, and is now 28 years of age. His figure is slight and his complexion pale, with eyes and mouth expressive of kindliness and determination. His physiognomy indicates his character, which is honest, frank, and unaffected; a Sax-

on nature, in fact, which disarms suspicion, and invites confidence. Of his political abilities as a Sovereign in the difficult position of ruling an alien people, I may venture to make some observations in a future chapter.

As an amusing illustration of the official formalities which prevail at the Greek Court, I will give the course of procedure which led to the presentation of the wife of the American Minister to the Queen. A ceremonial visit is first made upon the Grande Maitresse of the Court, who within three days return it. The *doyenne* of the diplomatic corps, namely, the wife of the Foreign Minister who has been longest accredited at the Court, is next called upon, and after this visit has been returned, a formal note is sent, requesting her to apply to the Grande Maitresse for the presentation to the Queen. Now it happened that at the period of our arrival at Athens, which was midsummer, the Court were sojourning at Cephisia, a distance of twelve miles from the Capitol. The *doyenne*, also to escape the heat of Athens, was residing at the Piræus, five miles in the opposite direction. It was therefore something to comply with the requirements of the occasion. But what are long drives over dusty roads in midsummer, or the sacrifice of many precious hours, compared with an infringement of those Royal observances, which for generations Europe has consecrated as the religion of dynasties! "Those who go to Corinth," or to Courts, must proceed in the way that is set down for them. When, therefore, the wife of the

Minister had performed her pilgrimages to Kephissia, and to the Piraeus, and the *doyenne* had performed hers to Athens and Cephisia, and the *Grande Maitresse* had performed hers from Cephisia to Athens—making in all an aggregate of *ninety-two* miles—the Queen's messenger appeared with a royally-stamped note, appointing a day for the presentation, and an accompanying invitation to dinner.

Let it not be supposed that this martyrdom of etiquette is ever endured more than once; that one turning of the golden key opens the lock forever. The simple announcement that the Minister is in the antechamber of the Palace, is sufficient to admit him instantly, and at any hour, into the presence of the King. Indeed, personally there is nothing haughty or *exigeant* in the character of King George. Simple in tastes, and genial in his disposition, he keenly enjoys the elegance of his surroundings without being seduced by externals. Nothing could have been more frugal than the house of his father, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, before he ascended the throne; and from the simplicity and good sense of the Princesses Alexandra and Dagmar, may be inferred the character of their brother of Greece.

We found the King and Queen seated in her boudoir, and passed an hour alone with them before the announcement of dinner. Queen Olga is the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and is therefore the niece of the Emperor Alexander II. She is twen-

ty two years of age, but with the early development of the children of the North, is womanly rather than girlish; well developed, with sunny hair, blue eyes, delicate nose and chin, full and glowing lips, and a skin marvellously white and transparent. She has her mother's, the Grand Duchess Alexandra's, graceful slope of shoulders and bust, than which there are few fairer. Her first child was not then born, but I have "assisted" since, at three christenings, when her children were held up like naked cupids, after the manner of the Greek Church, before being plunged into the royal font. The maternal duties of the young Queen have thus far had no perceptible effect upon her physical charms. In manner she unites the artlessness of a child with the charming *aplomb* that is bred in courts. She has an inquiring mind and critical observation, which spices her sentences with the least suspicion of sarcasm. She is lovely to look upon, whether standing in royal robes, crowned with a tiara of diamonds, or sitting in sweet abandon in her nursery, surrounded by her children. From her amiability of disposition, and from her avoidance of all intermeddling with politics, Queen Olga is universally beloved by her people.

The court consists of about twenty individuals, selected chiefly from the old Greek families of the revolution, rather than from the *Fanariotes*, who, under the Turkish regime, constituted the Greek aristocracy at Constantinople, and are regarded with jealousy by those who claim to be of the "unadulterated stock." Thus,

out of deference to public opinion, we find the names of Colocotroni, Mavromehalis, Metaxas, Vasos, and Botzaris, among the ladies and gentlemen in attendance upon their Majesties. *

The members of the court are strongly attached to the King for his extreme personal kindness to them.

As I shall not refer to the subject again, let me here say what a misapprehension in certain quarters impels me to say. Until one comprehends by personal observation to what extent the heat of political acrimony will mislead, it is difficult to understand the motives of men who deliberately attack the personal character of their rulers. We have experience of this in our own country, but it is rarely carried to the extent which is observable in Europe, where, among the democratic classes, there are few sovereigns whose names have not been connected with all that is vile in human nature. Unhappily we are too well aware that the private lives of emperors and kings are not always exemplars of moral purity, but it is equally unjust to conclude that, because an individual possesses sovereign attributes, he will necessarily debase himself by profligacy and lust. The freedom of the press in Athens is as unfettered as our own, and far more frequently abused. Attacks upon the sovereign are rare, but are not always limited to his

* The latter, one of the ladies of honor to the Queen, is the grand-daughter of the hero of Halleck's well-known poem. Our poet was ignorant of the proper pronunciation of the Suliote chieftain's name, or he would not have spoiled his metre. The accent should be on the first syllable, *Bot*-zaris.

supposed political offences, and although innuendoes reflecting upon the King's morals are promptly repudiated by the respectable portion of the Athenian press, they are caught up and circulated abroad whenever any petty political purpose is to be promoted thereby. Thus it happens that these libels occasionally cross the water and appear in our own journals, separately, or mixed up with the political slime which the detractors of Greece unceasingly fling at that defenceless kingdom. Of course our own journals are not responsible for these mendacities, and thus, in the shape of "foreign items," they pass current with millions of readers.

Not long since a New York newspaper contained the following paragraph: "Cannot there be at least one respectable king? Here is George of Greece, who is said to be a deep drinker and trifler; who plays all the time with pet birds—the catching of which is sufficient for His Majesty—and so he lets the bandits prowl on, and plunder and murder." "Was it for this," asks the editor, and no wonder that he asks it, "that Greece was helped to independence by the powers of Europe?" His Majesty, who is remarkable for his abstemiousness, and who does not "trifle" with a single "bird," human or ornithological, laughed heartily when he perused this paragraph. But when told that it was cut from a respectable *American* journal, he was almost incredulous. The domestic life of King George is without reproach, and his example, as a husband and father, in spite of the allurement of eyes and the flattery of tongues—

from which no court is exempt—might well be followed by those who slander, and conceal their identity in the obscurity of private life. An official, whose interviews with a sovereign are confined to public audiences, may be less able to form a correct opinion on this head than the valet who attends his master. But I now speak of him as an individual and not as a king; and from an acquaintance which has brought me into intimacy with him in, I may say, all the relations of life. In our estimate of rulers, at home and abroad, we are apt to forget the millions of eyes that are fixed upon them, eager to spy out some moral delinquency which shall feed the appetite for scandal, and promote the objects of party warfare. Fortunate is the prince, who, standing in the midst of

"That fierce light which beats upon a throne,"

can furnish so little opportunity for personal reproach as King George of Greece.

MODERN ATHENS.

ATHENS.

THE city of Athens is like nothing but itself. Though frequently compared to Edinburgh, there is little resemblance between the two cities beyond the fact that each terminates in a precipitous rock, surrounded by bastioned walls. Old and new Edinburgh are separated by a deep fissure, and the various epochs at which the buildings were constructed, and the different elevations of the streets, give to the Scottish city a picturesque effect that is wanting in Athens. The Greek Capital lies for the most part on a flat plain and is wholly new, being the growth of the last forty years; and the houses, of yellow-washed stucco, give a fresh and light appearance to the town, which bears the traces of the Bavarian architects, who, under King Otho, constructed many of the public edifices. Excepting the broad and upper part, Athens is a compact mass of buildings, clinging to and spreading out, fan-like, from the Acropolis at its northern and eastern base. This singular rock rises abruptly from the plain to a height of about three hundred feet above the level of the city. It is bold and inaccessible excepting at its western end which slopes gradually to the site of the ancient Agora,

—probably the heart of old Athens. The surface of the Acropolis is flat and oblong, measuring one thousand one hundred by four hundred and fifty feet; and on it stands the Parthenon, the sublimest ruin of ancient Greece, with the remains of the Propylæa, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of Victory. The precipitous sides of the Acropolis are partially clothed with rank vegetation; but the bare and unadorned rock is its chief peculiarity, which is only impaired by the masses of débris that from time to time have been thrown over the parapet, and which give to the "Rock of Pallas," on its southern side, very much the appearance of a modern stone quarry. Other natural elevations around Athens somewhat detract from the imposing effect which would be produced, if the Acropolis alone broke the monotone of the plain of Attica. As it is, the attention is divided between that and its neighbors—the closely connecting rock of the Areopagus, or "Mars Hill;" the massive range of the Pnyx; the "hill of the Nymphs"—crowned with an unsightly observatory—and the hill of Lycabettus, which pierces the air in a sharp cone at the northeast extremity of the city.

But what makes Athens *sui generis*, is its relation to the templed rock which overshadows it with a moral and physical grandeur to which no other city on the surface of the globe can aspire. From the streets below, the upper portions of the ruined Parthenon can be seen projecting above the bastioned walls of the Acropolis, as

if ever asserting its hereditary claims over the innovations of to-day; as if ever declaring in majestic muteness unto the restless city at its feet,—*I*,—*I*, am Athens. Nor can the modern life below it be disassociated from that stupendous throne of rock which upholds the monuments of a past age, whose glories all subsequent ages have but reflected or imperfectly copied. The silent city on the hill, which can never be hid, is linked to the bustling city at its feet, which is ever trying to be seen. It is a live man bound to a corpse; but the man is mortal, and the corpse is immortal.

With the exception of the olive groves, commonly regarded as the scene of Plato's retirement, which stretch along the plain a couple of miles from the city, and the few acres of trees in the "Queen's Garden," there is little foliage to refresh the eye in Athens or its vicinity. Even "Flowery Hymettus" is bare of verdure; and the wild thyme which still supplies immortal honey to the bees, gives but a cold, grayish glow to the surface once thick with olive trees. The goat, classically the enemy to the vine, is in modern times the "scape goat" for all the devastation on the hills; but he is not the real offender. What the vine said to the goat in the fable:

> "If you eat me to the root,
> I shall still bear fruit,"

is no longer applicable, for the peasants dig up the roots of the olive trees, and cut down everything else in the

shape of fibrous substance to supply their own firesides, and the wood markets of Athens.

The "Queen's Garden," named from the former Queen Amelia, to whose rural tastes Athens is indebted for this luxurious enclosure of foliage, flower-beds, artificial waters and winding walks, is the city's leafy crown. It half encircles the palace, and extends along a boulevard lined with pepper trees, and containing many handsome private dwellings. The United States Legation, then sandwiched between those of Russia and France, overlooked the Queen's Garden: and however much—or little—the three colleagues might differ among themselves on questions of public policy, they were sure to agree in this: that in possessing a key to the private entrance of this garden, which admitted them at all hours, the sovereign had bestowed upon them a privilege which cannot be too highly prized, especially during the sultry days of midsummer. The southern boundary of the Queen's Garden abuts upon a large open piece of ground called the "Square of the Olympus," at the extremity of which rise the ruined columns of the temple of the "Jupiter Olympus:"—the other end reaches to the King's Palace, a ponderous edifice of white marble, which, but for the portico in front, might pass for a hospital or military barracks. The "Boulevart des Philhellenes," running in front of the palace and its garden, extends in a circular direction past the Square of the Olympus, the Acropolis and the Temple of Theseus, where, connecting with other broad thoroughfares,

and the "Boulevart de l'Université," it completes the circle of the entire city. The King's Palace is separated by a small enclosure of orange trees from the "Square of the Constitution," where the principal hotels are situated. This, and the "Place de la Concorde," in another quarter of the city, are daily thronged with afternoon promenaders, where, also, the military bands perform twice a week. From this Square extends the "Street of Hermes," more than a mile in length, lined with shops of every description, and leading out into the Piræus road. Æolus street, a somewhat similar thoroughfare, crosses the former at right angles and extends into a fine carriage drive, as far as the village of Patissia. At the junction of the streets of Hermes and Æolus, are several cafés which, favoring the confluence of these two arteries of city life, form the rendezvous of a large class of coffee-house politicians, who, in that effervescent community, find abundant topics for incessant and exciting debate. The four right angles formed from this centre extend over a net-work of narrow and tortuous streets, between buildings possessing little claim to architectural beauty, and filled with a dense population. The shop windows betray the meretricious taste which prevails in Oriental and unthoroughly reclaimed communities. There is a superabundant supply of cheap jewelry and German "nick-nacks," which are so readily obtained from Vienna and Berlin. These make their appearance on the dresses of thousands of the middle and lower classes of females, who aspire to imitate Pa-

risian fashions in their toilets and the decorations of their houses. The bookstores contain fewer volumes of standard literature than would be expected in a community of scholars like that of Athens. The number of tobacco shops is not surprising, in view of the fact that every third man is whiffing a cigarette. Cigars, worthy of the name, are a rarity; but the paper-covered substitute is the almost inevitable accompaniment of every man's walk, talk or avocation. Little books of cigar paper, the tobacco box, and brass receptacle for ashes, are seen on the table in every house. The Greek seems to think that the only good thing that can come out of the Ottoman Empire is Turkish tobacco; and this he reduces to ashes with intense relish. The native, and cheaper article, however, is what is mostly consumed in the country. In brilliant contrast to the generality of shops are a few, the show windows of which, be it the jeweller, tailor or silk mercer, almost rival those of the Palais Royal.

With the exception of the Cathedral or Metropolitan Church, there is no edifice of religious worship which attracts attention from its external architecture or internal appointments, unless it be the three or four little Byzantine churches which, scattered about through the old city, deserve notice from their peculiar and ancient construction. The Metropolitan Church is imposing from its size; but the external coloring in stripes of yellow and red have a tawdry look to the foreign eye. If, from the thickly-settled and business quarters we

proceed to the newer parts of the city, things wear a more attractive look. The streets are wide, the sidewalks cleanly, and but for certain nuisances which force the pedestrian to take to the street, would be worthy of any city. Balconies protrude from even the meanest edifice, and are regarded as a desideratum by all households, for the accommodation of the ladies of the family, who sit thereon in passive enjoyment of the street view during the long summer afternoons and evenings. The dwellings are built very much on the same model, and are mostly intended for two families; having one entrance through a gate and court-yard to the first floor apartments, and another front door conducting to the suite of rooms above. The walls are constructed of large cobble stones, roughly cemented, and are substantial enough for a fortress; but the enemy they are intended to provide against is more subtle and powerful than the armaments of war. Earthquakes are not infrequent in Greece, and have been attended with great loss of life and property. In Athens, however, they have never exceeded a slight *tremblement*, sufficient to arouse the sleeper at night, but not endangering even a chimney-pot.

The dwelling-houses are generally furnished with great simplicity, and there is an absence of that comfortable home look which the abundance of drapery and furniture gives to an English parlor or French salon. Even in the best houses, carpets are sometimes deemed superfluous, or are visible only in the shape of rugs be-

fore the sofas, or a square of tapestry in the middle of the floor. But the nakedness below is atoned for by the gorgeousness above. Every ceiling, from dining-room to bed-room, is decorated with colored designs, and the salon is sometimes so gay with arabesque, as to suggest the idea that the carpet has been spread by accident on the ceiling instead of the floor. The sofa is the seat of honor, and on it the guest is invited to seat himself. Two rows of chairs are generally seen at right angles to the sofa, which, when duly occupied, give rather a formal appearance to a social gathering. Black coffee or sweetmeats are invariably offered to visitors in many of the Greek families, as in the days of the Turkish regime.

Each dwelling-house in the better portions of the city has its garden in the rear. Thick and high walls may hide it from the passing gaze; but there it is, a ceaseless pleasure to the occupants, and often an evidence of their cultivated tastes. In very many of the gardens, or in the court yards of private dwellings, the visitor notices small fragments of ancient sculpture set up against the wall, or inserted in it; portions of vases, bas-relieves, a trunkless head, or a headless trunk, inscriptions, etc., which were discovered for the most part on the spot where they are now seen, having been turned up in the excavations during the progress of the building. The removal of antiquities from the country is now forbidden by law; but the discoverer is permitted to retain them as his personal property. During the

litigation and delays which occurred while the plan for the new city was being matured, and which contemplated the entire abolishment of the narrow, crooked lanes which deformed the old Turkish town, the owners of many of the lots became impatient, and erected dwellings on the old sites. The result of this is, that the broad, regular thoroughfares were commenced after a large part of the present city was erected, and there is no doubt but that beneath the soil in the older parts of the city are concealed many precious archaeological remains, which would otherwise have been brought to light.

Athens can boast of public edifices which rival many structures in the largest European Capitals. I can but glance at these. After the King's Palace and the Cathedral, the University attracts attention from its strictly classic façade, the walls on each side of the centre being windowless, and the white columns being relieved by a deep red interior wall. The "Arsakion," a Young Ladies' Institute, is a commanding structure of white stucco, with marble portal separated from the boulevard by a handsome iron railing. The Varvakion, a large grammar school, the Orphan Asylums for boys and girls, the Opthalmic Institution, the Polytechnic School, the Military Hospital, and the Observatory are creditable buildings, worthy of the high uses for which they are employed. Those of the Department of Finance and of the Interior, which latter contains the Post Office, are massive, but without architectural elegance, as is also the National Bank of Greece, one of the most useful monetary

establishments in Europe. Of public buildings in process of construction, are the Greek Academy, the character of which will closely approach that of the *Academie Français*, a superb structure of Pentelic marble, which will cost upwards of a million of dollars; the *Boulé*, or Chamber of Deputies; the Polytechnic School, and an Archaeological Museum, for the preservation of Greek antiquities. All these institutions are objects of great pride with the Greeks; and many of them are founded and sustained by the munificence of private individuals, among whom Baron Sina, the wealthy Greek banker of Vienna, is prominent. The material progress of this, as well as other cities in Greece, though gradual, is marked. Forty years ago not a single structure now forming the City of Athens, existed.

The vanity which induces the Greeks to name their children after Agamemnon, Alcibiades, Pericles, and other heroes of antiquity, suggests the street nomenclature. Thus we have all Athens marked and labelled with immortal names. The "Street of Hermes," and the "Street of Æolus," are the great business thoroughfares; while smaller ones bear the less divine appellation of Praxiteles, Euripides, Thucydides, Thrasybulus, and Solon. The "Boulevard des Philhellenes" is a slight tribute to the friends of Greece; and the "Square of the Constitution," and the "Place de la Concorde," bring us suddenly down from the mythological and historic periods to the most recent of modern Hellenic events.

The national costume is rapidly disappearing from

the streets of Athens and other large towns of Greece, but prevails in the islands and the interior. The Athenian is not a whit behind other Europeans in adopting the outer signs of civilization; but the cut of the coat and the trailing silk skirt that gathers up the dust in Hermes street, do not always catch the *chic* of the Boulevard des Italiens; and the abundant use of *poudre de riz* falsify many complexions that would otherwise be fair to look upon.

It is rather refreshing than otherwise, to turn to the relief of color and picturesque effect produced by the long, gold-tasselled red fez which many of the Greek women who have adopted the Franc dress, still retain; and to the Albanian jacket and snowy fustanella of the men, which glitter along the streets, and attract the eye wherever there is an assemblage of people. I say *snowy* fustanella, which, however, is not always regarded as an essential by the wearer. When these involuted folds are not immaculate, they are apt to display the opposite extreme of filthiness, indicating that the wearer's acquaintance with soap and water has not even approached to that of a personal introduction. It is at a distance, and in its general effect, that the so-called "Greek costume" is attractive. Closely examined, a man cannot look otherwise than effeminate, with a series of short, white petticoats wrapped around his loins, in spite of the leathern pouch, with protruding pistols, which surmount them. The blue, bagged trowsers and crimson sash of the Cretan—almost as com-

mon in the streets of Athens—is equally characteristic and far more becoming. The national costume of the peasant women is now rarely seen; but the shaggy sheep-skin capote of the shepherd meets the eye at every turn, and is rather picturesque as he walks beside his little over-laden donkey, or drives before him a flock of goats, or a drove of strutting turkeys. The little patient donkey does most of the carrying trade. He is seen plodding along the thoroughfares with huge panniers of grapes, oranges, and vegetables, or buried beneath a mountain of brush-wood, which seems to move along by its own volition. Frequently the poor brute is made to carry his master, or perhaps two masters at a time, who accelerate his movements by pokes and beatings, or stop them by a peculiar rippling sound of the lips. But the transportation of bundles, packages, boxes, and articles of furniture, however large, is the exclusive monopoly of a class of humanity as patient and enduring as the four-legged animal, and not much more advanced than the latter in intellectual endowments. At the corners of the principal business streets may always be seen a group of Maltese porters, strong-bodied men, each with a length of cord hanging over his shoulder, and eyeing watchfully the movements of the passer-by. If a stranger is supposed to be shopping, the Maltese "holds him with his glittering eye," and lingering near the door of the shop he has entered, darts in when the customer has made his bargain to secure the job of carrying the article home. If the purchaser is furnishing a house,

the scene becomes amusing; for unless the shop-keeper knows his customer's residence, and an agreement is made with him to send the articles home, the stranger, as he passes through the fashionable quarter of the town, may be surprised to find himself followed by a procession of Maltese porters, in single file, the first shouldering a bedstead, the second a wardrobe, the third a washstand, the fourth a centre-table, etc., while chairs, pots, and frying pans bring up the rear.

Athens is a peculiarly quiet city, excepting in the vicinity of the market place where the cries of the street hucksters and the tumult of carts and *canaille* drown the air with discord. From the earliest hour of the morning, however, in all quarters of the town is heard the monotonous cry of the peddler in dry goods, as he trundles his little cart before him, dispensing his small stock to housemaid and cook; and the newspaper boy with his incessant shout of "pente lepta—pente lepta" is often the unconscious teacher of the first two words in modern Greek that the newly arrived stranger acquires. The habit with many Greeks—and which is much remarked upon by foreigners—of carrying a string of glass or wooden beads in the hand, which they manipulate while walking the streets, or when engaged in conversation, has no religious significance. It is simply a mechanical relief to the nervous system, as another man twirls his cane, or a lady flirts her fan. Thus a Greek who joins you in the street, may slip the string of beads from his wrist, and as he converses,

pass, half unconsciously, bead after bead, between his fingers, as if he were muttering a pater noster.

Courtesy is an inborn trait of the Hellenic character, and was remarked upon by travellers as a distinguishing feature in the social manners of the Greek populations during the days of Moslem supremacy. The hat is always raised, as in Paris, when meeting and parting in the street, and when going into and coming out of a shop. The salutation, when near friends are about to part for a lengthened absence, or meet after a long interval, is a kiss on either cheek. The foreigner is often amused at seeing two Greek gentlemen with hats off and hands clasped, kissing each other violently in the open street; and if he resides in Athens long enough to form any intimate acquaintances, he may be still more surprised to find himself yielding to the same affectionate demonstration. My friend, the venerable Metropolitan bishop, first initiated me into this—with us, unusual proceeding—by drawing me towards him on the occasion of a public ceremonial, and bestowing a reverential kiss upon my cheek." Under the impulse of the moment I returned the compliment *in like manner*, being ignorant, or wilfully blind to the fact that the hand which held mine, and which was conveniently lifted towards my lips, was inviting the mark of respect which I had presumptuously bestowed upon his Holiness' face. When Mr. Gladstone officially visited the Ionian islands some years ago, he saluted the hand of the local bishop, and bowed his head to receive his

benediction. The bishop hesitated so long, not being sure what was expected from him, that the English Commissioner lifted his head at the moment when the former had concluded to bless it. The result of this joint movement was, that the head of the Commissioner came in violent contact with the chin of the prelate, to the inconvenience of both, and to the amusement of the assembly.*

Not one of the least interesting of street sights in Athens are the long files of children of both sexes from the public schools and Orphan Asylums, as they take their afternoon walk through the boulevards—the boys in gray or blue uniforms, and the girls in homespun frocks and spotless white pinafores. They are the ever-moving sign of the ever progressive educational life in Greece.

One cannot walk out many days in Athens without witnessing a funeral procession. Long before it comes in sight, the ear catches the low monotonous chaunt of the priests, who are preceded by boys in white robes bearing the crucifix and ecclesiastical insignia, in presence of which every head is uncovered, and every hand makes the sign of the cross. The corpse is exposed to full view in an open coffin of light material, covered with white or black cloth, with silver or gilt decorations, the cover of which, marked with a long diagonal cross, is carried before the procession. The body is dressed in the customary clothes of the de-

* Kirkwall's Ionian Islands.

ceased, the head slightly elevated, and the hands folded in front of a panel picture of the Virgin set up on the breast. If it be a female, the cheeks and lips are painted vermilion, intended to reproduce a natural expression, but which gives to the corpse an artificial and ghastly look. Even to one accustomed to witness the exposure of the dead in Oriental countries, there is something painful in the idea of exhibiting to the glare of day, and amidst the whirl and insensibility of the public street, the features of a deceased person who in life may have been known only to the little group of mourners gathered about the remains. But there is something to be said in favor of this mode of burial, over that of our own. I confess to a feeling of the most tender reverence, when a funeral procession passes in Greece, which is not awakened by that of the stiff black hearse, the boxed up coffin, and the formal line of mourners, marching two by two in its wake, through the streets of western cities. At Greek funerals the hearse is not generally employed, and the light, open casket is borne by the hands of the nearest friends of the deceased, while the other mourners walk, not march, in a *group* around it. Thus they literally carry and accompany, rather than follow, their friend to the grave, and gaze upon the face which was dear to them, up to the moment when he is laid in his last resting place. The funerals of the poor are even more touching to behold. A single priest, perhaps, performs the chaunt, and half a dozen mourners, representing the little household,

bear between them the coffin, which is composed of the cheapest material, and covered with white muslin. When a person of distinguished position dies, the funeral procession becomes an imposing spectacle, with the bishop and priests in their gorgeous sacerdotal robes, numerous lighted candles, and martial music. I once saw the body of a venerable bishop of the Greek Church carried in procession through the streets of Athens. He was seated in his bishop's chair, elevated above the people, and was clothed in his canonical robes, with mitre on head and the crosier uplifted in his hand. A cloth around the forehead bound it to the back of the chair, but not sufficiently close to prevent the head from bobbing up and down, as if the dead man's pale and rigid features were saluting, for the last time, the people among whom he had exercised his holy office for over three-score years. In this position he was placed in the grave, a peculiar honor accorded to his ecclesiastical rank. The dead—chiefly from climatic considerations—are buried within twenty-four hours of their decease. This is very shocking to foreign ideas; but the custom has come to be complied with, within a briefer number of hours than the law's requirement. Indeed the feeling is, that the sooner the painful duty is over, and the house freed from the distressing spectacle of a corpse, the sooner will the minds of the mourners be relieved from association with what is repulsive, and return to the inward contemplation of their friend, as they knew him in their midst. Thus it often happens

that the first intimation of a death is conveyed in the printed invitation to the funeral. I have conversed with a gentleman at an evening party, who appeared to be in the highest enjoyment of physical health, and the day following witnessed his interment, he having expired in the meantime from apoplexy. I had once a business appointment with a near neighbor, and on going to fulfil it, met his dead body coming down the door steps. I was sitting one evening at the bed-side of a distinguished American Missionary, who was describing to me his peculiar malady, and the next afternoon I saw him laid in the Protestant Cemetery. The modern Greek may well exclaim with the ancient Greek:

> "Who knows what fortunes on to-morrow wait,
> Since Charmis one day well to us appeared,
> And on the next was mournfully interred!"

The removal of the body from the house frequently excites the most painful scenes. The realization of the parting rushes upon the minds of the afflicted family before time has brought the feelings into subjection, and agonizing shrieks and wild gesticulations accompany the first movement of the funeral cortege. It is the custom, after the decease of the occupant, to drape the interior of the house with mourning. I was once the guest of a country gentleman, whose wife had died nearly a year before my visit. The appearance that greeted me on entering the mansion, was not at all enlivening.

Every article of furniture, from piano to footstool, was draped in black, and even the key of the tobacco box had a small streamer of crape attached to it. As to the huge four-post bedstead upon which I was invited to repose, it was like mounting a catafalque; while to expect "sweet dreams" under the folds and festoons of its funeral canopy, and massive silver cross and picture of the Virgin suspended over my head, was equivalent to depending upon the special intervention of the blessed Mary in my behalf.

From this melancholy digression, let us return to the streets of Athens. It is in the afternoon that they wear the most attractive appearance. The squares are then thronged with promenaders listening to the music of the bands; and the principal avenues display many excellent equipages, among which the blue and silver livery of the King is prominent. The Athenian horseman is a very dashing character. The quiet trot which satisfies our Central Park riders, would be quite intolerable to a cavalry officer who is enjoying himself on the public promenade. Even there he rejoices in the suggestive rattle of his sword, and, "dashing his rowels in his steed," endeavors to emulate that impossible equilibrium of man and beast which only bronze equestrian statues have ever been able to attain; or, he breaks into a headlong gallop, after the manner of the three horsemen who carried "the good news to Ghent," and which, if attempted in one of our thoroughfares, might subject him to a penalty which would seriously interfere with his pecuniary resources.

It is the glorious sunlight of the winter days which makes Athens charming to the resident and the sojourner, and which should attract to it many of our countrymen in Europe, who now seek winter quarters in the fogs of London or under the uncertain skies of Florence and Rome. Winter in Athens is generally an unbroken duration of cloudless skies; and with the exception of occasional sharp winds from the northern hills, the atmosphere is as soft as are the early days of October with us. After the autumn rains, a cheerful expanse of sunlight warms the wintry air; and overcoats and shawls are worn more from precaution than from necessity. Snow falls upon the mountains, but rarely whitens the streets of Athens. The dazzling crowns of snow on the summits of Hymettus and the range of the Parnes mountains, contrasting with their harmonious slopes of varying purple, furnish one of the most charming spectacles in nature. But all of Greece is not exempt from the meteorological changes which afflict the greater part of Europe. Much rain falls in the Ionian Islands, and in Corfu the winter winds are unusually severe. Attica alone is dry, which is partially attributable to the scarcity of vegetation, which reduces the quantum of oxygen and creates what is commonly called a "nervous" climate.* There is also much fever prevalent at certain seasons of the year, and what is designated as the

* To this absence of atmospheric moisture in Greece, is chiefly ascribed the remarkable preservation of her ancient monuments.

"Greek" fever, although mild in form and seldom fatal, is exceedingly difficult to shake off—its debilitating effects remaining in the system for years. Yet people live in Greece, as did the ancients, to an extraordinary age. It is no uncommon thing to hear of the decease of individuals who had attained the age of ninety. Notarus, who presided at the National Assembly in 1843, was one hundred and ten years old. A priest near Athens, who is chiefly noted for the number of bottles of native wine that he imbibes daily, is believed to be between ninety and a hundred, and the bishop, whose funeral ceremony has just been alluded to, was about the same age. My friend General Church, whose Philhellenic sympathies brought him to Greece during the revolution, and who now enjoys the nominal honor of Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Army, is popularly held to be over one hundred years old. He is at least ninety,* and possesses remarkable activity of body and mind. No man is more punctilious in his compliance with the demands of social life. He seldom wears an overcoat, and it is his boast that his parlor fire is the last to be lighted in Athens.

The social life of the Capital, although limited among the Greeks to morning visits and small reunions, is agreeable. Musical and dancing parties are much in vogue; but balls and dinners are almost exclusively confined to the Palace and to the Diplomatic Corps. One or two dinners, balls or *petites soirées* are given monthly by the king and queen; and the ball-room of the pal-

*Since dead at the age of 95.

ace—one of the finest in Europe—is brilliant on these occasions with fair women in becoming toilettes, and the chief men of the kingdom, glittering in uniforms and with decorations. Society is very exclusive in Athens, and private parties are apt to be but repetitions of the same people transferred to different parlors: the same small talk; the same waiters bringing in the same trays of ices and cakes, prepared by the same *confisseur*. The Greek ladies dress tastefully, without extravagance; and there is no assemblage without many faces, which, in profile especially, exhibit the Greek type of beauty. They are calm and impassive, as compared with the French, and their deportment is marked by a sobriety of manner precisely the reverse of that *abandon* which is observable in the ball-rooms of Western Capitals. As yet, the words "fast" and "flirtation" seem not to have been admitted into the Greek young ladies' vocabulary.

The attractions of winter life in Athens culminate with the carnival, when the streets are thronged with a promiscuous crowd of maskers, composed almost exclusively of the lower orders, whose efforts to produce any thing corresponding to the fêtes of Rome are lamentable failures. The upper classes ignore these proceedings, or confine themselves to "surprise visits" upon their friends, disguised in close dominoes and impenetrable masks. During the carnival it is no uncommon thing for a family to be visited by several parties of maskers on the same evening, who preserve their

incognito so completely as to defy recognition by voice or manner.

But if Athens is charming in winter, and especially in the spring—March and April being the most attractive months—it is simply detestable in summer. The foreigner who is compelled to reside in the Capital from May to October is not to be envied. The "sun of Greece" is then no longer a glory, but a scourge to the eye. Every particle of vegetation wilts under its pitiless rays—sultry days and sultry nights wearily succeed to each other without the relief of a single refreshing breeze or a single shower. The wind blows, but it is a hot and feverish blast, filling the deserted streets with dust—the same dust that teased the ancient Athenians—which, rolling along like smoke clouds from a field of battle, blinds the hapless pedestrian, and disgusts the as hapless individual within doors, who is left to choose between open windows with dirt, or closed ones with suffocation. But worse than the plague of dust, is the plague of mosquitoes and gnats. The former may be partially excluded by window blinds and bed curtains, but the latter defy the inventions of man. The little gnat is invisible to the naked eye, and not having the moral courage of the mosquito to announce its approach, attacks every exposed part of the human body, especially the hands and wrists, leaving the skin in a state of irritation which lasts for hours.

Those who can do so, fly from the summer torments

of Athens to their country estates, or to the islands. Those who are forced to remain, seek consolation in sea bathing, and from four o'clock until ten every morning, carriages filled with bathers are heard rolling through the streets of Athens, on their way to the baths of Phalerum.

The King and Queen sojourn at the beautiful island of Corfu during the summer months, where the climate, although warm, is less dry than Athens, and where their Majesties enjoy a delightful respite from political annoyances of the Capital.

But no climatic considerations wean the Greek from his country. He may take up his abode in foreign cities for the commercial advantages to be gained therefrom, or if he can afford it, he will do as many others do, abandon himself to the illusions of the French Capital; but as a rule, foreign travel does not lessen his attachment to his native land, and the re-appearance of the Grecian cliffs, are as "blissful" a view to him as they were to the wandering Telemachus. Even those who do not return to Greece,—their interests and associations being bound up in the foreign land where they have reared their families and accumulated their fortunes—do not forget her. Their pulses beat time with their countrymen, however so much scattered, and no people are more sensitive to the national honor and shame than the closely-cemented societies of Greeks in the commercial cities of Europe and the United States. The number of Americans who visit Athens is

small in comparison with the vast shoal of travellers who run over Europe and distribute their gold in places of far less intrinsic interest. This is not surprising in view of the prevailing ignorance respecting Greece, and the current reports of danger to tourists from brigandage. This danger, although much exaggerated, exists, and should not be disregarded by the traveller, however adventurously inclined. Athens, however, is as safe a city, so far as personal danger is concerned, as any in the world; and those who visit it, coming westward from the greasy lanes of Constantinople and the squalid towns of the Levant, are surprised at the cheerful and attractive look which the city presents. An exalted personage, who had been the recipient of all the honors which the Sublime Porte had it in its power to bestow, remarked, on his arrival at Athens, "This is the first time I have breathed for weeks. It is positively refreshing to get into a free and Christian air again." This is applicable as much to externals as to principles; for modern Athens is not unworthy of the language which Milton applied to the ancient Capital:

> "On the Ægean shore a city stands;
> Built nobly: pure the air and light the soil;
> Athens, the eye of Greece."

Excepting her magnificent ruins, upon which the eye of the classical scholar and the archæologist may feast for an indefinite period, and which must ever make Athens a Mecca to the investigating mind, the city does not possess sufficient resources to induce the mere

pleasure seeker to linger there many weeks; but not to see Athens at all, not to stand beneath her marvellous sky and breathe her "pellucid air," and look, once at least, upon her masterpieces of Grecian art, is to be denied an experience which unites the grandest suggestions of antiquity with the realization of the simplest of present enjoyments.

THE PARTHENON AND OTHER RUINS.

THE PARTHENON AND OTHER RUINS.

MY first visit to the Acropolis was postponed by occupations which, even had time permitted, would have distracted the mind from that concentrate observation which is essential to the enjoyment of Art. Without this explanation, it might appear a little remarkable that a man could live for three months within half an hour's walk of the sublimest of ancient temples, without so much as a single visit to it. But what will be thought of one who, without this excuse of pre-occupation, passed three years in Athens without setting foot on the Acropolis! This gentleman was a Secretary of one of the foreign legations, and his tendencies might be called destructive, rather than conservative, inasmuch as he preferred to employ his leisure moments, when freed from the red tape of official routine, in shooting woodcock in the swamps near Athens, or angling for red mullet off the Phalerum, than in the idle survey of dead masonry. I believe he would have quitted Athens without so much as the ceremony of a call upon the Parthenon, if he had not been beguiled thither by one of his sporting acquaintances, who reported that for sev-

eral days a "queer bird" had been seen flying about the ruins. Touched thus in the region of his ornithological weakness, the Secretary seized his fowling piece and made all haste to the temple of Minerva. But from that moment the peculiar charm about the man was lost. I could no longer regard him in the light of an original: he had done what every other man in Athens does—visited the Parthenon. Meeting him a few days after, I asked him what he thought of it. "O," said he, "it was only a crow, after all."

A good many who visit Athens, do the ruins, guide book in hand, and profess to have been "enchanted," leave Greece with a scarcely more defined impression of their greatness than my friend the Secretary, who at least, was sincere in his indifference.

Between the enthusiast who arrives in the highest condition of mental excitement, and who prolongs his stay far beyond his previous intention, as his scholastic appetite grows with what it feeds on; and the ignoramus who asked the landlord of his hotel "what the Acropolis was that he heard so much talk about?"—and, which he probably supposed to be an animal—there is a large class of travellers who are content with the most superficial glance at the ruins of Ancient Greece. Having paused for a respectable number of minutes before the Temple of Theseus, the columns of the Jupiter Olympus, the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, they check them off in their *Bædekers'* or *Murray's*, and begin to enquire how soon they can leave Athens

for the next point in their travelling itinerary. I am far from supposing that even to these minds some wholesome and enduring ideas are not conveyed by the inspection of the remains of ancient Art. Even the oft-quoted individual who was disappointed in Rome because it was "all in ruins," and the American Traveler who remarked to me, while standing before the Olympian columns, that they were not "as tall nor as big as our trees in California"—even these must have received suggestions—fragmentary and immature as they were, which expanded into reflection in after years. I am by no means sure that the quickest apprehensions of art are the noblest or most enduring. I defy an unaccustomed eye to judge between the merits of an old master and a well executed copy, or to select, without guidance, the chief works of merit in the collections of Florence or Rome. For years before seeing it, I was under the impression that the Parthenon was the prototype of the Church of the Madeleine at Paris; and I fancy that this idea prevails with many, even after they have looked upon both structures; but I have seen a well known archæologist made wild by this suggestion, putting the people who hold this opinion and the "gingerbread monstrosity of Paris," as he termed it, in the same category. The truth is, the Parthenon will never be repeated. Why this is so, must remain among the mysteries. It may be that the religious reverence and feeling which gave expression to the old ideals in marble and in painting, have been trodden out by the

rush of humanity. Life is more and more material, and further and further recedes from that absorbing emotion which, under the form of worship, gave shapes to stone which even in their feeble and imperfect remains defy imitation. Thus the sad, roofless hall of the Parthenon receives a sadder influence from the fact that Christian centuries have done, can do, nothing so far as monumental exponents go, approaching that which was done for the service of Paganism. Did we not aspire to do it; did not men tax their inventive energies and spend money freely in erecting magnificent edifices for public worship, the admonition of St. Paul, uttered within a stone's throw of this very Parthenon, might be quoted as an excuse for not attempting to rival these "temples made with hands." But the fact is precisely the reverse: and so to-day we continue to gaze upon the remains of these masterpieces of architectural beauty, and to ask and re-ask ourselves the question how it is that here, on the spot where we stand, the intellectual supremacy of ancient Greece sprung Adam-like, without a father; and the beauty of her ancient Art sprung Eve-like, without a mother—self-created and destined themselves to create generations of genius.

The first look at the Parthenon may disappoint some, as it did me, who expected to see it loftier in altitude and glistening in whiteness;—as immaculate in Pentelic purity as the marble goddess it once enshrined. On further acquaintance this disappointment wears away. The huge, unsightly Venetian tower of the middle ages which,

"like a barbaric sentinel," rises near the Propylæa, and ought long ago to have been thrown down as having nothing in common with the rest of the scene,—dwarfs the temples of the Acropolis. But for this, the Parthenon would assume to the eye the proportions which it really possesses, and which are realized only when the visitor, picking his way between the masses of broken marble and drums of columns, stands directly before the ruins and shuts out from sight and memory the deformity behind him. Although called by the poets—golden—the color of the temple is a dull reddish brown; stained, streaked and mottled by the action of the elements. Many of the columns are blackened with smoke from the wooden structures erected against them in the period of Turkish occupation. There are places where the original purity of the stone is visible, white as the fractures, and times when the angle of light gives to the whole southern side a snowy lustre, faintly recalling its pristine beauty as it glistened pure and perfect under the same sun which lies upon it to-day, with its grand projecting sculptures and colored metopes before the eyes of the Ancient Greeks, as they wound around the walls in the Panathenaic procession, and entered its eastern portal. Here are the very marks on the pediment where hung their victors' shields; here, in the floor of the cella is the space where stood the statue of the goddess in ivory and gold; and here are the circular grooves where swung open the massive western doors. So too the ruts in the stones beneath the Propylæa

worn by the chariot wheels and the marks of horses' hoofs, are still visible; and between the Propylæa and the Erectheum, the space is marked where rose the colossal Minerva Promachus, sixty-six feet of bronze, poising her traditional spear. All this is impressive, as is also the large collection of sculptured fragments—mere fragments many of them, scarcely suggestive of their original beauty and fitness—which lie huddled in corners or ranged along the walls of the Propylæa—but all these, once inspected, are lost in the sublime oppression which fills the mind in presence of the great temple itself. I have heard nothing more hideous than the sound of laughter in the empty hall of the Parthenon, and I fancy it is seldom heard there. Tea-drinkings and singing on moonlight nights sometimes desecrate the scene, and I was told that an American lady once recited her own rhymes within the walls which have echoed from the theatre below, the majestic language of Æschylus and Sophocles! But as a rule, people walk about the ruins in small and quiet parties, subdued in voice and in feeling by the indescribable reverence which is born of external grandeur and decay. As no existing monument has such magnificent associations with the past, so none can furnish such a multitude of reflections to the solitary individual sitting in its midst. The Egyptian pyramids are reduced to mere masses of masonry in comparison with the exalted spirit, which ever breathing a divine cadence, haunts the wide chamber and sublime porticos of the Parthe-

non. These walls were not only the exemplification in themselves of the most elaborate art, but in their "perfectedness" and in their abandonment, they have looked down from their rocky throne—not upon a boundless level of lifeless sand, but upon the mutations of centuries; the birth and death of generations from the grandest epoch of civilization, crowded with evidences of human genius and achievement, through all the stages of foreign conquest, decrepitude, decay and regeneration. In presence of the Parthenon, the expression "Corridors of Time" ceases to be a poetical figure. Here is a visible and material corridor, down which the ages have passed—as the winds now pass, from gentlest breeze to fiercest tornado—while the stones of two thousand years stood cold, passionless and immovable. Here in this sanctuaried city on a hill, where all is old and nothing is new—where no life is, but the life that is no more, and where memories are its invisible inhabitants—here—choosing the time when the condition of mind favors such contemplation—man may realize his own insignificance, and rise to higher issues on these stepping-stones of history. Whether the towering walls glow with midday or reflect the crimson sunset of the Grecian evening; or, bathed in those marvellous moonlights, stand naked and peerless beside the drapery of their shadows, they are alike the exponents of that inexplicable mystery which, in our blindness and our weakness, assures us that we are passing beyond. I cannot say that the reflections suggested by

a visit to the Parthenon are cheering, but the contrast which it offers to the ordinary experiences of life—though at times painful and always mournful, are wholesome to the soul. I leave to connoisseurs and art critics, the discussion of the principles of the curvilinear, the details of triglyphs, and peristyles and the treatment of metopes and friezes which form so important a part of the attractions of the Athenian remains, and which are sources of never-failing wonder to those even who do not know the first principles of architecture. It is enough to say on this point, that only in later years the remarkable discovery has been made, that all the columns of the Parthenon deviate from the strictly perpendicular; that is. that they incline inward to the extent of about three inches in their height.* Again, that the profile lines of the columns are convex, although appearing straight.† Not only does each column converge from the base of the shaft to the top of the capital, but the axes converge also "to assist the perspective of elevation." Still again, the architrave forms a curve; and the steps of the temple, although strictly horizontal, are convex on the surface, rising in the middle to about three inches in a hundred feet. These delicate variations from ordinary rules of architecture, can be verified by running the eye upward from the base of the column, and by placing an object on one end of the steps of the temple, and the eye on a level at the

* Pennethorne, an English traveller, discovered the inclination of the column in 1837.

† Observed by Penrose, an English Architect.

other end, when the lower parts of the object will be concealed from view, by the intervening bulge of the marble. Other instances of deviation are detailed by the writers on this subject; the purpose of which was to correct the appearance of diminution by distance and height; multiply the apparent size of the whole, and increase the effect by a systematic massing of light and shadow.* No wonder that in a temple architecturally faultless, and made so by the most ingenious study and laborious work, the modern designer stands aghast, and hesitates to attempt that which he cannot hope to copy and knows he cannot surpass.

In remarking upon the effect conveyed by this sublime ruin, I would not be supposed to fall into the habit of Greek enthusiasts, who assert that all other art is in subjection to the principles of ancient Greece. Both in an artistical and ethical point of view, Anglo-Gothic architecture seems to me to be invested with a character as grand for its purposes as that of the Greek Temple. Most people would prefer to make York Minster the shrine of their worship; rather than a temple modelled after that of the Parthenon, at Athens. The feeling inspired by the architecture of the one is chiefly moral, that

* An intelligent American artist, observing that the rain was easily shed from the horizontal stones of the Parthenon, came to the conclusion that the convex lines were intended for this purpose, that the water might not sink into the interstices between the blocks and loosen the cement. If the deviation from the straight line had reference simply to effect, he is of opinion that the builders would have adopted the concave instead of convex line.

of the latter chiefly intellectual. But the Greek artist interpreted a popular sentiment, which vitalized the whole social and political life of his country. The pride of externals had no small share in causing these noble temples to be erected; but the great motive power was religious duty as distinguished from religious love, which took expression in color in the after schools of Christian art. Although the Parthenon was erected for the admiration of the Greeks as the chief adornment of a city where each citizen, in his life and in the disposition of his wealth, sacrificed his own interests to the glory of the State, vanity was a subjective incentive to that of religious faith. It was the expression of an inflexible belief in a Supernal Wisdom, it mattered not whether that Wisdom bore the name of God or Goddess. That Minerva—the tutelary Divinity of the city—should be honored by a temple worthy of her worship, was the impelling cause which moved the appropriation of so large a portion of the public money, and nerved the brain of the architect and the hands of the workmen. Even the brute beasts that dragged the marble blocks from the quarries of Pentelicus were honored for the part they had taken in the sacred work; and, by a public decree, the fattest pastures around the city were allotted to them. Thus considered, the Greek temple of worship was the stoniest fact that mortal ever erected. Poetry was dumb beside the marbled reality and absorbing sentiment which it embodied.

But for the absolute dominion exercised by the

Doric temple, and which reduces the Erechthēum to an appearance of dependence, the latter would attract to it more attention. Out of sight of any other structure, it would surprise and satisfy by its delicacy and variety of treatment. The suggestions it awakens are of a totally different character from those of the Parthenon. It stands like a self-forgetful maiden, awed by the majesty of her imperial mother. The three porticos, Ionic columns, and, above all, the six caryatides of draped females, give a lightness and legendary association to the remains, which elevate rather than depress. They seem to have a story to tell even before we remember, that here was the scene of the contest between Neptune and Minerva for the protectorate of the city. Three holes are shown in the rock beneath the pavement, as the marks of Poseidon's trident, and the tree of the Goddess—"the revered ancestor of all Athenian Olives," grew in the middle of the chamber of Pandrosus. "This temple," says Dr. Wordsworth, "had not merely a religious but a moral character; serving as it were, as mediator between the two rival deities, Athena and Poseidon, to reconcile them to each other, and to endear Athens to both." It is only on closely approaching the portico of the caryatides, that we perceive that two of the figures are substitutes for the originals—the one by the whiteness of the marble, the other by its dull, ungenuine look, being a cast in cement; a changling thrust upon the people in place of the legitimate princess, who supports her sad exile in the hall of the British Museum.

It is said that after the figure was removed from the portico, the bereaved sisters sent up a plaintive wail, which could be heard every night in Athens. Would it might have been heard in London! English tourists, from Byron downwards, have not been less open-mouthed than those of other nationalities in denouncing Lord Elgin's rape of the Parthenon; but thus far the love of possession has proved stronger than national self-respect. The heart of private collectors is hard enough; what then must be that of the British Museum? The amiable Earl of Carlisle, in his "Diary in Greek Waters," partially justifies Lord Elgin's robbery by allusion to the "neglected and squalid state" of many of the ruins at Athens. But this excuse, which might have been good twenty years ago, fails now; for nothing can exceed the careful guardianship of every thing in the shape of antiquity in Athens. The custodian of the Acropolis scrupulouly inspects every visitor to whom he unlocks the gate, and a guard follows, at a respectful distance, each person or party until they are safely out of the sacred enclosure. This precaution is especially necessary in the case of foreigners, one of whom was a few years since discovered hammering off the toe of the exquisite relief of the "Wingless Victory," which is now protected from further insult behind the grated door of her little temple. The official character of foreign ministers exempts them from any *surveillance* when visiting the Acropolis; and yet, in view of the example set by the great English ambassador, whose diplomacy gave him

far less notoriety than his artistic pillage, one might suppose that this class of public servants would be continually under the ban of relic-hunting suspicion.

Hawthorne, speaking of the collection in the British Museum, says: "There is an excellence in ancient sculpture which has yet a potency to educate and refine the minds of those who look at it," and it is true that those who look at it in the galleries of Europe are a thousand to one in comparison to the few who are privileged to visit the original shrines. But to my mind there is a higher consideration than this. The friezes of the Parthenon are the marble pages of its decoration, ruthlessly torn from the great book of Grecian art to which they belong, as much as do the leaves taken from a precious volume, and are essential to the continuity of the text of which they form a component part. Elgin did a great wrong, but there were extenuating circumstances. He found the treasures of the Acropolis in the hands, or rather under the feet of Turks, whose highest conception of their value lay in the fact that the stones could be employed for building purposes. They accordingly tore down, built up or desecrated these precious relics, according to whim or fancied necessity. The English Minister found many of the friezes lying neglected on the ground, and the temptation to send them to England was one not to be easily resisted. The permission for a *quid pro quo* was readily obtained from the indolent-minded authorities, but it is said that his lordship was allowed to appropriate only

such fragments as were detached from the main building, or were "lying on the ground." That he exceeded his instructions and desecrated the temple in removing a large number of metropes, and the finest sculptures in high relief which adorned the frieze, there is reason to believe. But Lord Elgin is in his grave, as still as the marbles, which will outlive his memory. We have now to deal with the Government that paid the betrayal money, and controls these works of art. A few years since the Greek Government made a formal request for the return of the sculptures. The diplomatic reply was that "The British Government did not consider Greece to be in a position to make such a request." This is the answer to the child who petitions for the return of her legacy of jewels—jewels which hung upon her mother's neck when she was young and fair, and art espoused her for its own. Better far than diplomatic evasion would have been the Biblical plea, "To him that hath shall be given, but to him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is often asked why further attempts to restore the beautiful temples of the Acropolis are not made. I believe that the drums of pillars still scattered about the ruins have been examined for that purpose, but the fragments of no entire column remain. The former king, Otho, attempted to reconstruct a portion of the Erechtheum, but the delicate tracery of a single column,—which is now seen upon the ground—caused such a serious inroad upon the treasury that the work was abandoned.

Among the entertainments provided for the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visited Athens—and again on the following year, when the Empress Eugenie was there—was the illumination of the temples of the Acropolis by artificial fires. Instead of the theatrical and meretricious effect which I feared, the spectacle was highly impressive. Imagine the vast space between the temples filled with a dense, but utterly silent crowd of people, whose presence was not realized until the masses of colored light—pale green, dark green, sapphire, and ruby, by turns—suddenly illuminated the throng of spectators, and the classic ruins among which they appeared. First, the porticos of the great marble entrance to the Acropolis, the glorious Propylæa, were simultaneously lighted up—the western wall with a flood of ruby, and the eastern with a fine contrast of greenish white—giving to the whole a realizing idea of those transcendent temples which imaginative minds love to picture as the celestial abodes of purified souls. When the colors faded into darkness, the Parthenon had its turn; the contrasting colors being applied to the columns and walls until they glowed with supernatural effulgence. As the chemical fires, and the men who held them, were concealed behind the columns, the effect was not marred by moving figures or machinery. Perhaps the most striking scene of all was when the six life-sized maidens of the Erechthëum suddenly stood forth in solemn presence like an apparition from the mighty past, their countenances and long draped robes livid with unnatural light,

as they gazed for a few brief moments fixedly upon the multitude, then faded slowly into darkness.

The most enthusiastic description can scarcely exaggerate the panoramic view on a clear day from the heights of the Acropolis. Here one may stand where the father of Theseus stood gazing for the returning sail; or better still, mount to the top of the roof of the Parthenon, and sitting on one of its marble beams—more than twenty feet in length—look out upon the Ægean sea—the island of Ægina; the straits of immortal Salamis—the Parnes range and "Phyle's brow," where Thrasybulus and his seventy withstood the power of the Thirty Tyrants—Pentelicus, whose womb brought forth the marble on which the spectator rests, and Hymettus—behind which can be felt, though seen not, the memorable plain of Marathon. This is the boundary circle of the panorama, of which the Acropolis is its central point. In the valley below spreads the thick grove of the "Academe," with the hill of Colonus on its right, the scene of the death of Œdipus, and the winding bed of the Cephisus, like its sister stream on the other side of the picture—now almost waterless. The eye runs along the road to Daphne and traces the Via Sacra, where streamed the Panathenaic processions on their way to and from the great Eleusinian Mysteries. At the base of his rocky throne, the spectator sees the Modern Athens stretching to the northeast; and peering into its maze of streets he can descry the "Tower of the Winds," the Choragic Monument

of Lysicrates and other relics of the ancient city. Here, apart from the town, on its broad square dotted with squads of soldiers under drill, stands the Temple of Theseus—the best preserved ruin of Ancient Greece—tawny in color like the Parthenon and more severely simple in its proportions. Across the road on its left, like a wall of smooth masonry, is the Pnyx, from the "Bema" of which Demosthenes thundered his Philippics; while the valley below is the site of the ancient Agora, where Pericles and Phidias walked and talked, Plato reasoned, and Socrates confounded the shopkeepers and idlers of the market place with philosophic subtleties. Immediately below the spectator, a rocky offshoot of the Acropolis fixes the attention, only when it is remembered that on its little circular summit sat the tribunal of the Areopagus, against whose final decrees there was no appeal, and where centuries afterwards, Paul preached his memorable sermon. The black cleft in one extremity of the rock is assigned as the "Cave of the Furies." The eye, thus brought homeward, surveys the precipitous sides of the Acropolis, the city's "speculative crest." It is indented with natural fissures, which are charmed with the titles of the "Cave of Pan" and the "Grotto of Apollo," but the southern slope is rich with the remains of the "Odeum of Herodes" and the "Theatre of Dionysus." The massive Roman Arches of the former are imposing; but Roman remains on Greek soil fail to excite much interest beside the older and more precious evidences of that earlier epoch from

which the mind of the visitor in Greece would not willingly be diverted. The Theatre of Dionysus, commonly known as the Theatre of Bacchus, exhumed only within a few years, is far more interesting with its ranges of marble seats and the high reliefs facing the orchestra; and although little, perhaps nothing, of the days of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides remains, yet, who can stand above that glorious arena and before the "void stage," without a passing vision of that glory of which but a few translated rays have come down to us?

The remains of the great Temple of the Jupiter Olympus stand on a broad square of ground eastward of the Acropolis. Of these sixteen superb Corinthian columns, all but three stand together at one angle of the rectangular platform, upon which were formerly ranged one hundred and twenty-four columns, covering a space of three hundred and fifty-four feet, by a breadth of, one hundred and seventy-one feet! Of the three remaining columns, which are at a little distance from the main group, one was thrown down a few years ago by a severe gale, and now lies stretched at their base, like the disjointed vertebrae of a colossal skeleton. Twenty-nine feet higher than the pillars of the Parthenon, and without wall or pediment, they are more impressive in sublime isolation, than the masterpiece of Phidias on the height above. "Templum unum in terris inchoatum pro magnitudine dei," it is now one of the grandest in its lesson of decay. The position which the remains occupy could not be improved. If on an elevation like

the Acropolis, the shafts would be dwarfed by the pedestal; but standing clean and bold on a wide uninterrupted level of ground, with only the transparent air between them and the distant glitter of the Ægean sea, they are never-ceasing objects of delight. This temple is in one sense the oldest and the youngest of Grecian ruins. "Begun in the first burst of Athenean greatness, seven centuries passed before its completion, and it becomes thus identical with the progress and decay of Greece. Erected for the worship of the Supreme God of the Greek mythology, that worship was superseded by the dawn of Christianity before its last stones were laid." To what period of this extraordinary history the existing pillars belong, has not, I believe, been ascertained. The fallen column adds very much to the effect of the scene, and the proposition which has from time to time been made for its removal, will, it is to be hoped, never be acted upon. Some years ago a public spirited countryman of ours, moved, no doubt, by the success of Lord Elgin, made an effort to purchase this column; but the days of Turkish rapacity had gone by, and Greece was not to be cajoled into a second desecration of her relics. As a matter of curiosity, I caused a German architect at Athens to estimate the cost of re-erecting the fallen pillar. He went into a minute calculation, by which it was shown that the simply setting up of the sections, one upon another, and the restoration of the base, would cost about three thousand dollars. This gives a faint idea of the cost of the

erection of the entire temple. The eighteen sections of the prostrate column lie as they fell, each lapping its fellow. They measure six feet and four inches in diameter, so that a man standing on a level behind one of the drums, would be entirely concealed from view. This will suggest the magnitude of the standing columns which rise to the height of fifty-five feet, supporting an architrave, one of the marble beams of which is stated to weigh twenty-three tons. One wonders, as he stands dwarfed before these monsters of art and beauty, what has become of the rest of the temple. If any considerable portion had been employed in building purposes, their remains would have been visible in parts of the old city. The Turks reduced much of the marble found at Athens to lime; but this would hardly account for the disposition of more than an infinitesimal portion of the vast structure, which occupied seven hundred years in its construction and which has passed away like the palace of Aladdin in swiftness and silence, making no sign.

The three grand temples of Ancient Athens—the Theseum, the Parthenon, and the Jupiter Olympus—lie far removed from each other, and at different elevations, but in respect to position are very nearly in an air line. The Parthenon is between the two other temples, and is also between them in point of size. Thus they lie telescopically, as it were, towards each other, for if movable, the Theseum could easily go inside the Parthenon, and the Parthenon inside the Olympieium. This

gives an idea of the relative proportions of the three temples.

One of our leading American painters, who was in Greece a few years ago, lamented to me that he had "wasted the entire winter among the stuccos of Rome," instead of passing it in Athens among the only "real" monuments of ancient art he had ever surveyed. Travellers, historians, poets and painters, have paid to these temples the highest tribute which pen and pencil can bestow, and there is nothing now left for us but to enjoy them. The civilized world agrees in this, that it cannot too heartily rejoice in the preservation of these monuments and the matchless marbles which illustrate Ancient Greek Art in Florence, Rome and Paris, and which are indeed the noblest things those noble cities have to show to-day. And yet how would it have been if no vestige had remained of all this beauty. When I look at these temples, rescued miraculously, as it were, from the hands of time, and especially from the destructive hands of ignorance and barbarism during all these centuries, I am reminded of what the great Napoleon said of himself when he and his followers escaped the dangers of the Red Sea: "If," said he, "I had perished like Pharaoh, what a magnificent text it would have furnished to the preachers of Christendom." So would it have been with these monuments had they perished, and no stone been left upon another to delight the eye and gladden the heart. All the preachers in Christendom would have found a "glorious text" in the fact of their

destruction, and attributed to Divine vengeance the sweeping away from the face of the earth of every vestige of Pagan worship — every idolatrous temple, every marble god, and every nude divinity.

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

"HE is the only honest man in Athens," said an English friend to me soon after my arrival, referring to a Greek gentleman whom he met going out of my house as he himself was coming in. I was startled at the overwhelming denunciation implied by the remark. Much as I had heard, there and abroad, of the "degraded character" of the modern Greek, of his "utter disregard of moral obligations," of his "cunning, duplicity, knavery, vainglory," and other obliquity, I was not prepared to find that but a single example of righteousness existed in the capital of Greece. But if this knowledge was painful, there was something refreshingly original in the idea that out of a population of forty or fifty thousand souls, one human being stood pre-eminent as "the noblest work of God," an honest man. Seizing—mentally, of course—this rare specimen of pure humanity in a society of knaves, I placed him with tender care upon the foremost shelf of my cabinet of Greek curiosities. And a very fine specimen he was, inasmuch as he officially occupied the highest seat in the highest judicial tribunal in the king-

dom—a position which at least indicated good judgment on the part of those who had placed him there, and which seemed to encourage the hope that so prominent and pure an example of the upright judge might permeate the dissolute mass around him, and in time regenerate the people at large. But scarcely had I deposited this *rara avis* in my museum, when another English friend pointed out to me in the street another Greek, whom he also designated as "the only honest man in *Greece!*" This time it was a politician, one who had occupied prominent positions in the State, and who was believed to be strongly impregnated with *les idées Anglaises*, which, while it might account for the partiality accorded to him by my friend, encouraged the belief that under such an honest guide, even the crooked paths of politics might be made straight, and the desert of ambition blossom with the rose of patriotism. Do not accuse me of a tendency to embellish when I add that before long a third man—the King's gardener, a German—was named to me as "the only honest man in Athens." This specimen, however, I rejected, not because he was "honest"—Heaven forbid!—but because he was not a Greek. Another honest man in the shape of a tailor soon after made his appearance. Him I accepted, because, although popularly entitled to only a fractional part of humanity, I was assured that his measures could be relied upon. In the course of time other "honest men," including merchants, professors, editors, and even lawyers, made themselves or were made known

to me, until my museum of natural curiosities became so crowded that a question arose in my mind, whether it would not be more curious to make a collection of the dishonest men of Athens. Toward such a work I should have wanted no end of coadjutors. There was my friend A, who seemed to take a dear delight in picking up every social, moral, and political delinquency as exclusive attributes of the Greek character. As to national virtue, he had lived there long enough not to discover any; or if by hazard some good trait did occasionally appear upon the surface, it was attributed to that undercurrent of *foreign* influence which alone is believed to freshen and redeem the turbid waters of effete Hellenism. Then there was my friend B, who had studied and pondered over, and written, and talked about Greek history from the Roman conquest to the reign of George, and ought certainly to know all about it from root to branch. He had found the root rotten and the branches sterile. His romantic ideas of Greece began to fade from the moment that he set foot on the "classic soil" in the days of the Greek revolution; and his experience of many years in the country had taught him, too late, the bitter truth that investments in real estate in Greece do not always yield the golden harvest that was expected; and that tireless reiterations of Greek national deficiencies in volumes, magazines, and London newspapers, do not win that laurel wreath of renown with which incessant literary labor sometimes crowns the hoary head of intellectual age. Again, there was my friend C, who

regarded it as his special duty to connect with diplomatic periods the scattered bones of Athenian politics, and present the abhorred spectacle of the fleshless skeleton to his master of the Foreign office. Nobody ever could deny that the bones were real, and if he did not choose to admit that there were other bones where he found these, clothed in flesh and blood, and performing the healthful functions of humanity, it was not his business to publish the fact. There was also my friend D, as honest-hearted a man as one meets with in a lifetime, who took an early opportunity of assuring me that I would not be six months in Athens before all my enthusiastic ideas, if I had any, about the Greeks, would be "washed out," and that I would find them, with scarce an exception, to be a worthless, sententious, impracticable race. Finally, not to go any further down the alphabet of denunciators, there was E, who had passed years in the civil service abroad, and who is named in a certain publication of some merit as one "who knows more of the Ionian Islands than any other living Englishman." E still holds office in that quarter of the world which he knows so much about, and as his opinion of the people around him ought to be of weight, I give it. "The Greeks," said he to me one day as I called upon him in his official "den"—"the Greeks are a nation of freebooters, and the Greek Church a religion of painted boards;" accompanying this sententious utterance with a wave of the hand which set at defiance further argument, and left upon my mind a distinct im-

pression that, like Bunsby, he had given an opinion "as is an opinion." I have no doubt that my friend honestly believed what he said. Englishmen are not hypocrites. As I have intimated, I found abundant counsellors ever ready to rise to the highest flights of Hellenic imagery to show me the emptiness of the bubble; or to dive down the deepest wells of sophistry to bring up the pearl of truth. "Will you just allow me to take you behind the scenes," said one of my mentors, "by recounting to you an affair which I happen to know all about? You are a little skeptical I think, and I would just like to give you an idea of the political corruption of this place." I had not the slightest objection whatever to be taken behind the scenes. It was not the first time I had been there, and I was not altogether unacquainted with the manner in which trap doors are managed, spirits conjured, or political thunder manufactured. As to my skepticism on such subjects, my friend did me a grievous wrong. I was any thing but an unbeliever in the clap-trap of parties; and as to political dishonesty, how can a man pass years in various societies where the staple of conversation is partisan, not to say personal abuse, without believing somewhat in human depravity?

The manner in which my friend took me behind the scenes on the present occasion, was to seat me in a comfortable corner of his sofa, and whisper in my ear the following tale of terror. But I will not weary the reader with details. Briefly the case was this: A certain prom-

inent member of the opposition had actually proposed to one of the ministry, that if the latter would remove three officials, who for many years had held posts of trust under the government, and replace them with three of the personal friends of the politician, he would influence the election, then about to be held, in favor of the existing ministry. This was the revelation that was to open my eyes to the degradation of Greek politics and the obliquity of Greek morals. It might have brought a smile to the countenance of a member of the New York "Ring," but that of my narrator was stern with a sense of genuine indignation. I knew all the circumstances of this case before he told me, and the facts were as stated; but my museum of Greek curiosities was at that time in an incomplete state, and I yielded to the temptation to bait my hook for more. "May it not be," said I, "that these three men now in office are untrustworthy, and might be replaced by better men?" That's just the point," was the reply; "they hold places of great responsibility, and I never heard a word impugning their integrity or honor." Thus, with one haul of the line I caught three more "honest men of Greece," which, by-the-way, was no mean catch, seeing that my informant was the same who, a short time before, had designated one of the individuals before mentioned as the "only" specimen of the genus *honoris* in the kingdom of Greece. Before quitting the subject of our conversation I thought it only fair—considering that one good story deserves another—to remind my English friend

that only a few weeks previous, at a certain election in England, one man confessed to having received two thousand guineas to influence votes in a single borough.

This case of attempted bribery in high quarters is not the worst, any more than it is the least, of many that came under my notice in that country; and yet it may be well doubted if political parties in Greece are as obnoxious to the charge of corruption, or men in office of peculation, as are those of older and richer communities, where, under far less temptation, open-handed bribery passes with comparative impunity.

I may be excused for bringing my own countrymen into the catalogue of political delinquents. The New York journals furnish enough information on this head, which is duly circulated in monarchical society in Europe as a warning to embryo republicanism. But nothing is more natural than to ask how far the example of the three "Protecting powers" of Greece is calculated to give point to the sermons on political righteousness which are everlastingly being preached to the people of Greece. Are electioneering practices in England pure and undefiled? Does ruffianism prevail in any part of the United Kingdom, or make her capitals a by-word? Are the masses of her population contented, educated, temperate, and virtuous? Has she ever indulged in foreign conquests, or kept millions of an alien people in subjection by immense armies? How stands France? and is it true that when Greece looked at that government during the empire as to a guide, counsellor, and friend,

she beheld "deputies sent up to her Assembly in the interest of corrupt administrations, bought by private gifts, or grants for unnecessary or extravagant public works?" How is it about the "jobbing and malversation of all kinds" practised in Russia? Is it true that the last emperor, in his attempts to stop the corruption of officials, found the whole machinery of government at a stand-still for want of the accustomed oiling, and in despair gave up the experiment? If these self-appointed guardians of the little kingdom often, or even sometimes, follow the pharisaical method of taking tithes of mint and cummin, while neglecting the weightier matters of the law, is it astonishing that the political child born in a gypsy camp does not spring more rapidly to the full proportions of statesman-like beauty—the realization of the sentiment with which it is endowed?

Corruption in politics in Greece there most assuredly is. The vile lessons of barbaric centuries and the living lessons of civilization have not been lost upon the Greek mind. Money is employed to induce certain men in certain parts to give certain political bearing to the elections. Partisan principles are often advocated by bad men. Men in office, who have had their backs scratched, tickle their friends for doing it. Favorites get bones thrown to them under the table, and Lazarus without gets no crumbs. "A fat contract," if such a thing as fatness is to be found in Greece, gets reduced in its proportions before it reaches the rightful owner. "If one handles honey, some of it may stick to the fingers," is a

Greek proverb of world-wide application. All these things, and more, occur in Greece, for the people do not claim to be "a society of angels," but only to be "like other people." But there is this difference. Greece, politically, is poor; not literally, but comparatively, clad in rags; and is easily pierced by the pigmy straws of her own and foreign manufacture. In the other nations the "gowns and furred robes hide all." I am persuaded that few acts of political iniquity lie concealed. If the office-holder, with a salary of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, thinks to double it by some hocus-pocus known to experts, or by actually slipping his hand in the public treasury, he thinks twice before attempting it, for the chances of exposure are a hundred to one. Every office is surrounded by hungry, eager eyes, watching for the stool that the first may fall from. Besides this, a public official in Athens, be he the humblest clerk, walks between masked batteries of political journals, any one of which will hit him if it can, the instant he exposes his vulnerable point. I am persuaded that the Greeks themselves are accountable for much of the prejudice against them. The politicians ferret out every conceivable and many inconceivable crimes, and the twenty-five or thirty journals of Athens do not let it die for want of circulation. The great proportion of political sinning is fabricated by partisan scribblers, and it may be safely said that much of that which has foundation is exaggerated, and much of that which is not exaggerated has no foundation in fact. There is little peculation, and less ve-

nality. Favoritism and nepotism are frequent charges against the ministers. "To the victors belong the spoils," is a motto which originated out of Greece, however often it is adopted in the kingdom.

The pay of the Greek office-holder is so miserably small, that a clerk in an ordinary commercial house in America would reject it. Neither do I believe that, as a rule, political men at Athens make a drachma out of their position. They are mostly poor men; and those who hold landed property have it mostly under a heavy mortgage, and are in debt. Of the four political leaders of to-day, two are in the receipt of comfortable incomes from family inheritance; the other two are notably poor. The pay of a Greek minister is a thousand drachmas a month—say two thousand dollars a year—and the pay of the member of Parliament is less than three hundred and fifty dollars for the session. These salaries do not seem to offer much inducement to take office. It may be argued that, for this reason, no one would take office but for pecuniary advantages incident thereto. But if men feathered their nests in this way, the fact would certainly in some instances transpire. On the contrary, we find them going out of office as poor or poorer than when they went in; and I know of cases where men who have repeatedly filled high and responsible positions in the state, have depended for their future support on private charity. I think, therefore, that the general charge of "peculation," or "misappropriation"—or by whatever name pecuniary dishonesty is called—in Greece, may be

allowed to fall to the ground. A recently published article asserts that "places are made subservient to party success as distinguished from the public advantage; and dishonest gains in office are winked at or shared, on the plea of party necessity or interest." I should be sorry to have any Greek read this, because the author of the statement is an American, Jacob D. Cox, and the subject on which he writes is the civil service, not of Greece, but of the United States!

The love of power is the secret loadstone which draws the Greek politician up, up, into the highest office he can reach, and which gives him contentment therein, even when he feels that the prize may have to be relinquished within a brief period of months. When he gets into office he distributes his patronage to pay his followers for helping him to it, or keeping him in; and however objectionable this process is, and injurious in principle and practice to the cause of free institutions, it has to be endured, as we at home endure the spectacle of a new President, with fifty thousand offices in his gift—"the greatest patronage enjoyed by any ruler in the world—putting the whole machinery of this patronage into operation for political purposes."

Egotism, rather than depravity in morals, is the charge to be brought against Greek statesmen; and the reformer might as well attempt to rub out of the Englishman, Frenchman, or American, his darling idea of self-superiority, as to erase this idiosyncrasy from the mind of the Greek.

Greece is the freest of constitutional monarchies. Her sovereign was called to the throne by the voice of the people. His subjects are equal before the law, and there are no titles of nobility or distinction. The liberty of the individual and his house is inviolable. Trial by jury is maintained. The press is free, and is allowed to be the vehicle of any and every opinion not contrary to the religion of the state or against the person of the King. Suffrage is universal. Members of the Chamber of Deputies represent the nation as well as the province which elects them. Cabinet ministers take part in the deliberations of the Chamber, and under certain circumstances can be brought to trial by the Chamber before a special court convened for that purpose. The number of deputies from each district is fixed in proportion to its inhabitants; and the whole number can never be less than one hundred and fifty. Thus in Athens, with a population of fifty thousand, the number elected is six. The system of universal suffrage will become more and more successful, as the people learn to be more self-reliant and independent of arbitration of placemen. It is a safety-valve to the passions of the people, and is in harmony with the principles of liberal government. In Athens perfect tranquillity prevails at elections, but in some of the provinces the presence of troops is required to maintain order; and it not unfrequently occurs that affrays, with loss of life, take place in closely contested districts. The system employed at elec-

tions in Greece is that of "secret ballot;" and as the adoption of this system in England was long a question before Parliament, it may not be uninteresting to dwell for a moment upon the peculiar mode in vogue in Greece. Each candidate has a separate ballot-box upon which his name is inscribed. These boxes are ranged in a line across the body of the communal *church*, where the elections take place, and are elevated to the height of the breast of the voter. Behind each box, on a raised bench, sits a friend of each candidate, to challenge, if necessary, the right of the voter. Registers are stationed near the door of the church to check from the printed lists the name of each voter as he receives his ballot. Thus far the *modus operandi* does not materially differ from our own, except that a separate box is assigned to each candidate. But the boxes are peculiar, and may furnish a hint upon which a less objectionable plan than our own might be adopted. The glass box in vogue in the United States was formerly employed in Greece, but is now rejected. The receptacle for the ballot is a square tin box, with a ridged roof, in shape not unlike that of a small dog kennel, from which projects longitudinally about a foot of pipe of the diameter of a stove funnel. Into this funnel the voter inserts his arm, having first received from the attendant a small lead or iron bullet. The ballot-box is divided interiorly into two partitions, and the box is painted externally white and black, to correspond with these divisions—white signifying *yea*, and black *nay*. The name of the candidate inscribed

on the ballot-box is distinctly announced, and the voter, whose hand is concealed, drops his bullet by a simple movement of the wrist into the *yea* or *nay* partition as he elects. The ball falls noiselessly, and the voter withdraws his hand without the possibility of his vote being known to the observers. This process he repeats until he has voted for *each* candidate. The process is lengthy, but the time allowed for elections, extending over several days, prevents undue excitement or eager haste. It is difficult to conceive of a mode in principle better calculated to protect the independent action of the voter, and to secure immunity from fraud.

Unlike our own elections, where the announcement of the elected candidate is like oil on the waters of clamor and the effervescence of parties, the defeated candidates in Greece retire from the open field only to unite to get their opponents ousted on the first convenient opportunity.

When a new cabinet is called into power by the sovereign, criticism sharpens its pen almost before the Prime Minister can take his oath of office. Every act, and many acts not even contemplated, are animadverted upon by a merciless press, while charges of "favoritism," or "nepotism," or what not, are hurled at the ministry after each displacement in office, and tiresome repetitions of stale political eggs break upon the official linen, however immaculate it may be. There is little respect to persons in these attacks, but absolute scurrility is rare. The press of Athens is much given to

rodomontade, but not to vulgarity. When the Prime Minister of England is spoken of at a public dinner presided over by an English earl as a "mean and despicable toad," and as "the greatest knave and Jesuitical political scoundrel the country had seen," it must be regarded as a very exceptional case, but it does not the less make it not surprising that in inferior organized communities occasional blackguardism should be resorted to by the pop-gun portion of the Athens press.

When a Greek minister is well seated on the box of the governmental coach, he is not unapt to hold the reins with an arbitrary grasp, and usurp rather than exercise power, which is itself a recompense for the struggles and heart-burnings which it has cost him to obtain it. He is then comparatively indifferent to the criticisms of the by-standers, and if any impetuous opponent gets in his way, will perhaps run over him with a *nonchalance* strikingly in contrast with the deference with which he formerly hung upon popular favor. He sweeps away many offices held by political opponents, on the plea of "public economy," and he creates posts on the plea of "public necessity." He makes honest professions of reform in administration, which he finds it impossible to carry out, chiefly from the short term that he holds office, and he makes promises of political preferment to his friends, which are not always fulfilled. He soon finds his seat slipping from under him and his popularity oozing away; and when he falls, it is to give place to an opponent who will pursue pretty much the

same political course, and meet with the same political fortune. To retain popularity in office for any length of time, is an impossibility with a Greek statesman; for no matter how pure his motives, how earnest his endeavors to steer the ship of state past the breakers and into a safe haven, he will find public sentiment pressing for his removal or a change of ministry, if for no other reason, because he has been too long in office. It is only when the minister returns to private life that his accusers cease accusing, because they are then busy with the new incumbent; or, what is not unlikely, the ex-minister will for the first time read flattering encomiums upon his late honorable and successful administration, and learn that a man must first be politically dead if he wishes to read his own epitaph. Thus, almost by rotation, the three or four parties, or, more properly speaking, personal cliques, rise and fall in Athens on the ever restless surges of an apparently idle but active population, a great proportion of which is composed of office-holders or office-seekers. I say personal cliques rather than parties, because, properly speaking, there are no important principles or distinctions to mark these separate organizations. Each political leader is surrounded by a greater or less number of followers, flatterers, or champions, as the case may be, whose chief inducement to political devotion is political reward. This condition finds a parallel in all countries, but the distinction there is that the majority instead of the minority of citizens in the capital are political game-

sters. They play the same cards and win the same "honors," but if they lose, they are themselves lost until the next change of fortune, and wander about with empty pockets, not knowing where to replenish them, except by a recourse to the same exhaustive passion. But disappointment rarely reduces the energies of the political aspirant. By dint of much floundering in that uncertain sea, he sometimes makes a great wave, and rises on it; and when the spectator supposes that he is on the point of being overwhelmed, he is on the point of being saved. The Greek is an excellent swimmer, whether buffeting the brine at the sea-baths of Phalerum or sporting in the more shallow waters of politics within the capital.

By instinct the people of Greece are democratic, by circumstances they are royalists. Theoretically considered, they would appear to be peculiarly adapted for a republican form of government; but the failure of the experiment under Capodistria (who was assassinated for his supposed intrigues with Russia) and the exceptional condition which Greece holds toward the rest of Europe, and especially toward the three protecting powers, make her existing form of government such as commends itself to the majority of the governed. The Greeks are, therefore, loyal to the throne, they respect the person of the king, and are faithful to the constitution and the laws. While local politics are the never-ceasing topic of discussion throughout the kingdom, national politics are the active and vital topic of discussion in the capital.

There, every shade of opinion prevails, and every idea short of revolution and anarchy is propagated, and finds supporters. There are those who would maintain the present constitution as a faultless instrument; those who would amend it, and those who would do away with it altogether. There are those who, believing in the fiction that the sovereign can do no wrong, would give the king more political power; and there are those who, believing the sovereign can do wrong, would reduce him to a puppet. Some would take away all responsibility from the sovereign and place it in the hands of the ministry; and some would absolve the ministry from all responsibility and fix it upon the sovereign. Some would increase the royal prerogatives, add another million to the king's civil list, surround him with the pageantry of a mounted guard, and further restrict accessibility to the royal presence. The openly avowed democrat, on the other hand, would cut down the present income of the king, abolish the court, have his majesty live as the "first gentleman of Athens" in a private dwelling, and reduce the number of horses in the royal stables from forty to four. It may be thought that in the midst of such conflicting opinions, and the never-ceasing antagonisms of political parties and political complaints, the throne of Greece is a bed of thorns. But King George is self-reliant, independent in views and action, and without that personal ambition which is regardless of the steps it takes to its accomplishment. He feels the popular pulse, and tries to

keep time with it, not more as a matter of policy than from national sympathy. But the position of a sovereign of Greece is not an enviable position, because from the peculiar character and condition of the people, a sovereign who would be thoroughly satisfactory to the nation, must possess a combination of impossible qualities. The king the Greeks would have, should be a Greek king—an impossibility in itself, since there is no royal stock in the nation, and to place a man of the people on the throne, would be an anomaly insufferable to Europe, and fraught with imminent personal danger to his democratic majesty. Since, then, the sovereign can not have Greek blood in his veins, the nearest condition to it is that he shall become Greek by sympathy of language and ideas. This presupposes youth, since no transplanted stock can denationalize itself excepting through the slow process of time and growth. But the sovereign should possess the qualifications of a ruler. He should be a man of capacity, administrative talents, of political wisdom, resulting from his experience in affairs of state. This condition is inconsistent with the period of youth. Herein lies one of the glaring defects of kingcraft; a defect exceeded only by the greater monstrosity of royal succession, whereby the child of a sovereign becomes invested with sovereign attributes simply because he is the son of his father, without respect to fitness, mental and moral endowments, or the one quality of all qualities necessary to a ruler, personal solicitude for the honor of his

kingdom. Upon what principle of justice or of humanity such an individual, placed upon a perilous throne by the will of others, and often, too, before he is conscious of his own will, should be held responsible for the evils of government, fails to appear from any deductions of reason. Yet the very men upon whom the real responsibility should rest for the results of an act which has no authority but that of traditional custom, are those who rid themselves of the ignominy of the political failure, and saddle the sins of maladministration upon the shoulders of the only individual who really had nothing to do with the iniquity of the original proceeding.

Thus in 1832 King Otho of Bavaria was placed upon the throne of Greece at the age of seventeen. An honest-hearted young man, but without intellectual strength. Dressed in the Greek fustinella, he endeavored to be Greek in spirit, but under his braided jacket his heart beat to foreign measures, and his ear inclined to foreign counsels. But for the quicker-witted Amelia, his follies would have worn out the patience of the people sooner than they did. Fortunately, the material progress of Greece made some advancement, chiefly owing to the Queen, in spite of the weakness and inexperience of the Sovereign. Forced at last to abdicate, the empty throne was offered by the Greeks to Prince Alfred of England, notwithstanding the clause in the protocol of the Protecting Powers which declared that the Government of Greece should not be confided to a prince cho-

sen from among the reigning families of those States, who signed the treaty in 1827. But by this manifestation in favor of the English Prince, the honor of selecting a King for the Greeks was silently allotted to Great Britain. It was Lord John Russell, it is said, who, when Prince Christian, the present King of Denmark, was in London attending the marriage of his daughter to the Prince of Wales, "discovered the second son of Prince Christian in the uniform of a midshipman," and suggested his name as the successor of Otho.

The Danish Prince was accordingly elected by the National Assembly at Athens, and having changed his name from William to George, the heroic saint, whom the Hellenes delight to honor, was received into the kingdom with the same confidence, and proclaimed with the same *Zetoes*, which thirty-three years before welcomed the unfortunate Otho.

By a vote of the Greek National Assembly, a civil list of 1,200,000 drachmas was settled on the new Sovereign; and each of the three Courts of France, Great Britain, and Russia relinquished, as a personal dotation to King George, four thousand pounds sterling a year out of the sums which the Greek treasury had engaged itself to pay annually to each of them out of the public debt. The King's income is, therefore, equal to two hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

King George came to the throne at the age of eighteen, which was about the age of his predecessor, Otho, when he accepted the perils of the same position; but

the present King had the advantage of the experience of the former, and avoided the rocks on which the Bavarian Prince went to pieces. King George brought no foreign retinue to disgust the national sentiment, and absorb interests which should belong to the people themselves. He possesses mental capacity, which was not a distinguishing characteristic of Otho; and he is without that perverseness of disposition which, when united to a weak mind, is sure to work mischief to the State. Better than all, King George has surrounded the barren throne from which Otho was driven, with flowers of royalty, who, born in the Kingdom and embracing the religion of the Orthodox Oriental Church, can supply the throne with a sovereign *as* Hellenic as the Greeks can ever hope to obtain. King George has as good an opportunity as any prince ever had to gain the love of his people, and win for himself a name, by uniting with them heart and hand in ameliorating the kingdom. Unlike his predecessor, his hands are comperatively free of the impediment of foreign ministerial counselors, who, struggling each for supremacy, united only in checking the political advancement of the kingdom. The present King is in large measure his own adviser; he comprehends the chief wish of his subjects, which is that Greece shall govern Greece. Eight years' experience with this positive and individual people have, or should have, given his Majesty a pretty clear insight into their character; the necessity for that frank and entire confidence which opens the way to just appreciа-

tions between the ruler and the ruled, invites confidence in return, and insures the safety of the State. The maxim that "the people are always right" is a safer maxim for kings to assume than the reverse proposition; and the only difficulty in the way of its application is how to test public opinion. Sovereigns may be deceived by those whom they consult, for advisers are not always disinterested. The old system of spies and intriguers is happily going out of practice as a system of political machinery which cannot be depended on, and which embarrasses rather than facilitates the working of government. But there are ways always open to the sagacious mind whereby the true may be detected from the false, and the current sentiment of communities be made familiar to the political student. One of the greatest monarchs in history owed his greatness to the fact that he understood and sympathized with his people; and the only way he understood them was by mingling with them in the garb of a workman. King George has no need to resort to this expedient: he has but to encourage the freest interchange of opinions with his subjects without respect to classes or conditions; to go over his Kingdom, not in equipages of state, but as a private citizen, and examine for himself the deficiences and requirements of every branch of the public service; to give as much time and attention to conversation with a peasant as he would give to an interview with a foreign minister—in a word, to inform himself, not be informed, of the needs of his people,

and with all the power of his royal prerogative insist on those reforms being made. King George is full of good intentions, and is not the political sluggard which those who look only at externals in Greece might possibly be led to suppose. But misapprehensions sometimes prevail concerning the King's position toward his people, and the personal influence which is supposed to be brought to bear upon his political actions. Men who do not know King George, and who obtain most of their ideas from the small political cliques in which they move, do injustice to their Sovereign. Anti-royalists are apt to invest the Sovereign with a personal character which is entirely foreign to that which he possesses. "If the King was this, or if the King was that, a very different state of things would exist in Greece," think many wise and good subjects. These lament the days of Otho, or even hint that a second Capodistria is the one thing needful for Greece. I have seen some of these very men come out of the royal presence thoroughly transformed from political haters to royal lovers, simply from having come in contact with the frank and honest character of their King.

When the petulant school-boy cannot solve his mathematical problem, he sometimes in his impatience lays the fault of his want of success upon the problem itself; or, when convinced that others before him have mastered the difficulty, he perhaps accuses his teacher of ignorance or willful intention to mislead him in his explanations. So when the problem of self-govern-

ment, from its own inherent difficulties or from the inexperience of those who attempt to administer it, works badly, the discontented citizen abuses the constitution; or if that presents no salient point of attack, puts all the responsibility of the failure upon the governing power. Neither the constitution nor the administrative power in Greece is free from defects. Perhaps to modify the former would be to create greater obstacles to the free and potent influence of the principle it embraces. The evils apparent to the most casual eye in the system of organization, may well attract and fasten the attention of the governed classes. These defects are prominent or concealed according to the peculiar condition of the kingdom from time to time. With a popular leader at the head of the ministry, and no external question to aggravate the public mind, the voice of complaint is hushed, and but little is heard of constitutional amendments or of the incapacity or improper exercise of power on the part of the ministry or the sovereign. Indeed, the sovereign is rarely attacked in an open manner. Innuendoes and charges against the "camarilla" or the "court" are frequent, and in the majority of cases this means the sovereign. But the King is often as innocent of the charges thus carelessly made as are the men who make them. There is no point in the royal target too small to attract the attention of newspaper marksmen, who, although they rarely aim at the bull's-eye, love dearly to hit its nearest rings, commonly designated as the "camarilla." A majority of

Ionians in the *personnel* of the court ; the proposed engagement of a Russian instead of a Greek chaplain for the queen ; the suggestion of a mounted guard of honor for his majesty ; too many *petites soirées* or too few *grandes* balls at the palace ; too rapid an increase of the royal family ; to long a sojourn of their majesties at their favorite summer residence at Corfu, etc., etc., up to the graver sins of keeping an unpopular ministry too long in power ; the dissolution of a national parliament to avoid a political crisis, etc., etc., pique the appetite of the ever-hungry journalist, and supply the staple of conversation to the idlers and political grumblers of the streets and cafés. This irritability of the public mind, especially at the capital, indicates the impoverishment of resources, the want of wholesome occupation, which in large commercial cities gives employment to classes which in Athens are reduced to petty journalism or to place-hunting.

The real evils of Greek government are evils of administration, and the stifling system of centralization is its chief evil. Power should be diffused in Greece until each individual of each commune and village feels that the authoritative and executive power is responsible to him as one of the people, for the proper discharge of the functions of his office. Greece is a nation of politicians without a party—of opinions without a public opinion. Not that party spirit and individual opinions do not largely prevail, and too often to the detriment of practical reforms, but that there is no concentration

of grand principles, no unity of popular force, no promulgation of public will. Men at Athens who should shape the country are too much engrossed in shaping their own fortunes; and the people of the country, by which I mean especially the country people, are indifferent to politics so long as they are allowed peaceably to pursue their own livelihood. Such a thing as a public meeting in village, town, or city, composed of the working or industrious classes, for the purpose of discussing or enforcing a public measure, is a spectacle never witnessed in Greece. Ideas are as thick as blackberries, but they are unwholesome, because never allowed to ripen to practical results. The people are the servants of the politicians, and do all the log-bearing, instead of the politicians being the devoted servants of the people. To the ignorance of the latter as to their own rights and own interests, is to be ascribed this apathy or indifference. When the maladministration of affairs or the pressure of untoward circumstances bring on one of those periodical crises so common at Athens, there is an immediate hunt for the scape-goat. Who is to blame? And as there is generally some difficulty in finding the right individual, or party, or minister, each by turn is assailed with all the venom of the press. Too often the fault is laid, and not always incorrectly, upon foreign interference; but it generally ends in a lamentation at the impotence of poor truncated Greece (*La Grèce limitrophe*), which has been deprived of her natural heritage, and confined to a limitation where political wis-

dom and material progress cannot find their natural expansion. The Greeks should take a lesson out of Shakspeare:

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings."

I would not advise the Greeks to do as Brutus did, lest they meet with Brutus's fate. It is not political revolution they require, but that silent, all-powerful, and all-pervading moral revolution which shall propel the vessel of state by the breath of public opinion out of the shallow waters in which she now flounders, like a ship of war in a mill-pond, to the broad sea of national prosperity. The people of Greece need to be brought together by the influence of the press, the pulpit, and public debate, into one homogeneous society, whose end and aim should be the purification of the ballot-box, and the elevation and strengthening of an independent judiciary. When men are elected for their capacity and honesty, and not because of their local influence, and when the tribunal of justice is free from the faintest suspicion of political or personal taint, we shall hear less of the inability of the Greeks to govern themselves.

With the press lies chiefly the power to create a public opinion, and make that public opinion effective for good.

One of the first steps that the press and the people should insist upon, is the breaking up of that system of bureaucracy which each government, as it comes into power seems to cherish as a political safeguard. It is in reality an iron wall separating the people at large

from their rightful authorization, and which is gradually closing up the channels of free government until its vitality is in danger. Official secrecy, carried to a ridiculous extent in Greece, is another evil which demands the earnest attention of the press. The sooner all public proceedings—official correspondence on matters of public interest — and the statistics of each department of the government are placed before the people, the sooner will the people, and not their politicians, govern Greece.

The Greeks must learn to make character the qualification for office—must learn to regard the privilege of suffrage as a holy and inestimable privilege, not to subserve personal, but the general welfare. They must insist upon economy in every branch of the public service, and cheerfully bear sacrifices until the national credit is established; they must insist upon a greater exercise of courage in those who administer public affairs—courage to say "No" to partisan demands at home, and to unjust demands from abroad. I mean demands which would not be made by foreign powers to other powers of equal political strength to their own, and which no other government would grant if they were made. By such a course Greece will gain respect where now she suffers humiliation.

But if Greece requires to be counseled, so do her counselors. "All the evils which have afflicted Greece," says an intelligent British writer who has dwelt among the Greeks for years, "may be attributed to the mistakes

of British diplomacy." It is certainly true, as Count Nesselrode told England in 1850 in respect to the English blockade of Athens, that the policy of that government toward Greece has too often been to "recognize toward the weak no other rule than her own will—no other right than her own physical strength. "Greece has many and just grounds of complaint on this score of arbitrary treatment from a power which should have respected her rights as much as if she were in a position to enforce them with armies and fleets. The words of King George on one occasion to a certain foreign embassador contain the pith of the Greek demand of today: "Do you recognize Greece as a kingdom? Well, then, treat her as such."

Greece has been brought into prominent position by the very abuse heaped upon her. The preposterous demands of foreign critics should flatter her self-esteem. Youngest of all the nations, she is upbraided for not possessing those qualities which in other nations are the growth of centuries. The broad sun of Greece, falling on her exposed soil, reveals every defect of nature; and the peculiar transparency of the atmosphere, which causes her far-off mountains to be seemingly near, magnifies political misfortunes to political iniquities. Greece has to bear this in addition to the evils for which she herself is plainly responsible. This makes her task of self-government a hard one; but the more honorable, the more distinguished among nations will she be, if she accomplishes her task.

THE GREAT IDEA."

"THE GREAT IDEA."

REECE has many sins to answer for in the eyes of Europe—sins of omission and sins of commission—but above all rises one mountain of iniquity of such stupendous dimensions—"singeing its pate against the Torrid Zone"—as to diminish the "Ossas" of brigandage, bankruptcy and political corruption "to very warts." Brigandage is nothing to it, since the candid observer cannot but admit that the root of that evil is not wholly indigenous, and that the government does really make some exertions to repress it. It is worse than being in arrears for debt, for people are sometimes excusable for not paying what they owe, especially when they have nothing wherewith to pay it. It is not to be compared with political corruption, because Cowper told his countrymen long ago that

> The age of virtuous politics is past:
> Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
> And we too wise to trust them.

So Greece can hardly be considered as setting the world at defiance in that regard. The sin of sins that I refer to, and which excites the irony, if not the indignation,

of the critics of Greece, is called "La Grande Idée." This "Great Idea" is a component part of the Greek brain and the Greek heart. It permeates all classes of society—the toothless baby draws it in with the maternal milk, and the toothless mouth of age pledges to it in long drafts of the native resined wine. The shepherd dreams of it in the cold mountain air under his shaggy sheepskin, and the rich proprietor traces it in the graceful smoke-cloud of the incessant cigarette, and perhaps wonders if it is not quite as evanescent. If I treat the subject in a poetical way, it is because the subject itself pertains more to the realms of fancy than of fact.

Briefly defined, the Great Idea means that the Greek mind is to regenerate the East—that it is the destiny of Hellenism to Hellenize that vast stretch of territory which by natural laws the Greeks believe to be theirs, and which is chiefly inhabited by people claiming to be descended from Hellenic stock, professing the Orthodox or Greek faith, or speaking the Greek language. These in the aggregate vastly outnumber the people of Greece proper, and are regarded by "Free Greece" as brethren held in servitude by an alien and detested power. There are in European Turkey and its territories not far from fifteen millions of people, of which number less than four millions are Ottomans. The rest are Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Wallachians, etc., who profess the Greek religion or speak the Greek dialect; and although in morals and character these are far below the independent and educated Greeks of Athens

and the chief towns of Greece, this inferiority may doubtless be largely ascribed to the political restraints still pressing upon them. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race? "At sight of a Mussulman," says an intelligent observer, "the rayah's back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but under this conventional mask you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors."

If this be the prevailing sentiment of the Greek population in Turkey, it may well be asked, Why, with corresponding influences at work in the Hellenic kingdom, cannot the Great Idea be made to bear practical fruits? With the elements of revolution, why is there no revolution? With the general desire of the people for unity and territorial grandeur, why does the prospect of political and national amalgamation grow more and more illusory, and the shores of the Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople (as the ideal capital of the Hellenic kingdom) recede farther and farther into the landscape, like the mirage of cities and of fountains mocking the wearied eyes and parched lips of the traveller in desert lands? There are many reasons, of which a few only need be cited. Greece has no organization of forces sufficient to make the first attempt to

deliver her countrymen. Occasional spasmodic movements in Epirus and Thessaly have only resulted in defeat and disgrace. A large proportion of the Greeks under Turkish rule, especially those who are placeholders and those who are engaged in gainful commercial pursuits, prefer the proverb, "Let well alone," to that of "Nothing venture, nothing have." They distrust the result of revolutionary movements, and the external restraints of King George's kingdom do not tempt them to change the temporal advantages of their present position for the chances of prospective independence, however golden with patriotism.

The Greeks in Turkey breathe an atmosphere of political and social impurity, which pervades all classes, from the sultan's household to the lowest menial at the custom-house, and from which foreign subjects—even foreign ministers—have not always remained untainted. It is a habit with certain writers to charge the Hellenic population in Turkey with the creation of this miasma of immorality and vice; but the truth is, they only avail themselves of the existing laxity in all departments of the public service, and in all the circles of social existence, and by their extraordinary mental vitality and shrewdness, turn the general debasement to their own advantage. When the Turks found themselves masters of Constantinople, they discovered that nothing was wanting to their maintenance of power but one thing, and that one thing was brains. The faculties of perception and forethought, obtuse in themselves, were largely

developed in their Greek subjects, and so they were forced to take them for their political and intellectual servants. The Greeks accepted the position. It was an arrangement, founded on mutual interest, without mutual sympathy. Interest indisposes the Greeks in Turkey to stir up revolution, but the want of sympathy with the Mussulmans is as marked as ever.

In Greece itself there is a divided sentiment as to the proper time for making another attempt to recover the liberties of the nation. Just now, with the bitter failure of Crete before their eyes, the conservatives are decidedly disinclined to waste money and strength in fresh agitations for the Great Idea, while every department of the state at home demands the most earnest and absorbing attention. The radicals, who at any time and under any circumstances, cost what it may, are eager to rush to the breach, and perish, if need be, for the cause of national unity, are in the minority, and expend their enthusiasm in newspaper appeals for their brethren "in chains," and in passing the watchword from mouth to mouth, "Greece for the Greeks"—"La régénération de l'Orient *par* l'Orient."

But however divided public opinion in Greece may be as to the proper time and method for attempting the realization of the Hellenic Idea, the Idea itself never leaves the teeming brain of the Greek. He may, in his impatience, disgust or despair, denounce it as chimerical, and join in the laugh of scorn which its mention evokes from foreign nations; but at heart he

still cherishes it—if not as a practical possibility, as a tenet of his political and religious faith. It is sweet to believe that we are a "chosen race," destined to carry the symbol of Christianity and the torch of civilization and freedom into the benighted realms of superstition and ignorance, even if circumstances prevent us from attempting the pilgrimage. Therefore, however much and often a Greek may say to you in private that his countrymen are wasting their energies in chasing a phantom, which might better be employed in studies of political economy at home, he would not dare to advise any one of them to abandon the Great Idea, nor does he himself believe that it should be abandoned.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the scorn with which the advice of the other European powers on this head is received by Athenian statesmen. Very much the same feeling is evoked there by the efforts to tranquilize Greece, and to make her satisfied with her present limitations—in a word, to preserve the *status quo* in the East—as was experienced in the loyal States of our Union at the darkest and most discouraging period of the civil war, when we were appealed to to give up the futile attempt to restore "an impossible Union," and to consent to "a peaceful and happy separation!" Nothing is so dark and discouraging in Greece as to shut out the forlorn hope—to steal from the public heart its belief in a special destiny—to utterly extinguish the coals of resurrection which lie under mountains of ashes and débris. The very ruins of the great Past appeal to them, or seem

to appeal to them, never to forget that what has been may yet be again. The modern Greek remembers—and is never tired of quoting—the words and examples of the dead heroes of the shadowy past, from Miltiades, Themistocles, and Demosthenes—as if they walked the streets of Athens but yesterday—down to their more legitimate forefathers of Greek independence—Miaoulis, Canaris, Botzaris, Colocotronis, and Ypsilantis. And those of the last category do, with some degree of reason, give color and vitality to the hopes of the future; for the Greeks feel that what they did accomplish in the seven years' war, in spite of the indifference or scorn of the European world, justifies the belief that the end was not reached when Greece consented to lay down the sword and accept, at the hands of the great powers, a fragment of the heritage she expected; relinquishing to her great enemy Crete, Rhodes, Samos, Chios, Thessaly, Macedonia, and Epirus (Albania), the most fertile and most populous portion of her territory. To bid her forever give up her claim to these fair regions, peopled with "her own people," she holds to be a piece of diplomatic selfishness incompatible with the claims of a distinct nationality, if not of civilization itself. Attenuated, poverty-stricken, a political pauper at the close of the revolution, yet possessing a certain shrewdness and wit which commanded the respect of those who had come forward in the character of "national guardians," Greece, who without their timely aid, would have sunk back into barbarism and obscurity, boldly demand-

ed a larger share of the territory for which she had sacrificed so much. Dissatisfied with the spoonful of political broth, the Oliver Twist of nations had the unblushing temerity "to ask for more." The plump beadles stood aghast; then made a show of earnest consultation, which resulted in stamping the little upstart with the badge of deep-dyed ingratitude, and refused the second spoonful. The powers claim that they were right, and in justification of the partition of Greece, point to the small progress which the kingdom has made in material and political strength. Indeed, not a few assert that Greece, as a self-governing nation, is a "complete failure." The Greeks do not deny that the advancement of their country has been slow and feeble, but assign as a chief reason the contracted limits of the kingdom. England says to the Greeks, "If you cannot govern what you possess, how can you hope to persuade Europe that you are capable of governing a larger kingdom?" To which the Greeks wittily reply: "Your reasoning produces the same effect on us as if you said to a lame man, 'Since you cannot walk with the leg which you have still left to you, do not regret the loss of the other: you would not know how to use it if you had it.'"

But the question is not what Greece might do in the way of progress and reform if she had more resources in fertile lands, more hands to work with and more room to work in, so much as the abstract question of national rights. Is she to be denounced for having an

Idea? Even if the Idea is not presently practicable, is it not *per se*, a natural, inevitable and wholesome Idea? If the Greek nation stood alone in this respect, if national aggrandizement and unity were an original conception of the Greek mind, the political student might well think twice before endorsing a proposition born of no precedent—an ideal form assuming the shape of wisdom, and springing self-made out of the brain of an ideal Jove. But it is not original. Other nations have Great Ideas, and rather pride themselves upon the fact. England, the chief adviser of Greece, had an Idea of commercial supremacy; and by force of her maritime position, strong armies, and the cold-compelled industry of her dense population, has been pretty successful in giving it practical illustration. France had an Idea, and has not unfrequently nourished and fed it at the expense of other nations; and would have succeeded in her last ambitious designs but for collision with the greater and more carefully-matured Idea of German unity. Russia, the third "protector" of Greece, has her Great Idea, and under the guidance of experience and clever statesmanship, is slowly and surely putting it into execution. The unification of Italy was an Idea which, *when successful*, won the applause of the world. In *her* case the union of one people under one government, which comprises within its territorial limits the entire length and breadth of the Italian domain, is considered the simple result of a fixed purpose and determination of a people whose blood, language and relig-

ion are the same. On this subject the leading journal of London made comment in language which, although not intended for them, might be read by the Greeks with hopeful satisfaction. "Such," it remarks, referring to Italian unity, "is the tendency of our age to mature and accomplish things which men had long given up as impossible, and which upon trial turn out to be natural, obvious, and inevitable." Our own boastful land, where "the whole boundless continent" is the limit of *her* Great Idea, is permitted to indulge in dreams of aggrandizement without ridicule or reproach, because the wealth of her soil and the increasing numbers of her people seem to guarantee the ultimate fulfilment of the promise. Every nation, indeed, has dreams of glory which fail to arouse the wrath of the scoffer. Greece alone, exceptional in all things—the youngest, the poorest, and perhaps the proudest of them all—is not permitted to indulge the hope that her own may one day gather around the flag they have sacrificed so much to uphold, without exciting the censure of her older, richer, and more powerful neighbors.

The Greeks are perpetually told to abandon their little idiosyncrasies, and to come boldly up into the front rank of the nations. Especially are they told that the dream of empire is a terrible dream for a small state, and that nothing but self-sacrifice and the concentration of the public mind upon internal improvements can save them from decay and annihilation. So far, the advice is sound, and the sooner this self-sacrifice begins—

although they look in vain for shining examples of it in the governing classes of Europe—the better will it be for them. But they will never abandon the Great Idea—never obey the bidding of the conservers of the status quo, and not make their sign—openly if they can, secretly if they must—to the millions of their countrymen who are not free. It is unnatural to expect that Greece will act otherwise: it is morally and politically wrong to wish that she should. The wisest course for her advisers to take, is to cease to check her national aspirations. If these aspirations tend to disturb a line of policy which diplomacy has laid down for the protection of certain material interests in the East, these interests should give way to the higher claims of humanity.

I have ventured to hold the opinion that England would have consulted her own political interests in the East by actively promoting the Hellenic Idea. Not, by any means, in encouraging political intrigues or revolutionary agitations, so much in vogue there, but by giving open countenance to the idea that the principle of Greek nationality, enunciated by the war for independence, in which she materially assisted, was a principle to be maintained until it reached fruition. Open encouragement to the Great Idea, so long as its manifestation did not lead to belligerent movements, might by this time, as I shall attempt to show, have placed the territories now comprising European Turkey in a position of political strength and unity which at present

they can never hope to assume except under the government of a stronger power. The moral forces of Hellenism are the only real strength it possesses, and if properly directed by a sagacious power could achieve their mission—if mission they have—without the smell of gunpowder or gleam of a bayonet. Public opinion in great civilized nations like England is in most cases more powerful than war, because it averts and prevents war. There is now no compact, self-poised government on the shores of the Ægina or the Marmora. Let the three powers withdraw their protection from Greece, and at the first collision of forces that little kingdom is swallowed up by the Turkish empire; or, what is perhaps worse, enters again upon a prolonged conflict which would leave her distracted and undone. Let the three powers withdraw their protection from Turkey, and her great northern adversary will avail herself of the first opportunity to carry out what is popularly held to be her "traditional policy." Whether this "policy" is destined under any circumstances to be realized, or whether, if realized, the Eastern question would be solved in the most satisfactory way and to the benefit of Eastern Europe, is not the subject of present discussion. It is very certain that the existing condition of things in that quarter of the world is not a condition which possesses any qualities of permanence, and is the cause of incessant watchfulness and anxiety. As has been forcibly said by an English writer, "counting by individuals, the Greeks in European Turkey are to the

Turks as six to one; but estimating them by their wealth, they are as thirty to one." There is something not only unnatural but appalling to Christian eyes, in the fact that a handful of Mussulmans, without a single drop of sympathetic blood for the people they govern—aliens in race, religion, manners, customs and language—should come over into Europe and hold control over six times their number belonging to a different race. It is one of those anomalies of which history furnishes other examples, but at which human nature must ever revolt.

I am not, however, of the number of those who would allow sentimental abstractions to interfere with the obvious claims of an established government over a people fairly conquered by the force of arms. Neither do I think that the cause of public justice can be subserved by joining in the cry against the Turk because the character of the Mussulman differs in essential particulars from the character of the Christian. One of the great shining stars in the firmament of human regeneration is that of religious toleration. Brighter and clearer it gleams from the obscuration of centuries. As the worship of paganism was as pure in its nature as the condition of the world then permitted, and has sent down through the eras of Christianity lessons of fervor, devotion and self-sacrifice which the world may well imitate in its more enlightened worship, so is the faith of the Mohammedan illustrated by many holy observances and much practical virtue, which should shame the laxity in morals and superficial worship too often

observable in Christian society. The intolerance, lust and barbarous inhumanity of the Turks have been a theme of reproach with Christians for ages, but the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent can only result in perfect triumph to the former when the image of Christianity is upheld by forbearing hands, and not wielded as an implement of battle. In spite of the antipathy between Christianity and Mohammedanism, the world must admit that enlightened views of public policy and sterling reforms have crept into and influenced the government of the sultan. It is not, therefore, in any anti-Turkish spirit that I allude to the anomalous condition of the Greeks in Turkey. But inasmuch as the condition is anomalous, unnatural and practically unwholesome, and moreover is a condition which it is impossible to regard as permanent, it may be well to consider what measures might have contributed to ameliorate it.

The principle upon which the Western powers have *governed* Greece since her independence of the Turkish power, has been that which Pitt declared in 1792 to be "the true doctrine of balance of power"—to wit, that the power of Russia should not be allowed to increase, nor that of Turkey to decline. After the battle of Navarino, Wellington, the demigod of Englishmen, who had pronounced that victory an "untoward event," was for making Greece "wholly dependent upon Turkey." This idea was supported by Lord Londonderry, who wished to render Greece "as harmless as possible, and to make

her people, like the spiritless nations of Hindostan." These views seem to have prevailed in effect over the liberal ideas of Palmerston, who desired to see Greece as independent of Turkey as possible.

Governments cannot serve two opposing principles at one and the same time. Turkey the conservative and Greece the radical could not be petted and encouraged by the same hands. Hence, Greece was sacrificed that Turkey might prosper and grow fat. A policy of perpetual repression has been applied to a perpetually expanding national sentiment. This is why European ministers in Greece have been constantly employed to shake the finger in the face of public opinion when external measures are discussed, and to lay the finger on when any actual demonstration threatens to disturb or revive the Eastern question. That question, which no statesmanship or wars have beea able to solve, stands to-day, in spite of the intrigues of politicians, the waste of millions of money, and thousands of lives, as huge a note of interrogation to the people of Europe, as when it first reared its sinuous sign over the unsettled and dissatisfied populations of the East. A policy of force and of expedients by turn, has utterly failed to change the real relations of the East with the West, or of the Greeks with the people who hold the majority of that nation in political servitude.

If a contrary policy had been adopted, if the Christian Greeks under the banner of the Great Idea—however imperfectly that Idea had been expounded—had

succeeded only in establishing a government as good as that of Abd-ul-Azis, there would to-day have been a community of interests which would certainly seem a better guarantee to political safety than now exists. If England and France had crowned the glorious work at Navarino with a declaration that the territorial limits which diplomacy assigned to the new kingdom of Greece must not be regarded as final; that the principle acknowledged in the treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece extended over and embraced the whole nationality which had contributed by valor and sacrifices to achieve its independence; and that to a peaceful consolidation of this Idea, the powers pledged to Greece an unflinching moral support, the Eastern question might long ago have been solved by the peaceful acquiescence of the Moslem minority in the just claims of a vast Christian population, supported by the public opinion of civilized Europe. I venture to believe that if England and France had openly encouraged the aspirations of the Greeks as a national right, the Mohammedan subjects of the Porte would gradually have recrossed the Bosphorus to the land which is less disputably theirs by right of nativity and population. The feeble few who might have remained would have had no influence on the political condition, and with the death of the last Sultan an easy transition from Mohammedan to Christian rule would have ensued. The Greeks in European Turkey and its tributary States may be even now regarded as virtually masters of the situation by their superi-

ority in intelligence, enterprise and wealth; but they lack cohesion, and are demoralized by the yoke they bear, which could not be imposed but by the aid of foreign diplomacy and foreign money. If as much eagerness had been evinced by England to support the Great Idea, as she has shown to scoff it; if a fraction of the capital loaned to Turkey to increase her armament, build sultans' palaces and keep up her meretricious display of power,* had been advanced for the education and elevation of the mixed population of Christians in the provinces, a picture of civilization would to-day have replaced the wretched spectacle of a half-barbaric and half revolutionary people, who, without any confidence in the government they have, look forward to a political condition which has no promise of independence or of unity.

These views may appear chimerical, and it is perhaps the most idle of speculations to speculate on what might have been the condition of a people under other circumstances than those which exist. It is equally unprofitable to forecast the future in an age when events precipitate themselves with a rapidity and character which disprove the wisest horoscope and confound the political soothsayer. What we do know is, that the policy of Pitt, so tenaciously clung to by British statesmen, has succeeded only in "bolstering up" an effete and corrupt government at the expense of Christian unity,

* The present total debt of Turkey is estimated at $630,000,000.

power and progress; and that what might have been accomplished during the half century since the dawn of Greek independence in consolidating a nationality which would certainly have been as efficacious as is now the Turkish power in Europe, has left the "Eastern question" without any permanent solution. It is no longer a diplomatic secret that the statesmen of Western Europe are preparing their minds to accept, sooner or later, what they are unable to provide against with a substitute, and what they have sacrificed so much to avoid —namely, the Russian solution of the Eastern question.

Whatever may be the fate of Greece with a change of neighbors, it can hardly be worse than it now is with hostility ever brewing between her and Turkey, and with no disinterested friend to look to for counsel. Russia would at least bring to the provinces the sympathy of co-religionists; and it is probable that while a Russian princess shares the throne of Greece, the independence of that kingdom will be strengthened and assured by a large accession of wealth and by internal improvements. But Greece does not regard without apprehension even the friendly approaches of a power whose iron rule is not in harmony with those elastic ideas of popular liberty which are the essence of Greek nationality. Better, think they, is the rule of the Moslem, with the hope of unseating him at last by the slow but subtle operation of Hellenism, than the Muscovite, whose entrance into Constantinople might be the death-blow to national unity. Whatever period of time may elapse before the earnest

consideration of this subject may engage the pens of publicists, it is highly probable that the Eastern question, as a theme for political disputation, will give way to what the moralist at least will regard as the more momentous question, namely: What will be the effect upon Hellenism of a change of political rulers in the east of Europe? Will the banner of orthodox religion of the Eastern church, upheld among the people of the now Turko-European states in the political grasp of the "emperor of all the Russias," strengthen Hellenic nationality? or will the Great Idea fade into vague and indeterminate forms, without even the semblance of the substance which it now possesses?

FIFTY YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE.

FIFTY YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE.

ON the 21st of April, 1871, the diplomatic body at Athens assisted at the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of Greek Independence.

There was the inevitable *Te Deum* at the Cathedral; a Reception by their Majesties at the Palace; the decoration of the streets, including a Triumphal Arch and a Column of Victory; a military and civic procession, and in the evening a court ball and the illumination of the public buildings and foreign legations.

The chief event of the day, however, was the public reception of the remains of the Patriarch Gregory, one of the first martyrs of the revolution, the King and Queen walking behind the catafalque in the procession, which accompanied the remains from the railway station to the Cathedral, a circuitous line of march which occupied over two hours. This, on a hot and dusty spring day, was no joke, as indeed their Majesties, by such extraordinary deference to public sentiment, intended that it should be.

Gregory, the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, being suspected by the Turkish Government of ferment-

ing the revolution, and aiding the enemies of the Porte, was seized one quiet Sabbath as he came out of church in his sacerdotal robes, and was hanged at the church door. There, after the Grand Vizier, "smoking his *narghila*," had sufficiently contemplated the pleasing spectacle, the body was handed over to the Jews, who, after dragging it through the streets of Constantinople, flung it into the Bosphorus. From thence the mutilated body was rescued by a Greek vessel, and privately conveyed to Odessa, where it received interment in the Russian Cathedral. When it occurred as a "happy thought," to the Greeks at Athens, to request the translation of the Patriarch's remains to that city, the Russian Government cheerfully assented; but at this point an unlooked-for difficulty arose. The Porte objected to the passage of the Bosphorus by a Greek national vessel, and I am not divulging a secret in adding, that the marrow of the objection lay in the apprehension that a public display of this kind would kindle an enthusiasm among the Greek subjects of the Porte at Constantinople which might lead to unpleasant political demonstrations. Upon this, application was made to Austria for permission to pass the body of the Patriarch by the Danube. But the Austrian authorities, out of deference to the wishes of the Porte, did not favor this arrangement. Then Turkish diplomacy scratched its head and proposed an easy solution of the difficulty, which was nothing less than to steal the Greek thunder by applying to the Russian Government for the Patriarch's re-

mains, promising to accord to them honorable interment at Constantinople, in atonement for the infamous act of 1821, which the Government attributed to an uncontrolable and lawless body of Janisaries. But this clever suggestion was made too late. Russia held that the Greek Government, having made a prior application, was entitled to be the recipients. Finally, the consequences of a refusal by the Porte to the passage of a Greek vessel with the hallowed remains of the Martyr, seemed to strike the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs as likely to provoke excitement in the Hellenic community, and a compromise was accordingly made, whereby a Greek merchant steamer was to perform the service, *without any display or delay* while passing Constantinople. The matter being happily disposed of in this way, all unpleasant consequences were averted. This will give some idea of the tenderness of political relations in the East. Thus the Greeks were able to render honors to the remains of one of the earliest and noblest martyrs of their independence on their semi-centennial anniversary.

The day is not less suggestive to the Greek mind, of the times which tried their forefathers' souls, than it is to the observer of events there. It is impossible not to cast a hasty survey over these intermediate years and arrive at some estimate as to their results.

The first blow for Greek independence was struck in April, 1821. The fires of revolution had been kindled for many years, but the inflammatory materials were col-

lected and dispersed with such secresy and vigilance—the chief instruments being the orthodox clergy, who whispered of hope and freedom in the pauses of their prayers—that when the venerable Bishop of Patras raised and sanctified the banner of revolt, it was responded to from every quarter of the Turkish dominion. The Porte heard the cry of battle with a smile of derision. What were poorly armed and undisciplined Greeks to accomplish against the glittering phalanxes of the Sultan? Europe heard it, and looked on with apathy at the hopelessness of the struggle. It was the United States which first responded, in the words of President Monroe, Webster, Clay, Everett, Dwight, Poinsett, and hundreds of lesser voices, to the resolution of the Greek Senate at Calamata, which declared, "that having deliberately resolved to live or die for freedom, they were drawn by an irresistible sympathy to the people of the United States."

The assertion in Webster's great speech on Greece, that her "sacrifices and suffering ought to excite the sympathy of every liberal-minded man in Europe," was not supported by facts—at least during the early period of the conflict. The Greeks fought single-handed, with valor in their hearts, wretched flint locks in their hands, and dissensions in their midst. As a Greek historian puts it, "David, scarcely armed with a sling, attacked the formidable Goliah." After a conflict corresponding to that of our own seven-years' war, not only in duration, but in many of its hardships, England

and France came to the aid of the wretched and worn out revolutionists, and, at the eleventh hour, by the naval battle of Navarino, accomplished the independence of a small portion of Greek territory. This result was unpremeditated, and Wellington pronounced it an "untoward event." Doubtless this is the opinion of many to this day; but I will not believe that Gladstone's nobler sentiment, uttered in Parliament in 1870, and in the face of the then humiliated Greek people, is not the prevailing sentiment of all sound and unprejudiced English minds, namely, that "to crush Greece would be to strike a blow at the hopes of mankind."

But, although the semi-centennial anniversary of Greek Independence has passed, fifty years of Greek autonomy have not yet passed. The disorders, and dispersions, and corruption of the revolution did not give place to any form of systematized order for many years subsequent to the conclusion of actual warfare. A career of self-government cannot be said to have been fairly inaugurated until the Greeks recovered from the terrible exhaustion of the seven-years' war, say in 1830, when Greece was declared an independent State by the Protocol of London. Indeed, it was not until 1835, when the seat of government was transferred from Nauplia to Athens—then a collection of miserable Turkish tenements—that much in the way of practical progress was attainable. Thirty-six years then is the period, upon which the political critic should pass judgment. What, it may with propriety be asked, has

Greece accomplished during these thirty-six years of political autonomy?

I do not propose to review the work, or even to record more than a handful of statistics. Although "figures never lie," they often deceive. The man who builds but one house in a life-time may have given stronger evidences in that achievement of the triumph of resolute faith over despair, than the builder of a city, although each may have begun his work without a penny in his pocket. The Greeks were worse than beggars when the seven-years' flood of the revolution rolled back and left them naked on the almost barren sands of the land they had fought so long to reach. Then they looked around them to behold but little in the way of resources within their reach, while the high, fertile plains of Thessaly and Epirus, which had formed the most significant portion of their land of promise, lay within sight, but cut off from them by diplomacy, a worse enemy, because a more subtle one, than the Turk, whose might was visible and could be met hand to hand.*

The Greeks were worse than beggars, because they had begged before, and disgusted the lenders by their inability to pay the interest. The first loan was contracted in London in the excitement of the Greek revolution, through the efforts of a few interested and disinterested Philhellenes. Out of £2,300,000 borrowed and

* By the treaty between the Great Powers and the Porte in 1832, the boundary line was run from the Gulf of Volo along the chain of the Othrys to the Gulf of Arta.

for which the whole Hellenic nation expected to become responsible and easily to pay off under a solid government of their own, but £924,800 reached the Greeks, the loan having been negotiated "like a hopeless affair" at fifty-nine and fifty-five per cent. This sum was immediately expended in the purchase of materials for carrying on the war, and when the war was ended but a little more than one-fifth of the people who had looked for freedom received it; but a little more than a third of the territory fought for received it, and less than a million of people found themselves responsible for the payment of a debt which had been contracted by many millions. When Saint Denis was reported to have picked up his own head and walked several miles with it under his arm, the celebrated Ninon observed that the number of miles was nothing, it was only the first step that cost. Greece was worse off than Saint Denis for she had no legs left to walk off with. The head with its inventive energies was left, and the weak and wounded arms managed to pick up a scanty sustenance, and this, to her thinking, was, under the circumstances, miraculous enough. Much of the first loan was subsequently bought by Dutch speculators at five or six per cent., and might now be liquidated at a low rate but for subsequent loans—the outgrowth of the first.* The united debt of Greece amounts to-day to nearly $42,000,000. The revenue, according to the budget for

* Negotiations are looked for which promise the early extinguishment of this debt.

1870, amounted $5,544,866 and the expenditure to $6,063,112. This was not an exceptional year, as the revenue, owing to difficulties in collecting and negligence in enforcing the payment of taxes, shown an annual deficit of a million of dollars. Under such circumstances the national debt stands a poor chance of redemption; and Greece being excluded from the money markets of Europe, has an onerous work to support herself under the disadvantages of a small territory and sparse population. About a fourth part of the population live by agricultural pursuits. Her merchant marine is actively engaged in the trade with Turkey and the ports of the Levantine which it largely controls. In these occupations lies her only material strength, and under circumstances of great discouragement; the poverty of her people—feeble resources—inexperience—the enervating influences of old customs and habits of thought, Greece has failed to fulfil the exaggerated and unreasonable expectations of the enthusiastic Philhellenes. But Greece has nevertheless done much in the way of real progress. Briefly enumerated* she has, in these thirty-five or forty years of freedom, doubled her population and increased her revenues five hundred per cent. Eleven new cities have been founded on sites formerly deserted. More than forty towns, reduced to ruins by the war, have been rebuilt, restored to regular proportions, and enlarged, presenting at present the aspect of prosperous and progressive cities. Some roads have replaced the foot and

* Report of Manitaky.

saddle-paths which were the sole avenues of communication under the Turks, and telegraphic communication extends over the kingdom. Eight or ten ports have been cleared, deepened, and opened to communication. Light houses and bridges have been erected. From four hundred and forty vessels, measuring 61,410 tons, her merchant fleet has increased to more than five thousand vessels of 330,000 tons. Nearly a hundred thousand vessels enter Greek ports yearly, of which more than three-quarters are engaged in the coasting trade. The united value of imports and exports exceeds twenty-five millions of dollars. Greece has five Chambers of Commerce, numerous insurance companies, and a national bank, the associated capital of which exceeds eight millions of dollars.[1] In 1830 the small dried grape of Corinth—of which the word "currant" is a corruption, and which forms the chief article of export—sold at about $150 the ton. It now sells at from $40 to $50, which indicates the enormous increase in the production of this one article of commerce, from about ten millions of pounds before the revolution, to about one hundred and fifty millions of pounds now. The vines have increased from 25,000 stremmés—a stremma being about a third of an English acre—to 700,000; the fig-trees from 50,000 to 300,000; the olives from 2,300,000 to 7,500,000, and the value of the silk and cotton production shows also an increase. The population of the chief towns, at the last census, was: Athens, 48,107; Patras, 26,190; Corfu, 24,091; Syra, 20,996; and Zante,

20,480. The Army, newly organized in 1867, consists of 14,300 troops of the line, but every Greek is a soldier in the hour of need. The Fleet is composed of a frigate of fifty guns; two corvettes, together of forty-eight guns; one side-wheel steamer of six guns; six screw steamers, together of ten guns; two new iron-clads; and twenty-six smaller vessels and gunboats.

It is difficult to obtain statistics in commercial or financial matters in Greece, owing to the laxity in all the administrative departments; but enough has been given in figures to prove that in her material industry, Greece has accomplished something, and might accomplish more. The capacity of her people, at least, ought not to be questioned. "The absence both of national and individual genius is so marked in the modern Greek," says Viscount Strangford in his *Posthumous Papers*, "as actually to amount to a real ethnological characteristic." Some pages on, remembering the important and honorable position which the Greeks of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, occupy in the commercial community, the writer betrays himself thus: "When their (the Greeks') lot is cast among a practical people (meaning Englishmen) and ballasted with money bags, they are more brilliantly successful than Scotchmen, because in addition to their shrewdness *they have the genius* that knows how to venture." Thus it would appear from the Viscount's showing, that it is the atmosphere of the place which developes the genius of the Greek, and that the Corn and Currant Markets of Mark

and Mincing Lanes, Anglicise Hellenism into a sterling virtue. *Ergo:* if the granaries of the Turkish provinces could be transferred to the Kingdom of Greece, and a million and a half of people could consume and pay for the same quantity of dried currants that are now eaten in the puddings and cakes of thirty millions of British subjects, the "ballast of money bags" would set the Greek Ship of State upright, and all would be clear sailing. The Greeks should erect the English plum-pudding into a demi-god, and pour libations at its feet; for to it they are indebted for much of their material prosperity, and now that the onerous import duty in the United States on the Greek fruit is reduced, and direct exportations are largely increasing, our country may sensibly contribute to the commercial strength of Greece. Unfortunately, it is too true that to make his fortune the Greek must often leave his own country and seek it where money and men are more abundant than they are in that pinched up land. But all cannot do this, and it is more the misfortune than the fault of Greece, that she is so much of a consumer and so little of a producer.

The agriculturalist in Greece plods on, a patient, ceaseless laborer for what, at its best, produces only a simple subsistence. He is temperate and frugal, and—not looking beyond his domestic resources—a tolerably happy man. He neither neglects his religious observances nor his children's education; and if he sits down to lament any thing, it is that his taxes are not lighter, his crops not more profitable, and his country

only a fraction of that which he believes to be his by right of nationality, religion, language, and hereditary claims. The Greek sailor, on the other hand, finds some compensation for his national afflictions in the buoyant bound of the billows beneath his staunch, well-laden little craft, with which he coasts his native shores or scours the waters of Turkey and its provinces, and brings home bags of drachmas for his cargoes of fruits and grains; for he, too, although unhappily deprived of the golden atmosphere of London, has "the genius which knows how to venture." But what becomes of that large body of young men, who with the pride of a somewhat higher birthright than the peasant or the seafaring man, with the energy and ambition of youth, endowed with mental qualities which, if profitably directed, would place them on a level with the best intellectual society of Europe, but without a shilling in their pockets, have to make their way in the world? The life of one such man will very nearly illustrate the life of many hundreds. He finds himself at an age when the pressure of existence begins to be felt, and the necessity for self-support is painfully apparent, a helpless youth in his father's house. The household is respectably but barely held together by the over-taxed industry of his parent, who without the educational advantages which the era of national independence has afforded to her children, digs the soil and trims his vines, or perhaps exists on the uncertain and meager salary of a public office. With a natural love for learning, the son has at-

tended the "gymnasia," and perhaps dreamed that in something better than the tillage of the soil ought to lie his lot in life. But if, discarding books, he finds himself willing to resort to manual labor, the prospect is any thing but cheering The land is probably rented from the Government, and at best offers few resources for the large and growing up family which now manage to exist upon its produce. To go abroad and seek from a cold world—especially cold to one of his nationality—a position of usefulness, is like casting one's only shilling on the generosity of the gambling table, and probably he has not the shilling to venture. There is business at home: many Commercial houses ennoble the cities of Athens, Patras, Syra, etc., but they have been of slow growth and have hundreds of applicants for the first vacancy which may occur in the poorest paid clerkships. He bows his head in despair with but a single forlorn hope. That hope is Athens. Surely, in the Capital of the Kingdom, bustling with politicians, lawyers, doctors, journalists, something must offer to a man, sensible of his own merits and ready to devote mind and body to the general or to the personal weal. To the Capital he manages to pay or beg his way, and there drifts, insensibly, perhaps, into the whirlpool of the University—where a thousand others, mostly like himself, find a few years of something like happiness in the excited hum of social and political companionship, with the common object in view of mental culture. He attends the lectures on law, medicine, science, philosophy

and belles lettres—devouring knowledge—and, as a hungry child, ignorant of the world around it, sucks the nipple of the Alma Mater. He takes his books home to his little scantily furnished lodgings, and pores over them till his eyes ache and his shrunken stomach craves for something more substantial. At a cheap eating-house he satisfies his hunger with a few olives and bread, washed down with the resined wine of the country, which is barely sufficient to sustain him until the next repast. Probably he passes the evenings at a café—sitting for hours with three or four companions over a single cup of coffee and innumerable cigarettes, discussing—what? The last opera?—the scandal of the day?—the lascivious life of cities? It is more than probable that the conversation is earnest: it relates to the morning lecture at the University, or it discusses a classical problem; or, what is sure to come in, and with more or less vehemence, before the evening is over—the political question which is that day the topic of the newspapers, or the subject of debate in the arena of Parliament. In their enthusiasm these political and literary roysterers heed not the passing hour, and still less heed the presence of the foreigner, who, if by chance "taking notes" of Athenian society, will be sure to put them down as a parcel of degenerate and drunken blackguards, fit representatives of the national life of Greece. But his university career comes at last to an end. The young man has arrived at the years of manhood. Through unremitting labor of the brain and

bodily self-denial, he obtains his degree, and finds himself standing where several roads part, uncertain which of them to take. He is fit for the practice of the law, and is not without the ambition which takes delight in gazing upon one's own signboard as he goes into his office lined with the bound-up authorities of his craft. But the profession is full. The city of Athens may be proud of the legal talent which finds exercise at her various bars; but to the few who gather the laurels and wear them in marble dwelling houses, there is a hopeless, swaying crowd, briefless, nameless, and a-hunger. The same may be said of every other profession. Thousands gather at the fountain, but the slender stream fills only the nearest pitchers, and that but slowly. People cannot be all of them at loggerheads, or stretched on beds of sickness. There is one road—and an honorable one it is, too—which takes many of the graduates of the University, in spite of its uninviting aspect and poorly paid occupation. Our young man can, if he chooses, go where many of his fellows go, into the benighted provinces of Turkey and along the Danube, and open, or teach in, schools. The stream of the University at Athens meanders through the Greek provinces of Turkey, and gives to no small portion of them all the intellectual freshness and growth they possess. But one of the chief qualities of a teacher of youth is patience, and an absolute disregard to the claims of personal ambition—qualities which are eminently the reverse of those which animate the average Greek mind. Penury may

be endured; but patience and obscurity are incompatible with the activity of brain and national self-esteem, which characterize the modern Greek. The young man cannot ponder long at the angle of the professional roads, for his nature abhors mental immobility. He who judges him as he saunters through the street or sits dreamily at the table of a café, judges him wrongly. The brain is working in some direction or other, however passive may be the outward man. If the tongue is not tripping with volubility of speech, it is because no fellow tongue is by to challenge argument. There is but one other road, or rather highway, of occupation open to him; and down that he advances with the rushing crowd. The reading of newspapers, the gasconade of the café, the warmth of daily debate on public affairs in the corridore of the University, has already made him a political partisan. He has his favorite statesman, and enrolls himself in the ranks of the supporters or denouncers of the existing ministry. In a word, he becomes an embryo politician, scribbles for the journals, and hangs around the camp of the Minister or ex-Minister from whom he hopes to catch, in time, a loaf or fish of party patronage. He knows that when it comes, it will barely support life for the brief period that the ministry hold office, but he fills the interregnum with hopes which may shape themselves to realities to come. That first political crust is a magic portion. He dreams of one day becoming Prime Minister himself, when fame and a sense of personal power shall fill up the

crevices of his physical necessities. If for a moment he realizes the absolute barrenness of the occupation he has accepted for life, it is but for a moment, for he sees no other alternative. Thus Athens becomes surcharged with an element, for the most part unproductive and unwholesome to the body politic, and yet one which seems to result from natural causes, for which there is no immediate remedy. Let him who laments, as I do, that so much mental culture and absolute talent should be squandered in the political arena, where so seldom are seen the strength of self-sacrificing statesmanship, point out a practical remedy, that is not born of national self-experience, as sooner or later it must be born in Greece. As men look everywhere but to themselves to discover the majesty of the State, so the Greek, with his eager intellect and restless ambition, looks all around him for a sphere of development, unmindful that in his own arms and hands lie the germs of national prosperity. He does not believe in the "nobility of labor," nor is it to be wondered at in a country where, through generations of foreign domination, labor was but the synonym of servitude.

The wants of the Kingdom are obvious—they lie open to the broad sun of Greece, and the simple traveller notes many of them before he has been ten miles out of Athens. One of the most tangible of weapons employed against the Greek, is the charge of neglecting to do that for the Kingdom which every other country regards as of the first necessity. Thus the want of com-

mon roads to intersect the country—bring produce to market and encourage the growth of villages—and the want of railway communication between the cities, and connection with the chief lines of Central Europe, is so apparent, that the observer in Greece is filled with astonishment that a people having the ordinary intelligence to perceive what is for their own chief interest, should neglect the opening up of the country to the means of common intercourse. The need of roads has been a crying evil ever since the dawn of independence. The Englishman, accustomed to roll over the magnificent macadamized highways of his own island, is particularly struck with the wretched saddle-paths which alone furnish communication for the tourist in many parts of the Peloponnesus, Acarnania and Attica. As to railways, the American feels that if he had the control of affairs there but for a single twelve-month, he would pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, and inaugurate a system of railway communication which should connect Patras with the Capital, and turn the route of East India travel and traffic from Marseilles and Brindisi, to Athens and the Cape of Sunium; while a northerly line should strike the great avenues of Central Europe, and bring to Athens the traveller who now makes the detour of Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

There are about two hundred miles of good highway in Greece proper. It is known that in many parts the agriculturalist is indifferent to the matter, and this indifference is welcome to the coasting trader who now monop-

olizes much of the carrying trade which would otherwise be diverted from it. But this narrow and selfish policy would be overcome by larger considerations of public good, if the cost of laying well-constructed roads through the sparse populated districts did not continually offer an excuse for not appropriating out of a depleted treasury, money which is required for pressing and nearer wants. Economy in all departments of the public service would leave annually a goodly sum which could hardly be better expended than in the construction of roads—but economy is one of the hard lessons difficult for a political and consuming population like Athens practically to enforce. The annual budget is an undisciplined charger, which throws those who attempt to ride it. The Army, Navy and Civil Service estimates might all be cut down—to the chagrin and perhaps destitution of many people it is true—and a sinking fund for public roads be established. Few of those who ask why there is no highway from this point to that in Greece, reflect upon the first cost of such a road and the subsequent cost to keep it in repair; while the travel over it would hardly be sufficient to keep the weeds from concealing it for the greater part of the year. A series of well built roads with bridges, water courses, and other connections, would probably cost three thousand dollars per mile. The average density of population, exclusive of the Ionian Islands, is but fifty-eight inhabitants to the square mile. Only one-seventh of the area of Greece is under cultivation, and about one-quarter of the area

fit for cultivation, not cultivated; while about half the whole, consisting of forests, rocks, and marshes, is unfit for cultivation. We in the United States fell the forests, raise log houses and run good roads between them; being persuaded by the natural richness and bounty of the soil, immense emigration, and value of labor, that every dollar expended will, in a brief space of years, return a hundred fold. Such incentives to the outlay of capital do not exist in the deserted portions of Greece. But in spite of all discouragements, roads should be built and extended throughout the length and breadth of the Kingdom, for they are the arteries of civilization. Every effort should be made in this direction, however far distant is the promise that public travel upon them will be commensurate with the cost of the undertaking. The national fleet, the increase of which is the object of every Greek's ambition, may well rest in abeyance until money has been found to place the country on a par with other countries, so far as the simplest requirements of internal communication are concerned.

As to railways, the Greeks have received a practical illustration of their advantage and pecuniary profit in the five miles of iron road which now connects Athens with the Piræus. They have seen what well-directed capital can achieve, in spite of opposition and legal difficulties, between two points which but a few years since seemed to them sufficiently well connected by a common road. With railway communication between Athens and the frontier, and thence with the great arteries of

central Europe,—an event which cannot be long delayed, —not only the capital, but all Greece will receive a quickening impulse which ought long ago to have been imparted to it.[a] The want of this communication in Greece is the more painfully apparent as the contiguous countries begin to advance under the magical influence of the railway system, now considered an essential element in the life of nations. All efforts, therefore which are made in this direction by Greeks or foreigners, should receive the hearty assistance of the Greek Government and the material aid of the wealthy Greeks at home and abroad. If foreign capitalists will embark in these undertakings, they should be supported by liberal allotments of the public lands through which such railways are laid, as is the case in the United States, where vast tracts, heretofore sterile and unproductive, are now building up the fortunes of speculators and agriculturalists. But if Greece is behind older and wealthier nations in matters which require the employment of immense capital, it is manifestly unjust to weigh her in the balance without a make-weight for her natural disabilities. Invidious comparisons are often drawn between the material progress of Greece and other countries, especially Switzerland. But a moment's reflection ought to show that the density of population, the central and highly favored geographical position, the strong working climate, the diffusion of enormous sums of money by pleasure tourists, and the long period of political freedom which she has enjoyed, are all immeas-

urably in favor of Switzerland. Only in her smallness of territory and in preponderance of mountains, she may present parallels to Greece, but her territory is occupied half the year by foreigners, who spend more money for "Swiss carvings" in a single day, than pleasure travellers in Greece spend in a year. As to her mountains, instead of being barriers to progress, they are the very loadstones which attract their profitable customers; and they are perforated or overrun with magnificent highways of travel paid for by foreign capital. The Swiss by force of climate is a patient plodder; but the Greek under great disadvantages is his equal in the heritage of toil.

Agriculture in Greece has not yet thrown off the shackles of Oriental servitude. Everything is primitive and backward as in Turkish times, and desolation and misery meet the eye of the traveller who penetrates into the rural districts. Yet if the traveller who regards it as hopelessly black with incrusted poverty will "scratch the picture," he will find that such a thing as absolute poverty does not exist in Greece; that food is abundant though of the coarsest kind, and he will also find that compared with the "smiling landscape" of English rural life, there is more domestic contentment and domestic virtue, temperance and chastity in the peasant life of a single province in Greece, than in all the greater part of rural England. The mode of taxation is ill-devised and cumbrous, and is but a continuation with some modification, of the old Rayar system. By

it the husbandman suffers delay in bringing his crop to market; loses by depreciation while awaiting the tax-gatherer's arrival, and finally in the tax to which it is subjected. It is easier to effect political, than social revolution. In one night, and without the least violence constitutional government was substituted for personal power in Greece. It would be a far more difficult matter to introduce a modern plough into Greek soil. With the Chinese, old custom is a sacred inheritance, and centuries have failed to change the *modus operandi* of their commercial or mechanical life. In Greece it is not reverence for the ways taught their fathers by the Turks, which keeps the agriculturalist obstinately to the slow and unprogressive system, but the want of encouragement to competition which free labor and free laws would inspire. There is a natural spirit of contentment in the agricultural laboring classes which clings to simplicity of habit, and sees no virtue in experiments at labor saving machinery. A few years ago a merchant at Athens adventured in a cargo of "Yankee notions," to wit: Connecticut clocks, churns, sewing machines, patent wringers, etc., but the result was a loss to the importer, and the experiment was not repeated. Probably if better managed a better result might have been obtained; and we may yet find our steam ploughs turning up the soil of Arcadia, and our sewing, mowing and reaping machines astonishing the natives of Sparta and Olympia. A friend of mine once presented his washwoman with an American clothes-wringer—a very simple affair

calculated to save much labor and accomplish a large percentage of additional work. The poor hard-working woman was at first delighted with the gift, but in a few days went back again to her own muscles, which she preferred to strain and wear out, because that was what she was accustomed to. Innovation is received by the Oriental mind very much as a settled old bachelor receives a proposition to marry; the novelty of the idea is not an unpleasant sensation, but he weighs well the possible advantages of an entire change of the life he does know about, to one which is untried, and may bring him repentance. Since my residence in Greece I have seen a desire manifested to investigate questions of public economy which promise fruitful results, and some measures are actually in progress which will, beyond question, lead in time to an entire reorganization of the agricultural system. Parliament has already passed a law which permits the purchase by the tenant of the public lands—the payment to be made in instalments extending over eighteen years—which is analogous to the American system. The effect of this measure, when further simplified, will be to bring much of the land heretofore unoccupied under cultivation, and diffuse property among the class most likely to improve it. It is also likely that when the political economists have persuaded themselves of the immense advantages derivable from free agricultural labor—a subject already under discussion—some substitute will be found for the present onerous taxation.

Mechanical industry is in its infancy in Greece. Steam power is employed in about twenty factories of different kinds, including the forge of the Greek Steamboat Company at Syra. The manufacture of wines for domestic use is very extensive; and many of them, such as the Cephisia of Attica, Malvoisi of Patras, and the red wines of Zante and Santorin, have an excellent reputation. The resin, which is put in to conserve most of the native wine, is an obstacle to their consumption abroad, as only the accustomed palate can enjoy this bitter aroma. The impatience of the Greek will not allow him to give the necessary time and capital to the careful manufacture of wine for exportation, otherwise this important article of commerce might be largely extended.

The approach of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of Greek Independence was considered a fitting period for a National Industrial Exhibition of the products of Greece, and for the revival of the Ancient Olympic games.

The Industrial Exposition was frequented for many weeks by crowds of curious and interested people. A tasteful building was erected for the purpose, in the large open space where stand the ruined columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. It was about one hundred and fifty feet long, with a transverse section of half that length. Three passages ran lengthwise of the building, on either side of which the articles on exhibition were arranged, with an excellent view to general and

detailed effect. A marble fountain threw up a stream of water near the centre of the main aisle; and clusters of flowers, with the long, graceful leaves of the banana tree, enhanced the pleasing spectacle. There were gathered specimens of the production of the whole kingdom. Marbles from Pentelicus and Paros, coals from Cymae, lead from Eubœa, honey from Hymettus and Cerigo, currants from the Peloponnesus, figs from Syra, wool and cotton from the northern provinces, olive oils from Corfu and Zante, wines from Santorin and other islands of the Archipelago, inlaid tables and cabinets, carpets of gorgeous colors, delicate laces and gauze silk woven by Cretan refugees, and specimens of machinery; among which latter were a well-finished steam engine, several wine and oil presses, and a sawing machine. Here was a carriage, valued at a thousand dollars, which would do no discredit to our Central Park; there, saddles and bridles, ladies' shoes, tanned and embossed leather, gold-embroidered Greek costumes, and carvings in wood—almost equal to the "laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere," of the Chinese—as well as creditable specimens of sculptured marbles, and drawings and paintings by the pupils of the Polytechnic school. A large department was occupied by the cereals of Greece, and in a compartment outside the main building, was a small but fine collection of live stock.

This exposition was inaugurated by a religious ceremony and an address to the throne by the president of the association, in presence of the King and Queen, the

diplomatic body, the chief personages of the state, and a brilliant crowd of invited guests. That Greece has not stood quite still during the last few years, may be inferred from the increased variety and value of the articles exhibited, as compared with that collected at the National Exposition of eleven years ago, which were valued at 240,000 drachmés, or about $40,000. The cost of the specimens last exhibited was officially estimated at 850,000 drachmés, or more than $140,000.

The tendency of the modern Greek mind to conserve and propagate Hellenic ideas, makes the people never forgetful of those salient points in ancient history, which indicate the character and originality of the race whom they delight to designate as their "forefathers." Whenever, therefore, any opportunity presents itself for embodying these ideas in visible form, it is eagerly seized upon, not only to prove to the world that the people of to-day are the legitimate descendants of Themistocles and Pericles, but because there is in the modern Greek, a natural or acquired taste for many of those occupations and amusements which were engrossing pursuits in the best epochs of ancient Greece.

During Otho's reign there was an attempt to produce something like the ancient Olympic games, showing the dominant taste of the people for public exhibitions of skill, with victorious rewards. But it is only lately that anything like a systematic course of training for competitive athletic exercises, has been seriously entertained The chief animus to this movement is found in the be-

quest of a wealthy Greek, M. Zappas, who left a sum exceeding thirty thousand francs per annum to assist in establishing an Exhibition of National Industry, and of competitive athletic sports, which under the title of the "Olympia," will, it is intended, recur at intervals of four years, as in ancient times. This is one of many instances where the "great idea" of Hellenic supremacy is recognized in bequests of deceased individuals, who have thus founded or assisted existing public institutions in Greece.

The "Olympic Games" took place on a Sunday afternoon in the ancient Stadium at Athens. A little to the south of the city, following a circuitous course, the wide gravelly bed of the ancient Ilissus, now a feeble, and in summer a nearly exhausted stream, is bounded by a sloping bank, verdureless, and in places too steep and stony to ascend without difficulty. In this bank of earth, at a period which has not been satisfactorily ascertained, but probably three hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, the ancient Greeks cut, or scooped out of the soil, a semi-elliptical hollow, facing the north and at right angles with the river. Its length was more than six hundred English feet; and the sloping sides were filled with long ranges of marble seats for the accommodation of the spectators. This beautifully constructed amphitheatre, open to the air and admirably adapted, from its natural position, for the purpose intended, was the "Stadium" or race-course of the Athenians. A bridge crossing the Ilissus formerly conducted to it; but

this has long since disappeared, the foundation stones only being now visible. The form of the ancient Stadium is unimpaired, and until recently has presented a grass grown hollow, frequented by flocks of sheep.

A few years ago, King George authorized excavations to be made, with a view to the restoration of the ancient lines, and for this purpose was obliged to purchase the land from various owners, who were opposed to any infringement upon their property. The excavations continued for several months, and resulted in less than was looked for in the shape of antiquities; but on the slope forming the upper and concave end of the Stadium, several marble seats were exhumed; and elsewhere a large Hermes in marble was discovered, which is now transferred to one of the lower halls of the King's palace. But the most interesting of the remains brought to light, is the almost perfect semi-circular low wall of marble masonry, which ran around the upper end of the floor of the Stadium, and afforded the passage-way for the spectators to pass thence to the seats above; also fragments of original steps leading thereto. Thus the level of the ancient race-course was ascertained, and it became a comparatively easy task to cart away the accumulated *débris* of centuries, and to restore the Stadium to its original smooth and graceful proportions. Nothing was required to be done to the surrounding banks, but to cut lines of seats and cover them with rough boards. On the occasion of the exhibition now under notice, a pavilion of painted wood, supported by pillars

wreathed with olive and surmounted by flags, was erected at the upper end, and appropriated to the use of the King and Queen, and the members of the diplomatic corps. Running posts, climbing masts and ropes, and four flag-staffs, displaying the national standard, were set up on the space below. Thus was the Panathenaic Stadium reinaugurated for the benefit of modern Athenians, and with scarce a change—excepting in the substitution of wood for marble seats—in its external form and appearance from former days—days when, amid the plaudits of the eager multitude piled tier on tier above him,

> "The runner, swift six hundred feet,
> Twice climbed the tall arch of his double course."

Probably a larger audience never assembled on those sloping banks of the ancient Stadium, than was collected on this occasion. The number of persons present was variously estimated; but counting by groups of a hundred, there appeared to be twenty thousand spectators. The dense black of the assemblage was relieved by the occasional scarlet fez and snowy fustinella of the national costume.

Imagine this multitude of people seated with the utmost order and decorum in the open air, and covering the entire surface of the sloping banks, with the space below dotted with the athletæ—some thirty well-formed men whose flesh-colored tights were the nearest approximation to the oiled nakedness of their ancestors, and a half dozen "judges" in blue sashes standing in the centre of the arena. Add to this the bursts of military

music from the band stationed below the royal pavilion, the shouts and clapping of hands as the winner received his victorious wreath, and then the perfect beauty of the day. It was the 27th of November, with the atmosphere of June. A sunny glow fell over the scene and lit up the perspective seen through the aperture of the hills, with the King's palace rising in the distance from the dense foliage of its surrounding gardens.

It was amusing to observe how each detail of the arrangements had been made to imitate those of antiquity. Even in the printed programme the ancient words, as "jumping" and "wrestling," were unfamiliar to many of the Greeks who read them. The runners on this occasion, like the ancients, as described by Greek historians, "ranged themselves in line, after having drawn lots for their places, and took the oath of fidelity to the rules and regulations of the game."

At the conclusion of each performance the "judges, standing in their midst," announced the name of the victor, with his parentage and the place of his birth: after which the hero, glowing with the sweat of contention, mounted the stairway to the front of the King's seat, and received from his Majesty the first prize—like that awarded in the ancient Olympic games—"a simple wreath of wild olives," with which crowning himself he descended to the arena below, in the midst of a tempest of applause. The second best received a sprig of olive from the hands of the Queen, and the third a sprig of bay leaves.

The performances occupied about three hours, and consisted of foot-races, or the "double course," viz.: up the centre of the Stadium, round the turning post and back to the point of departure—a distance of about four hundred English yards; rope-climbing, hand over hand, a distance of about twenty feet; and climbing the mast, with both hands and legs, to the height of sixty-three feet. The successful aspirant in this performance received, in addition to the wreath of honor, a reward of one hundred drachmés. There were but two winners in this last arduous achievement. Then followed exercises in rope pulling, in leaping, with and without the pole, the greatest distance accomplished being about nineteen feet; flinging the discus or quoit, which measured twenty-five centimetres in diameter, and weighed two and three-quarter pounds; throwing the javelin, which frequently pierced the "bull's eye" at a distance of thirteen feet. Several well-contested wrestling matches, after the manner of the pancratiasts, concluded the feats of the modern athletæ. On the whole, these were of a higher order of merit than was generally expected at this, the first feeble attempt to revive Olympic games on the spot where the ancient Greeks covered themselves with glory, over twenty-two centuries ago.

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION.

"O golden moon!
That lights me to letters;
God's precious boon—"

R something like it—is the sentiment of a refrain which the Greek boys used to carol nightly on their way to school during the Turkish regime. It is familiar to every Greek, now as then, and fathers point to the moon and repeat the lines to their children, telling them how she befriended them in the dark times of Ottoman domination. To avoid giving offense to their rulers, which might have prevented any efforts on their own part at self-instruction, the children, and often their parents used to steal quietly at night to the house of the teacher to pursue their studies. Thus the village school became a sort of secret association,—not for revolutionary intrigues, but for mutual improvement,—and the moon, as the triplet says, lighted them on their way,—Diana giving what the day denied.

The Turkish authorities did not absolutely interfere with the education of the Greeks, but they gave it no encouragement, and as public instruction was wholly

neglected among their own people, they could scarcely be expected to regard with complacency any efforts at self-enlightenment on the part of the large population of their quick-witted and discontented subjects. The mind of the Greek partook of the condition of his conquered country. It lay fallow and unredeemed save in isolated places, where cultivation only served to heighten the contrast of the melancholy waste about it. The Greek schools were small in number and far apart, and were supported by the self-imposed contributions of the different communes, and by the Greeks abroad. There was no freedom of instruction any more than there was freedom of political action; and letters took their share in the national misery.

It was not until the dawn of Greek independence, that any systematized schooling was undertaken by the Greeks, but they did not wait for an established government before providing for this necessity. The National Assembly discussed measures for the education of the children while the army was battling with the enemy. Thus letters went hand in hand with the progress of liberty, and with an organized National Government came organized national education.

In 1835 there existed in "free Greece" but 71 primary schools attended by 6,721 pupils. At present, according to official reports, there are 73,219 persons under instruction in Greece at public establishments; and 7,978 persons at private establishments; making in all 81,197, or one to about 18 of the population. First come the pri-

mary schools, 1,141 in number, which afford instruction to 52,943 boys and 11,035 girls. The Hellenic Grammar schools and Gymnasia follow with about 2,000 pupils, and the University completes the system of education. At the three last, instruction is wholly free. The public schools are supported partly by the communes and partly by the State. In the most thorough ones the pupil is taught reading, writing and arithmetic, the catechism, the first rudiments of grammar, and an elementary acquaintance with history, geography, natural history, agriculture and drawing. A Seminary at Athens contributes to the education of primary instructors. In the Gymnasia (colleges) is acquired a knowledge of the classics, a thorough acquaintance with ancient Greek, the Latin and French languages, elementary mathematics, history, geography, logic, anatomy and the elements of physic and natural history. The University at Athens was founded in 1835, and has 50 professors and 1,244 students, a large proportion of whom are Greeks from the Turkish provinces. It ranks in Europe as a second-class university, and the examinations are conducted with strictness. The chief branches of learning taught at the University are theology, law, philosophy, belles lettres, and pharmacy. Connected with the University is a library of about a hundred thousand volumes; a Mathematical Museum, a Museum of Natural History (incomplete), an Astronomical Observatory—erected by Baron Sina the well-known Greek banker at Vienna—which is under the direction of

Professor Schmitt; a Botanical Garden, and a Polytechnic School.

These statistics will afford a general idea of what Greece has accomplished in educational matters within the space of thirty-five years—her brief period of self-government, after centuries of barbaric thraldom. It may be interesting to compare the condition of the Kingdom in this one particular of popular education, with other and older nations. We have seen that Greece with half a century of free institutions, and a population of a million and a half of people, affords instruction to over 80,000 scholars, of whom 73,219 are pupils at public schools. What, for instance, has England, with six centuries of "chartered liberty," done for her twenty-one million of people in the way of primary education? According to the official returns of 1869, but 1,153,572 attended primary schools, the returns of 743 of which were signed by the master or mistress with a mark! Of the character of these English schools Mr. Anthony Trollope says:

"The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper or a charity girl, if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the charity. The Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the same result afterwards, when the same girls become our servants and the wives of our grooms and porters."

In England in 1867, say the statistics, "twenty-three per cent. of her minors were unable to write their names. In 1865 more than one-third of her Welshmen; nearly one-third of the men of Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire

and Norfolk; more than one-third of the men of Suffolk; thirty-eight per cent. of the men of Staffordshire; thirty-five per cent. of the men of Bedfordshire; forty per cent. of the men of Monmouthshire, and one man in every four in Lancashire, could only make their mark. In South Wales, more than half the women; in North Wales, Monmouthshire, Staffordshire and Lancashire, forty-six in every hundred women; and in Bedfordshire two women in five, could not write their names. Of 1,000 recruits in 1864, there were 239 in the same helpless predicament. Since these dates "there has been a little improvement in England, but in Scotland and Ireland no improvement."

The condition of France is about as bad as that of England. According to the tables, the number of conscripts unable to read, amounts to thirty out of every hundred for the whole country, and it is calculated that "another generation will be required to extend the benefits of education to the whole population." Russia shows but one public pupil to every 77 inhabitants. In Spain and Portugal public instruction is extremely unsatisfactory. Italy has only recently begun to develope any system of primary instruction; and in Turkey education is still so low as not to attract any attention.

In Greece, on the contrary, it may be safely asserted that no man, woman or child born in the Kingdom since the organization of free institutions, is so deficient in elementary knowledge as not to be able to read and write. The cost of public instruction constitutes 0.053

of the total expenditure of the State, a larger per centage than is paid for these objects by either France, Italy, Austria or Germany, and in proportion to her resources, years and population, she stands undeniably first in the rank of nations—not excepting the United States—as a *self-educated* people. Chiefly her pre-eminence lies in the fact that whereas in countries which do not neglect popular education, such as Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland and Denmark, instruction is obligatory, in Greece it is voluntary. The law there obliges the attendance of children at the public schools, but the sentiment, or I may rather say the natural craving of the people for learning is more powerful than the law. Not only does the parent feel a pride in having the child instructed, but the child himself seeks knowledge and pursues it with avidity. The Greek boy does not "creep unwillingly to school," but his chief delight is to learn. To him the holiday is a relaxation, not a longed for release from dull books; and this passion never deserts him until he has reached his classics and begun to dream of fame. There have been instances of children running away from home, and secreting themselves to pore over their grammars or Greek readers; and there are scores of boys who have travelled barefoot to Athens, living on way-side crusts, in order to prepare themselves in the Gymnasia, for the University. This desire for mental improvement extends to all classes and ages. Men who have missed opportunities of schooling when young, devote their evenings and moments of leisure between

their daily occupations to earnest study. It is not an uncommon thing in Athens for house servants, men as well as boys, to be found busy over their copy-books or grammars when not under the surveillance of their mistress. All this is well known to the resident in Greece, but is a source of much astonishment to strangers who sometimes denounce the race as barbarous, and lament the want of education as a civilizing process. It is a common thing with such critics, when the real condition of things is made known to them, to shift their position and charge the Greek with being "over educated." The "barbarians" of a moment before become transformed into "useless scholars," whose education has unsettled their brain, excited their vanity and self-esteem, and made them unfit for practical life. "If the Greek thought more of his pocket and less of his brains, he would be a useful citizen," said one, who a short time before had supposed that such a thing as a common school was unknown in the Kingdom of Greece. But we have seen in a previous chapter that where the means and opportunity are clearly before him, the Greek is clever enough to avail himself of them, and to rise to an eminent position in the mercantile circles of other cities. The evil is not that he is "over-educated," but that the physical energies are neglected, chiefly for want of a field to exercise them in. The laws of Solon punished the parent who did not educate the child in a manner conformable to his position, and which would secure the means of self-support. The moderns seek education

in the higher schools without regard to the natural aptitude of their children, and thus many are diverted from practical pursuits, and the farm is neglected for the profitless pursuits of the law. Yet by nature the Greek has adaptiveness in almost as marked a degree as the American. Place him in the same position freed from the physical disadvantages of Oriental birth and blood, and we should witness the same material success attend him as attends our own people, and with perhaps a keener sense of mental enjoyment from the fact of his intellectual receptivity. As it is, seeing no gold mine at his feet, and not knowing how to work it if he did see one, he flies to book-learning, or climbs the perilous ladder of politics. This is all very disheartening for Greece; but the shame of her poverty is in a measure glorified by the fact that her people are not a race of imbeciles; and that she does not follow in the wake of some of the richer and more populous countries of Europe, by the encouragement of popular ignorance and vice. "It is a most disgraceful fact," says a recent reviewer, "that the landlords of England have, as a class, uniformly set their faces against any national system of education avowedly for the reason that it would endanger their supremacy." The same may be said of other countries where the percentage of education is so lamentably small. They have yet to see what England is beginning too late to see, that it is the neglect of popular education which really threatens the supremacy of her rulers. The danger to be apprehended in England is

not republicanism, but the want of enlightenment among the masses. It is not the exercise *of popular rights* that she has to fear, but *the exercise of popular ignorance.*

In Great Britain there are 347 individuals to the square mile. In Greece 58 individuals to the square mile. England covers the ocean with her ships, darkens the heavens with the smoke of her furnaces, makes the air resonant with the sound of her spindles. One half of her population lives upon the other half—and a third of her people cannot read or write—*but they can think.* Greece, poor as she is, indebted as she is, with only four per cent. of her people of independent means, and with but eight per cent. engaged in mercantile pursuits, and half her entire population shepherds or peasants, is to-day, politically safer—so far as internal tranquility is concerned—than is England. In the latter country a revolution would be attended with the horrors and vicious results of an infuriated mob. In France we have already seen it under the name of "Communism" which is another name for common ignorance. In Greece the revolutionary spirit has been a spirit only, not animal ferocity or self-indulgence. That this has been largely owing to the natural instincts of the people under a certain degree of mental cultivation, cannot be doubted. Athens is a city of talkers and boasters, but it is also a city of readers, and a strong undercurrent of cultivated thought runs steadily and tranquilly beneath the effervescent surface of the political life. Whatever may occur there to endanger her institutions, there will al-

ways be hope for a return to the principles of self-government, while her free press and free debates keep open channels for the admission of the truth. The literary tastes of the people may possibly tend to keep her poor, but it will always keep her respectable; and as the press and the school grow stronger they will grow purer. Neither education nor the press in Greece is what it should be. The school system, although creditable to a country just emerged from darkness, is not thorough. The young are too much impressed with the glory and grandeur of the ancient, and the superlative merits of the modern Greek. Their geographical map wants to be enlarged, and the condition and progress of foreign nations made the serious study of every youth in the land. We see the want of this knowledge in the limited range of some of her politicians and in the national self-complacency of some of her leading minds. The masters of the village schools are neither sufficiently impartial in their treatment of their pupils, nor sufficiently independent of political influences. The Minister of Public Instruction holds them as his willing slaves, and while this is the case, favoritism and subservience will militate against education. It is a well-known fact that the best scholars are often the neglected mountain lads and not the sons of the wealthy and influential citizen. Still less independent of political control is the University, which is too frequently the seat of partisan power. There, in those teeming young brains, is engendered the warfare of the political arena, and there is no national

movement afoot, that the University has not a part or lot in. A recently retiring Rector in his valedictory address "congratulated" the students upon the fact that the University was more than ever "accentuated with the political life of the nation." It is also said that the University examinations, although severe, are not always impartial, nor always a test of thorough education.

The literature of modern Greece has blossomed abundantly in the free soil, but produced no full grown flowers of poesy or prose, if we except the stirring songs of Rhigas and Solomos during the epoch of the revolution. There is a deluge of pamphleteering, but few standard works by modern authors. Several Greek translations of notable European works have appeared, and this department of literature should be encouraged and extended. Before 1821 there were no newspapers in Greece, and the commencement of journalistic literature was very unpromising. Now it is an "institution" of the country, as may be inferred from the fact that there are at present seventy-seven newspapers published in the Kingdom—of which three are in French edited by Greeks, and thirteen periodicals. The newspapers are small in size, and but few appear daily. They are the exponents of cliques or parties—sometimes of an individual mind—and if they succeed in barely sustaining themselves, are seldom abandoned. Forty printing establishments and six type foundries in Athens find constant employment. Journalism in

Athens is for the most part superficial and limited in its range—too local, too personal, and not sufficiently the exponent of high and immutable statesmanship. There are exceptions of course among so many journals; and the wholesome character of more than one is perceptibly shown in the character and number of their readers.

Many very respectable literary associations do honor to the capital—such as the Society for the extension of primary education, the Archæological Society, the Medical Society, the Natural History Society, the Athenæum, with lectures for the higher classes, and a society for the instruction of the working classes. The magnificent marble structure now in process of erection for the Greek Academy—elsewhere alluded to—promises to be honored by an association of scholars who will not permit what there is of artistic and scientific knowledge to wither in that classic land. Although modern developments are but feeble offshoots of a decayed trunk, which at times seems past the power of reinvigoration; although the fine arts, as might be expected after a desolation of ages, are but caricatures of what European *ateliers* are daily producing, yet in oratory and letters there is much to hope for; for the mental endowments of the people, like coals under ashes, slumber only to break forth into vitality with the first breath of independence. Societies for the restoration of the ancient Greek tongue are in progress; and dramatic performances by the students of the University have been at-

tempted with the tragedies of Sophocles and the comedies of Aristophanes. With regard to the modern Greek language, it has been said that "it is approaching again so closely to its mother, that one seems to hear only a provincial rendering of the same tongue. Sometimes the streams run for a good while side by side; sometimes they intermingle. That the substance of the modern Greek language will be brought into complete identity with the ancient, at no distant period, seems to admit of no doubt." However this may be, it is very certain now, that European and American Greek scholars, when they jump ashore at the port of Athens, find themselves "utterly at a loss for words,"—not to express their astonishment or delight—but their common wants. With some difficulty they manage to understand a Greek newspaper, but the oral language is "all Greek" to them. Most of the "Professors" of the Greek language who have gone out to refresh their studies of Ancient Greece on the sites of antiquity, have been obliged to commence their *alpha-beta*, over again, in order to find their way without a Greek interpreter. It is a curious fact that while modern Greeks are laboring to restore, or at least to keep alive the ancient tongue, the modern Greek is attracting the attention of European scholars. The latter cannot be acquired with proficiency out of Athens; hence foreign visitors to the Greek capital may be expected to comprise among their number, many who will remain sufficiently long not only

to become acquainted with the modern vernacular, but with the character of the people who speak it; and thus disabuse their minds, in part at least, of the erroneous prejudices which at present discolor their judgments with regard to the intelligence and moral development of the modern Hellenes.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

"THE Greek Church is weak, and religion is strong," says Professor Burnouf, of the French Institute at Athens, in an interesting paper which he contributes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. "The Greek Church is strong, and religion is weak," says the historian Finlay, in a letter to me commenting on Mr. Burnouf's article. Thus two intelligent writers, long resident in Athens, differ totally in the result of their observations on this important subject.

If by the "Church" is intended the outward organization which governs the communities acknowledging and practising the faith of the Greek Orthodox Christians, it seems impossible not to regard it as a compact and powerful organization. If by "religion" is meant theology pure and simple, that of the Greek Church, in the number of its disciples, in its unity and in its freedom from heterodoxy, may be said to be stronger than any other form of professed Christian belief. But if by the religion of the Greek Church is meant popular piety—that pervading essence of faith which sanctifies the private and public lives of men—it must, I fear, be acknowledged that the profession and

forms of the Greek, like those of the Romish Church, bear a prominence in the public eye disproportioned to that active principle of goodness which the observer might expect to see resulting therefrom. Perhaps this very prominence of religious observance, this outward and ever boastful union of Church and State, this blending of glittering religious paraphernalia with the political structure, excites expectations which in other communities are not excited by the independent and unobtrusive workings of religious associations.

When we see people, as we do in Roman Catholic and Orthodox countries, pouring into the ever open churches, and note the vast number of those churches; when bells peal for matins and vespers on week days as well as Sabbaths; when the clergy of all grades, clothed in imposing canonical robes, make so large a feature in the street processions; and crosses and shrines meet the eye at every roadside, the natural inference is, not only that "the Church" is a prominent part of the social system, but that religious faith and religious conduct must be the chief characteristic of the people. The outward and omnipresent sign, like the roll of drums and flying flag in a garrisoned town, denotes an active and palpable power protecting and vivifying the community around. A perpetual exhibition of external religious forms and ceremonies is a perpetual challenge to investigation; and hence the deficiencies, if found to exist, in the moral and religious life of such a people, are the more open to criticism and to stricture.

The Greek Church and the Greek nation are, so to speak, synonymous terms. The larger proportion of the people believe that one is so dependent on the other, that one would cease to be, without the other. As the Church cannot exist without the people, the corollary is that the people cannot exist, as a nation, without the Church. The Church is, indeed, the corner-stone of the political fabric, and the declaration of its principles forms the first article of the Hellenic Constitution, to wit:

"The dominant religion in Greece is that of the Orthodox Oriental Church of Christ. All other recognized religions are tolerated, and the free exercise of worship is protected by law. Proselytism and all other interferences prejudicial to the dominant religion are forbidden."

The Orthodox Church was not imperiled by the Ottoman domination. On the contrary, it was strengthened by the cohesion of a common faith during four centuries of alien oppression. The Ottoman rulers recognized, on their side, the importance of leaving their conquered subjects to their own religious ways in order that some element of peace and tranquillity might exist among them. Therefore the children were not taken from the mother, and she, like the many-bosomed divinity, nourished, from her thousand paps, her unhappy offspring, who clung the closer to the maternal breast. The Church was thus the implement of salvation to Greek nationality, and while she held the people

together, she propagated Hellenic ideas, nourished the hopes of future independence, and wrought the first spells which made revolution in their eyes a religious obligation. It was Germanos, Bishop of Patras, who blessed the banner of revolt; and it was Gregory, the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, who fell among the first victims.

The power, great as it is, of the Greek Church, is not chiefly spiritual, but chiefly temporal. It is a profession of faith held together by forms and sanctified by hereditary observances. It is sufficient for the Greek that these forms have been the recognized standard of his nation from immemorial times. He does not stop to inquire whether a closer investigation of principles or tenets might not divulge inherent absurdities, because, however much a glimmering doubt on the subject may, from time to time, enter his mind, larger considerations of public policy, closely connected, as he thinks, with the safety of the State, are paramount to all other considerations. Ask him if he believes in the actual presence of the saint, whose body he assumes to be before him in a silver and jewelled shrine, and he shrugs his shoulders. "*Themperaze*"—never mind—this is the faith of my fathers—this is the faith of the Church. It is dangerous to play with fire, much more, sacred fire. One innovation would lead to another, and where would be the end?—certainly the Church would not be more homogeneous by admitting discussions of its principles. What is, is at least harmless: what

might be, might be hurtful. Let the Church and its institutions alone."

There are social reformers who are of opinion that the laws of marriage are all wrong, and that society demands more facilities than at present exist for ridding men and women of the yoke which binds them together, when that yoke becomes intolerable to one or both. It is certainly sad to hear, as we do sometimes, of young and fresh-hearted people forced to wear out a miserable existence with each other, between whom there is no congeniality of taste or point of sympathy. But the moralist says: Better that such exceptions should exist than to discuss a question which, if acted upon, would open the door to infinite abuses, and, perhaps, disintegrate society itself. Very much this feeling induces the Eastern Orthodox Christian to avoid discussion or even examination of the subject. Thus from fear of endangering the safety of the Church, the intelligent Greek shuts his eyes to what his own common sense assures him is false in theory, and, it must be added, corrupt in practice, because the masses are permitted by the clergy to cling to superstitious beliefs which are worthy only of pagan days. While the simple-minded peasant of Corfu continues to believe that the body of St. Speridon rises from its precious casket, where it is daily worshipped, and parades the corn-fields and walks the sea on certain nights to bless the work of the husbandmen and fishermen, their faith will be as dry and repulsive as the mummied remains they ignorantly

bow down to. So is it with the belief in sacred relics and all the train of lesser superstitions which appeal to the vacant senses and dethrone the power of reason. But the light is creeping into the Greek Church through chinks and crannies, and, I believe, will be permitted and encouraged to enter freely, long before their brethren of the Church of Rome, whom they love not, denounce the corruptions and practised deceptions, which debase their religion. The recent efforts on the part of one of the most enlightened of the bishops of Greece, to canonize Gregory the martyred Patriarch of Constantinople, met with no response from the government or people, who saw that neither the political nor moral attitude of the nation would be heightened in foreign regard, by a blind subservience to ideas which have long ceased to add to the real stability of the Church of Christ.

The stranger who witnesses for the first time the ceremonies of the Greek Church, distinguishes but slight differences between them and the forms of Romish worship. He sees the high altar and the candles, the pictures and the crucifix, the priests in their gorgeous canonicals and the cloud of incense diffused by the swinging censer, and hears the rapidly intoned prayers and the nasal vocalization of the choir, and wonders why the "Orthodox" and the "Romanist," so apparently close in forms and observances, should be so far asunder in spiritual and personal sympathies. Even the Romish Church pretends to see so little real

difference in faith as to hold out the hope that eventually there will be union of the churches. To this end the Roman Catholic priesthood use all their endeavors to proselyte the Greek; not openly, in violation of the Greek law, but clandestinely—by the establishment of schools and charities, and by availing themselves of every opportunity to extend the hand of invitation to their opponents. But the Greek is too individual in character, too national in spirit, and too astute in understanding, to be misled by their movements. He does not himself seek to proselyte, and views with suspicion and anger all attempts of the kind from without. Hence the breach between the two churches grows wider and there is really less likelihood of religious amalgamation in that direction, than there is of a union between the Greek Church and the Church of England, where there is an approximation of ideas without jealousy, although the latter alliance is as hopeless as the former. The recognition of the Pope of Rome as the supreme spiritual and temporal head of the Church, is an obstacle which no Greek, pious or impious, would dream of surmounting. Other differences in faith and in ceremonials between the Orthodox and Romish Churches are sufficiently marked to account for the intolerant spirit which pervades both. Some of these may be mentioned. The Orthodox Christian rejects the doctrine of the "procession" of the Holy Ghost from the Father and from the Son, and the power of direct absolution by the priest. He disbelieves in

purgatory, yet prays for the dead that "God will have mercy on them at the final judgment." The Romanists employ in the communion service unleavened bread, the priests alone partaking of the sacramental wine, and the elements are consecrated by uplifting and declaring them. The Greek priests employ ordinary bread, and administer with it the sacramental wine, which are consecrated by prayer and benediction. Baptism, in the Romish Church, consists in making the sign of the cross on the forehead of the child, by the finger of the priest dipped in holy water. In the Greek Church the child is baptized by triune immersion. The Roman Catholic makes the sign of the cross before his forehead and eyes, accompanied by the genuflection of the right knee. The Greek makes it by uniting the tips of the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand, and touching alternately the forehead, navel, right breast and left breast three times in rapid succession, whenever he passes a church, sees the cross or hears the name of the Saviour pronounced. Among Romanists, auricular confession takes place in the confessional-box, the penitent being separated from the priest by a latticed screen. Among Greeks auricular confession is less generally observed, and is made only to selected elders of the priesthood, in a retired part of the church, as two persons would engage in conversation. The Virgin Mary of the Catholic Church, with or without the infant, is painted on canvas with soft, womanly attributes, and the image of the Saviour, in

wood, ivory or marble, on the elongated cross, is displayed in the churches and street processions as a part of the machinery of worship. The Virgin of the Greek Church is worshipped exclusively as the mother of Christ, or, as both Churches express it, "the Mother of God," and is generally painted on small panels, in the hard style of the Master of Perugia, the face and hands appearing between plates of metal, and she is never represented without the child. Images, even as bas-relief or as ornaments to church architecture, are forbidden; and paintings of the Saviour or of the Virgin are not borne in street processions, the insignia employed being the rectangular "Greek Cross." At funerals a small panel picture of the holy Mary is set up on the breast of the corpse, as if he were contemplating the revered features as he passes to his last resting-place.

Many of the rites of the Greek Church are deeply impressive, and would be rendered more so if the prayers and Scriptures were read with less volubility and more unction—less after the manner of a mere mechanical routine and more like the utterances of religious inspiration. The immersion of the naked infant in baptism is a pure and touching spectacle; but the private baptism of adults is calculated to shock the sensibilities, especially of females, and might well be curtailed in many of its details. The marriage ceremony is interesting, but tediously long. Both bride and bridegroom are crowned with a wreath of orange

blossoms, which are repeatedly shifted from one head to the other as emblematic of their indivisible union of interests and affections, which the marriage tie is supposed to create. The burial of the dead, with the exposure of the corpse during the funeral procession, the chanting of the priests, and the informal manner in which the crowd of mourners follow the remains to the grave, impart a solemnity to the proceeding more in consonance with the solemnity of the occasion than is the case in Protestant countries. Among Church observances none is more effective and beautiful than the ceremony on Easter eve. Until midnight the churches and streets are shrouded in darkness and silence, but with the first stroke of twelve, every bell gives forth a merry clang, and from every church issues a dense procession, each individual of which holds a lighted candle, and the streets become suddenly ablaze with candle-light, torches and colored fires, and alive with the moving and voluble populace.

The Greeks are accused of picture worship. A stranger certainly cannot go into a church or chapel in that country and witness the people of all classes, and at all hours, walking up to the panel pictures of the Virgin, which hang upon the pillars and walls at a convenient elevation, kissing them fervently in token of love, and knocking their foreheads against them in token of submission, without concluding that the picture itself is the object of worship. But excepting among the most ignorant classes—among whom I fear

that such is really the case—these ordinary paintings, which are sold cheaply about the streets and are suspended beside an ever burning taper in every household, are not regarded as *vraisemblances* of the Divine Mother, but as outward and visible aids to spiritual worship. As one kisses and clasps to his bosom, and wets with his tears the sacred and beloved image of his deceased mother, so the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Christian may be supposed to regard, with a still greater intensity of love and admiration, the image of the mother of Him through whose "mediation" alone he looks for salvation. I am inclined to think that this is the explanation of picture worship in the Oriental Orthodox Church.

According to our heterodox views, the tendency of such observances is towards materialism at the expense of those inward emotions which sanctify worship, and are, indeed, its only essence. But the Greek maintains precisely the opposite theory, which is that if man is left without visible agencies, and to his own voluntary incentives to spirituality, he will neglect religion altogether or be lost in theoretical distractions. I believe that habit and custom are stronger than conviction in Church matters; and that many a faithful attendant at the Greek service utterly repudiates in his heart many of the articles of faith to which he ostensibly subscribes. I know, at least, of more than one instance to substantiate this view. But, however much or little the Greek may be inclined to argue the prin-

ciples of his Church, few educated, fair-minded men in Athens will deny the startling need that exists for instructing and elevating the Greek clergy. It is not a hopeful sign for religion or for morals, when the men who administer the rites of the Church in public and in private, are for the most part illiterate and commonplace. The black cap and flowing robe of the priest are seen in every street and in every assembly; and, although a kindly and unpretending class of men, whose services are constantly in requisition with the community at large, their influence for good is weakened, if not positively annihilated, by the low status of their social condition. Even the faces of the priests betray a simplicity of ignorance, which, although contrasting favorably with the carnal expression of many of the Romish priesthood, indicate the want around them of a vital and inspiring religious element. The reason for this is obvious. The Greek priest lives from hand to mouth on the petty offerings of those who employ him—chiefly the poor, and among them chiefly the women—to pray for them in sickness, exorcise the "evil eye," consecrate a new house, or new fishing boat or new vineyard, and perform the various rites of the Church. A few *leptas* a day, paid by the humblest class of the community, is all the support he has to depend upon. As may be supposed, under this condition of things, there is little inducement for young men to acquire a theological education. The class at the University is, therefore, very small in numbers, and composed of students who

are not distinguished for scholastic ambition. The Church of Rome, in its immense diffusion of educational resources, is in striking contrast to the negligence and indifference of the Oriental Orthodox Church in this respect.

The Greek priest is a married man, and hence his life is purer than in other communities where celibacy is enforced. The monks form a small minority of the clergy. There is little sympathy between them and the married priesthood, and, as a rule, they excite more ridicule than reverence. The love of power is nowhere more strongly manifested than in the Synod of Bishops. To retain their power they discourage the elevation of the lower orders of the clergy, and would, if they could, debar them from rising into popular notoriety or fame by the exercise of any natural talents which they may possess. Jealousy between these religious orders is, therefore, a natural result of the exercise of ecclesiastical power.

Among the priests there occasionally appear men, who, from having been in contact with foreign society, or from having acquired the advantages of foreign education, desire to cleanse the Church of its impurities and incite a more active religious principle in the masses. To do this they have established regular preaching in the churches, which has, heretofore, been almost neglected in Greece. But difficulties and hindrances have been thrown in the way of their noble efforts which seriously discourage the hopes of perma-

nent reforms. The preacher, especially if he is in danger of becoming popular, is closely watched, and if anything in his language from the pulpit can be construed into too great latitude in points of religious faith, the interdiction of the bishop falls upon his head, and for a series of Sabbaths, or of months, he is suspended from the exercise of his holy functions. We are not wholly without such instances of Church intolerance in our own religious communities. Dionysius Latas, an "archimandriti" of commanding abilities, is now exciting very great attention by his eloquent sermons in one of the churches at Athens. With the benefit of foreign education, and a knowledge of two or three languages, his mind has received an expansion which is most unusual in the class to which he belongs. If he lives and pursues his career with the courage which is absolutely necessary for success, Latas will undoubtedly do more for the advancement of religious knowledge and religious faith in Greece, than has been done by any single individual since the creation of the kingdom. For two hours at a time, from his pulpit in "St. Irene," this young preacher holds the undivided attention of a closely packed and standing crowd—for there are no seats in a Greek church—while he explains and enforces the truths of Scripture, large portions of which he repeats *memoriter*. He uses no notes, although he has evidently carefully studied his subject beforehand, and he often rises to impassioned eloquence and fervor. My only opportunities for judging

of the capabilities of this remarkable priest, have been in private conversation with him, and these have confirmed the idea that his views, though broad, are sound; and that the Church has nothing to fear, and much to hope for, if such men are permitted, uninterruptedly, to go on in their work of religious enlightenment. Latas is of opinion that religion does not progress in Greece; that the Church is sterile; not that it corrupts, like the Romish Church, but that it does not produce fruits. He thinks that the country fails to sustain the people with wholesome advantages, and that religious ideas are taught at the expense of practical common sense. He believes that the tendency of people's minds in Greece is in the right direction; that they are easily led astray, but as easily led aright, and are ever eager for something new, even if that something is spiritual sustenance.

I am clearly of opinion that reform in religious matters in Greece should commence with the University at Athens. A fund should be created, either by the government or by the wealthy Greeks of other cities, who are ever liberally disposed towards their countrymen in Greece, for the wholesome and thorough education of the student of divinity, and for the decent support of the priesthood. This would reduce the disproportionate number of students now belonging to the Faculty of Law, of which there are 622, out of 1,200, and increase the number of theological students, the need of which is but too apparent. Nor should the

student confine his studies to Basil and the "golden-mouthed" Chrysistomos, but extend his researches further into the Scriptures. His mission as a priest should be the enforcement of practical morality among the people at large. Public preaching should be regarded as an absolute necessity of the Church, and the "Holy Synod" should see to it that it is encouraged and enforced.

At present the fathers of the Church are in reality little better than an oligarchy, whose imperious will brings the entire priesthood into a narrow material subserviency to power which degenerates and weakens the whole system. They walk in an incense-perfumed circle of outward observances, which forbids progress and has no other effect than to perpetuate their individual importance at the expense of the moral advancement of the whole people. The Church of Greece, which has done so much in times past for the accomplishment of national independence, should now labor for the disenthralment of the people from that ecclesiastical servitude which prostrates and dishonors the nation, reduces the Church to a mechanical instrument of the State, and religion to a spiritless formality.

The neglect of the religious education of the people in Greece is more apparent because of the striking contrast it presents to the general thirst for common and classical education; and the reason for this neglect is on a par with that given by other countries where the book-ignorance of the common people is regarded

as a means of political safety. The English and Russian proprietors do not afford common education to their dependents lest, when their eyes are open, they see too much and rise to higher social levels. But in Greece, where public schools are regarded as an indispensable condition of social life, ignorance is permitted in the priesthood, because the Church might be endangered by the discussion of theological dogmas. This is not the reason assigned, but such is the effect, and the sooner these cobwebs are effaced from the sacred structure, and the broad light of day permitted to illuminate altar and chancel, the sooner will be effected those sterling reforms which will make the religion of the Greek Church a potent and conserving principle.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES AT ATHENS.

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ONE of the drawbacks to a prolonged sojourn at Athens is the want of resident American society. In all, there are less than half a dozen families, and these consist of missionaries, chiefly Greeks by birth, who have been educated in the United States, and have married American wives. The missionaries are, for the most part, devoted to their work of preaching and teaching, and find little time or inclination to mingle in general society. They hold religious services, in the Greek language, at their own houses on Sundays and on specified week days, which are attended by small congregations of Greeks; and two or three well conducted schools for Greek and Cretan children are in successful operation under their charge.

I believe the missionaries to be earnest workers in the field, and have no doubt that the "Annual Reports" which they furnish to the societies at home are calculated to inspire confidence in the work of foreign evangelization in Greece.

I do not know that a layman disconnected with missionary matters has any right to pass judgment upon

them, and yet even criticism from this point of view may not be unkindly received, when its purpose is to strengthen religious teaching where most it is needed. My views with regard to proselytism differ no doubt from the opinions of many whose position and experience may give them wider and juster scope of observation. But to attempt to proselyte a people, or even an infinitesmal portion of them, from the worship of their fathers, sanctified to them by the influences of ages, is worse than futile. I say worse than futile, because "the attempt and not the deed, undoes" the missionary, in the eye of the people about him, and by exciting their suspicion, ridicule or hatred, lessens or annihilates his influence for good. I know what are the textual arguments ever brought to bear upon this view of the question, but there is no form of Christian worship or tenet of Christian faith, however much it may differ from another form or tenet, that cannot be supported and defended by isolated texts or injunctions.

What I mean to say is that the work of proselytism in all countries is very unproductive, and interferes with that wider and deeper sphere of usefulness, the teaching of religion pure and simple—the duties between man and man—and the obligations of man to his Creator.

The Greek religion, as I have shown, is woven into the fabric of nationality, and is inseparable from it. The faith of the Greek is as strong and unalterable as is that of the follower of Mahomet, or of Confucius,

while he possesses the advantage over those of being able to assert to the foreign missionary who would disturb it: "*We are both Christians!*" He might add: "Being one in essential faith, what right have you to proclaim as *errors* the forms and ceremonies wherewith we worship the Saviour, because your forms and ceremonies, and certain principles which they illustrate do not happen to be ours? We, at least, have one point in our favor which you cannot adduce—we are united, eighty millions of us in one profession of faith; you are divided among yourselves, each with a banner of his own, and ever engaged in polemical warfare; what one sect regards as fundamental, the other spurns as heterodoxical; what one says is the spirit of Christianity, the other denounces as Atheistical. My brother, may it not be that you are wrong and we are right? Instead of denouncing our faith, should not our example of unity and fidelity prove an inducement for you to embrace rather than oppose it? So, indeed, with much show of philosophy, might the Greek respond to the foreign missionary who seeks to convert him to Protestantism.

I believe that some of our societies at home are beginning to hold the opinion that it is better, at least in Christian countries, to abandon all attempts, open or covert, to proselyte, and to direct their missionaries to confine their labors exclusively to the mental and moral education of such as will hear them, letting tenets, forms, doctrines and usages quite alone. If this principle had been adopted when the foreign missionary

labor was initiated in Greece, the influence of the missionary would not be as colorless as it to-day is. It is now twenty years since Dr. Jonas King, the well-known American missionary, was brought to trial and condemned in the Greek courts, on a charge of "publicly and contemptuously mocking the doctrines, the ordinances and customs of the Eastern Orthodox Church, and expounding principles contrary to its fundamental doctrines; inveighing against the Orthodox Greeks as worshipping the divinity after a wrong manner, and mocking and reviling the sacraments and the rites; calling the worship of the holy mother of God idolatry, and the holy fathers of the Greek Church heretics and idolators." On the evidence of certain persons—Greeks—that they had heard Dr. King on various occasions, in his own house, give offensive utterance to opinions adverse to many of the most sacred ordinances and doctrines of the Orthodox or dominant religion of Greece, Dr. King was condemned by the courts—subsequently confirmed by the Areopagus or Higher Court of Appeal—"on the ground that, although the Constitution of Greece sanctions the liberty of speech and tolerates the worship of foreign religions, it does not allow the condemnation of the principles, customs, doctrines and ordinances of the religion dominant in Greece."

Dr. King was sentenced to "imprisonment for fifteen days, and after its termination, to expulsion beyond the bounds of the kingdom."

The whole judicial proceedings appear to have been instituted out of deference to public opinion, which was greatly outraged against Dr. King, as well as to maintain the law, and strike an example which should be effective in preventing further "religious abuses," or "disturbance to the dominant Church." Hence, out of deference to Dr. King's nationality and personally good character, the sentence was not executed. The fifteen days' imprisonment consisted in walking Dr. King into one of the doors of the prison and out of another door. He succeeded, I believe, in dating, but not in writing, a letter from his "prison," and was comfortably housed elsewhere during the remainder of the term. Neither was the sentence of exile carried out. Dr. King continued to reside at Athens as a foreign missionary, with occasional absences, until his death in May, 1869, and although he was always treated with the respect to which his calling and irreproachable conduct entitled him, he failed to win the confidence of the people around him, or to have any marked influence as a religious teacher. Nothing evinced this more than the small number of Greeks who attended his funeral. Although he dwelt among them for forty years, spoke their language, and was personally acquainted with almost every person of position in Athens, not a dozen Greeks were present, a circumstance the more significant, because they are exceedingly punctilious in paying due honors to the dead.

I have brought up this case of Dr. King, now forgotten by many people at home, but which, at the time, created intense excitement and led to much diplomatic flourish, because of the unfortunate consequences to which it gave birth. As usual in such cases, there was great fault on both sides. Certainly Dr. King committed no direct or open violation of the Greek law in the utterances which he made use of in his attempts to enlighten—and it must be added, for I have it from his own lips—to *convert* the Greek Orthodox Christians to his own religious views. The proceedings of the court show prejudice, haste, errors in judgment and insufficient cause for the judgment pronounced. But he who knew Dr. King and his peculiar temperament and iron will, which was intolerant and dogmatic, can understand how aggravating to the public mind it was to have a foreigner persistently preaching down, as it were, the established faith with expressions or intimations which, to the ears of his auditors, seemed sacrilegious. To understand this, one need not be a Greek if he will disencumber himself of foreign prejudices and attempt to stand in the place of the Greek. Let him imagine that in one of our quiet towns a foreigner sent out and paid by a society abroad, should open his house for Sunday services, and then and there denounce as idolatrous and wicked our forms of Christian worship, and, with intolerant zeal, pronounce his own creed and observances to be the only safeguards of human salvation. Would the people of that quiet town put up

with it? An English journal furnished, some time ago, an excellent argument in denunciation of the intolerant spirit on the part of certain missionaries in China, to which was largely owing the excitement of the rabble which led to the horrible acts at *Tin-Tsein*. It asked: "What would be done with a priest of Buddha who should dare, in Charing Cross, to harangue a street crowd in behalf of Buddha? Doubtless they would throw him into the Thames!" Dr. King did not harangue the street crowd, but he invited the public to his preachings, and under the conviction that he was doing God service, stirred up the angry feelings of his hearers by persistently announcing what they held to be sacred and efficient observances of the Church.

Of course, in the eyes of his countrymen at home, Dr. King became a religious martyr from the moment that the account of his "persecution" in Greece reached the United States. Like a second St. Paul had he not suffered "imprisonment for righteousness' sake," and been banished like a common felon for preaching God's Word? The crown of martyrdom was borne by Dr. King with complacent satisfaction, and he became the recipient of much epistolary sympathy and of material aid from his friends at home.

The course adopted by Dr. King was not calculated to encourage missionary work at Athens, and to-day one of the chief difficulties in the way of its advancement is the bitter prejudice which exists in the popular mind, caused by the mistaken zeal and intolerance of some of the early workers in the missionary field.

The Greek, however much inspired by curiosity to attend the preaching of a foreigner and a Protestant, keeps away, being suspicious, first, of the motive and second, of the sincerity of the preacher. Even if he attends Sunday after Sunday, and hears nothing uttered that is not in perfect accordance with the moral teachings of the fathers of his own church, he wonders why men are sent thousands of miles, from America to Greece, and supported by foreign money to preach to them, if the real object is not to proselyte. "Our own priests," said an intelligent Greek to me one day, "are supposed to look after our morals; why are these missionaries here, but for some special and secret purpose?"

The non-conformity of the Protestant with certain immemorial and sacred customs of the Greeks, is another hindrance to missionary labor. On the occasion of the gathering of the children of the Cretan schools in front of the American Legation, one of the missionaries who conduct these excellent schools offered up in the Greek language a very fervent prayer. The crowd of by-standers listened with silent and marked attention. A Greek gentleman present was subsequently asked what he thought of that prayer. He replied that there was nothing objectionable in it, nay, that it was a very beautiful and touching prayer, but that any good it might have had upon the people at large was lost, because the address to the Deity was unaccompanied by the sign of the cross." The symbol was wanting which sanctifies the prayer of the Greek.

Protestant sectarianism is another barrier in the way of missionary work in Greece no less than in other countries. The faithful of the Oriental Orthodox Church will hardly be tempted to abjure the consolidated faith of his nation for the new school of teachers who are divided among themselves on questions of tenets and religious forms. The Greek is not so dull as not to perceive that the foreign missionary who accuses him of fanaticism and ignorant credulity despises his own fellow-worker of the other church for his sectarian opinions. While there may be no open wrangling among them, he knows that there is no unity of belief on cardinal points, and that each believes his brother in "error," whether the difference lies in sprinkling or total immersion, in confirmation or non-confirmation, in ritual worship or Quaker worship, in the Trinity or the Unity, in eternal damnation or eternal salvation.

It is only by the avoidance of doctrinal points and by patient continuance in moral and intellectual teaching that the missionary in Greece has anything to hope for. The process at best is dry, slow and unsatisfactory; but the missionary who confines himself to this will be left free to do his work, chiefly, it must be admitted, because his work is regarded by the Greeks as harmless and ineffective. To those missionaries who have already adopted this policy, the Greeks are not unwilling listeners. Not long since an American missionary preached a sermon on Mars Hill, taking for his subject the ever-memorable sermon of St. Paul, de-

livered on the same spot. Although he had doubted the success of the attempt, it was a success. The day selected was a Greek *fête* day, when a large crowd of idlers were gathered on the slope of the hill sitting in groups on the grass enjoying the beautiful atmosphere of May. The curiosity of the people secured for the preacher the utmost attention, and no doubt the sentiment gave way, before the sermon ended, to an earnest interest in the subject discussed. During the prayer which succeeded, the Greeks stood with uncovered heads, and no sign or sound of frivolity or ridicule marred the sacred scene. Such are among the signs, if not of a dawning interest in religious discussion, of a closer conformity between the decree and the spirit of religious toleration than has heretofore existed in Greece.

Some idea may be formed of the inveterate opposition of the Greeks to the introduction among them of schismatic views, and at the same time of their general willingness to permit religious teaching, even by foreigners, from the following remarks which appeared in the Greek *Orthodox Review* of December 15, 1870. Referring to a small newspaper printed at Athens under the auspices of one of the "Evangelical" foreign missionaries, it says: "The object of this periodical is to serve the purposes of the missionaries, viz.: to spread among us Protestant views; and in order that this end may not be betrayed, which would cause them trouble, it confines itself, for the most part, to the simple expounding of

the Gospel and unfolding the fundamental truths of Christianity common to all Christians. As long as it does this no one is justly offended or angry at its publication, but on the contrary we rejoice that the Gospel is in any way preached and disseminated among us. But in its teachings it sometimes introduces views entirely foreign to the Gospel—views purely Protestant, the production of the Reformers of the Sixteenth Century; as for instance the justification by faith alone."

Thus much of the article from the *Orthodox Review*, and which may be considered rather favorable, was translated and copied into one of the missionary reports for the benefit of the society at home. The remainder of the article, which contained the pith and marrow of the Greek side of the question, was disposed of in the report by that delusive abbreviate, "etc., etc." I regret that my missionary friend should have treated his society so unfairly. It is by such concealments on the part of those whose duty it is to enlighten their countrymen at home, that mistakes in the missionary system are permitted to continue. The article in the Greek journal proceeds to state that the course adopted by some of the missionaries at Athens "excites hatred among our own (the Greek) people against the Protestant Church at a moment when the Christian world verges towards reconciliation." A contrast is then drawn between the non-interference policy of certain missionaries who have preached and taught in Athens, and others who have effected harm rather than good.

It is not a pleasant duty to make this record, but it seems nevertheless a duty in speaking of this subject at all, to present the views of the Greeks themselves, who are the party most nearly interested in the matter.

In Greece, more than anywhere else, perhaps, because of the susceptibility, suspicion and keen perception of the native mind, it is of the highest importance that the life and conversation of the foreign missionary should be without a shadow of reproach. He must be self-sacrificing, unostentatious and afford no ground for the belief that he is seeking to derive any personal advantages from the profession he has embraced. Ridicule is a weapon small and keen, which every Greek carries in his pocket, and it is the first instrument employed when occasion furnishes provocation. One thrust, well-aimed at the supposed insincerity of the foreign missionary, does infinite damage to the work in which he is engaged. Nor has the occasion, in the Greek point of view, been wholly wanting. Some years ago a printed caricature, exhibiting what were thought to be the salient points of character in two American missionaries, was exposed in the shop windows at Athens. One represented a stout, rubicund-visaged clergyman seated at a table on which were a large number of bottles of wine. The other represented an elderly, lean-faced individual kneeling at prayer, with the object of his adoration—a well-filled money bag—in the clouds above him. The Greek *Charivari* once printed an imaginary conversation between a well-

known American missionary and a Greek convert, which ran somewhat in this wise: Convert.—"Doctor, I have just seen, in an American journal, a statement from you to the effect that you had converted a large number of Greeks to the Protestant Episcopal faith. How is this? I always thought that I was your only convert." Missionary.—"You are quite correct, but don't you see that unless I made such representations I could not get money from the society at home for our great work." I give only the words as they were repeated to me, which are doubtless not *verbatim et literatim;* but however incorrect in language or unjust in the inference, these attempts at humor indicate how quick the Greek is to discover any apparent point of vulnerability in the foreigner who sets himself up as a "guide, counsellor and friend," and how essential is the need of "circumspection in all things" on the part of the missionary of religion in foreign lands. If I may venture a step further, I would express the opinion that if certain missionaries in various quarters of the world would put less coloring into the reports which they furnish to their societies at home, and be more willing to substitute naked facts for illusory statements, the friends of missions would be better able to judge of the condition, the real condition, of the work for which they so cheerfully and liberally subscribe. There are two ways of drawing up a missionary report. The one is the familiar and attractive method of presenting the result of the year's labor, and is full of encouragement to the

unsophisticated almoner who listens to it in his cushioned pew thousands of miles away from the dreary field of the missionary's labors. Such a report, judging from the specimens before me, might read as follows: "Through God's blessing I am enabled to report great progress during the past year. This is shown not so much in numbers as in the increased interest of the people of this benighted land in the work of evangelization. The Lord has graciously granted an accession of three communicants to our little flock. One, a venerable lady, who has experienced religion under circumstances which give us full hope that the salvation of Christ is her portion hereafter. Two youths of tender years have accepted the hand outstretched to them, and have abandoned the vicious idleness of the street to attend our regular prayer meetings. The circulation of our weekly journal, the *Banner of Love*, has increased from 480 to 560 copies. More funds are required to advance this important branch of our holy work, and I cannot too earnestly press upon the society at home the necessity for increased remittances for the ensuing year to meet the great and urgent wants of this mission. Pray for us."

Stripped of cant and embellishments, the facts of the case might possibly have been presented in a report which would read as follows: "I regret to report to your society that, notwithstanding the liberal remittance of the past year and the donations received from travellers, to whom I never fail to present myself on their

arrival at the hotels, the work is most discouraging. This is not owing to the want of energy and watchfulness on my part, but to the increasing desire of the native population not to be interfered with in the religion to which they are accustomed and in which, it must be confessed, they find comfort and domestic peace. It is true that three individuals have nominally 'joined' our little church, but truth compels me to say that so far as honest conviction is concerned, I fear they have little if any. One is an old woman who came to me in great destitution for charity. I now employ her to wash the floor of the chapel and do other 'chores,' and she quite willingly consents to attend the Sunday preaching. I cannot say whether she would continue this salutary habit if I ceased to furnish her with the means of support. Two small boys have also attended the church pretty regularly, but I can hardly form an opinion as to whether they receive the truths I expound, with a clear comprehension of their magnitude and efficacy, or if their chief inducement is not to have an eye to the continuance of the employment I have given them as distributers of the *Banner of Love*. We now print more copies of this paper than last year, but the excess is given away in the hopes of attracting paying subscribers. A conscientious regard for the interests of the society compels me to suggest that no more money be sent to this mission than is required for the distribution of the Scriptures among the poor, and for the establishment of schools and stated preaching, where no sectarian influ

ences shall be allowed to militate against the religious conviction of the people. I am persuaded that the real field for missionary operations is at our own doors, at home. If the money annually subscribed in our churches and sent abroad to "convert the heathen," or the "Orthodox" to Protestantism, was employed in cleansing the heart of our "Christian" cities from the poverty, filth and degradation which abound there, we should be doing God's service in a manner consistent with our first and most pressing moral obligation."

Such an unvarnished exhibition of facts might, if presented, lessen the contributions in our churches for missionary work abroad, but it might more than make up for such deficiencies by affording pecuniary aid where it is most needed. So far as Greece is concerned, the real work of the missionary, if properly directed, cannot fail of good; but the disturbing elements must first be corrected, or removed from the missionary's own door. Denominational antagonisms, and, worse than this, antagonisms in the same denomination, poison the fountain-head, and repel the thirsty soul who might otherwise be tempted to try the waters, though tendered by a foreign hand. Unless there can be some organized system introduced by which all the missionaries can unite on an equal footing and with a mutual understanding, it were far better that their labors in Greece should be confined to the mental education of the ignorant and needy. The schools, both for Greek and Cretan children, have been eminently successful

under the charge of the American missionaries, male and female. One or two of these schools were founded, and under great discouragement, over forty years ago; and have not only largely contributed to the general education of the Greeks at home, but have sent forth teachers into Russia and the Turkish provinces who have themselves founded and conducted schools where the neglected populations stood greatly in need of them. Many Greek ladies in different circles of society in Athens speak English fluently, having acquired the language at the school of one of our countrywomen, who still continues, at an advanced age, to supervise her excellently conducted establishment.

The Greeks are cognizant of, and not ungrateful for, the services rendered to general education by the missionaries at Athens, and so soon as their confidence increases in the unselfish purposes of those who desire to enlighten them in religious matters, and they become convinced that the foreigner has no schemes directed against the Established Church, the work of foreign missions in Greece may receive an impulse from within the kingdom which would cause the vineyard to bear fruit somewhat in proportion to the labor expended upon it.

BRIGANDAGE.

BRIGANDAGE.

A GENTLEMAN of high classical attainments once wrote to me from London: "Greece appears to me to be little better than a land of ruins, beggars and brigands." This, doubtless, is the opinion of a large class of educated gentlemen, who, seated comfortably in their libraries, with Plutarch and Xenophon at their fingers' ends, take up the London newspapers to ascertain how far asunder from the great masters of the past are the feeble and indeterminate people of to-day. There, perchance, they read that Modern Greece "is notorious only for bankrupt bonds, Cretan insurrections, for lying fabrications by telegraph and letter, for piratical plundering and for brigand butcheries;" or, that Greece is "the cave of Adullam and the *refugium peccatorum*;" or, that "every card-sharper who is not a Jew is a Greek, and every Greek is supposed to be a cheat and a swindler; or, that "brigandage is one of the permanent institutions of that country;" or, that "society is disorganized and foreigners are murdered just as they would be in Murzuk or Khiva;" or, that "in that Eastern nursery of Christianity, assassins are raised in the rough and finished off afterwards as wanted, either as brigands, ven-

ators, or simple foot-pads;" or, that Greece is "geographically, a part of Turkey; morally, a continuation of Hades; socially, an offshoot of Soho Square! The land is in the hands of the brigands; the only law observed is the law of pillage; the only king recognized is King Death."* It is only surprising therefore that, regarding his daily newspaper as the dispassionate expositor of indisputable facts, my correspondent should have arrived at the comparatively mild conclusion that "Greece is little better than a land of ruins, beggars and brigands."

Of Grecian ruins something has already been said. Of Greek beggars—if my literary friend meant national pauperism—I have also ventured upon a few words of elucidation. Of Greek brigandage I will content myself with embodying in this chapter, with some addition and revision, a paper entitled "Remarks on the Causes and Condition of Brigandage in Greece," which was published by Congress with other Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, in 1870. It should be observed that these remarks are nothing more than they purport to be—an off-hand memorandum, not written for publication, and not rising to the dignity of a "Dispatch" or "History of Brigandage," both of which titles have been applied to it by foreign journals.

The exceptional and trying position in which Greece stands with respect to brigandage is not ameliorated by the diversity of views expressed by foreign Govern-

* Extracts from London journals.

ments and foreign journals as to its character and the means for its eradication. There is but one point of perfect unanimity, namely, that brigandage is an unmitigated evil, and in this opinion Greece agrees with all the world. There is no public man, scholar, shopkeeper, or artisán in the kingdom who will deny that his country is disgraced and her interests injured by this plague-spot in their midst. Every Ministry, in turn, whatever amount of opprobrium is justly or unjustly cast upon it for inefficiency or corruption, honestly laments the existence of brigandage, and would heartily rejoice at its extinction. It is not, therefore, because Greece does not feel that it is an infliction that the evil is not removed. Only those who are the greatest sufferers by it comprehend the exact position of the case, and the difficulties which surround it. Some of these difficulties may be briefly stated.

Brigandage in Greece is not the child of to-day; it was born of Turkish oppression, when restless men fled to the mountains to secure the only independence vouchsafed them. Although the outlaw who now takes advantage of impenetrable defiles of the mountains to evade pursuit, is without that nobility of character which the ancient Kleft possessed, he has the same strategy and cunning, and from the same mountain fastnesses can defy the pursuit of any soldiers but those accustomed to the configuration of the land. Hence the absurdity of the proposition sometimes made by foreign writers, that marines from the ships of war

stationed at Piræus, or detachments of French or English soldiers, should be sent into the mountains of the Morea and of Attica, to exterminate brigandage. An army might scour the kingdom and find not a single brigand. Even if it effected a surprise and brought on a conflict, more soldiers than brigands would probably fall, and the nucleus of the band would escape to reappear in some unsuspected locality, reinforced and more formidable than if they had never been interfered with. The brigands are wandering bands; to-day in the Taygetus, to-morrow in the Parnes; now alarming the peaceful farmers in Acarnania; again threatening the excursionist in the public roads of Attica. From place to place they move with a rapidity acquired only by years of experience in a life which finds stimulus and excitement in the dangers which surround it.

It is true that many of the bands are, so to speak, "localized" in well-known spots. They are known, not only to the Government in name and person, but mingle at times freely with the people of the villages in their vicinity. They give money to the peasants, and from the latter receive warning and even protection in case of pursuit.

Herein lies one of the chief elements of difficulty in the question of brigandage. The peasants of a distant village, or the wandering shepherds of Wallachia, who feed their flocks in Northern Greece, and who may be at any time intruded upon by these mountain outlaws, have no other choice but submission to their authority

Certainly, to oppose it would be their worst policy; revenge in some shape would be certain to follow. They therefore treat them as friends; supply them, if required, with food; and, to secure their own safety never betray them. Thus a sort of forced fellowship exists between these two classes, and the brigand becomes the patron of the harmless and industrious agricultural community. Oftentimes it happens that the brigand has relatives among the villagers, and then the tie becomes indissoluble.* But the most serious complication is found in the undeniable fact that certain politicians have courted the favor of brigand chiefs to further their own ambitious ends. The leaders of bands

* A very recent account in the *Pall Mall Gazette* states that bands of peasants are brought into Athens who have been compelled by the brigands to furnish them with provisions, etc.; and as the lives of these unfortunate people are threatened when they do not comply with such requisitions, the Government only punishes them if they neglect to give information to the authorities. The nature of the territory, and the proximity of the Turkish frontier, cause great difficulties to the troops, and they frequently pass hidden caverns and the short thick bushes which cover the mountains without guessing that the brigands are in their immediate vicinity. . . . The shepherds and the peasants are obliged for their own security to warn the brigands of the approach of the troops on such occasions. This is done according to a well-developed plan; they either throw stones with hieroglyphics upon them in places agreed upon beforehand, or lay down sticks upon which they cut certain marks. If a military detachment enters a village to make inquiries about the brigands, the peasants take their sticks and begin cutting marks upon them, in the first place to record the subject of the conversation, and next to enable the brigands—some of whom are generally posted on a hill in the vicinity with excellent field-glasses—to observe what is going on.

inhabiting country districts and friendly to the people around them, and with whom, as has been explained, there exists a sort of mutual dependence, have been found extremely useful in seasons of political excitement. In certain provinces the candidate for election to the Chamber of Deputies may find it for his interest to keep on good terms with one who can with such facility do him good or do him injury. He knows that if he denounces the outlaw without the ability to crush him, he, his family, or his property will some time or other pay the penalty of this courageous step. He finds that he has nothing to gain and everything to lose by stirring in such a matter, and if he contents himself with simple neutrality, his political opponent, who is less scrupulous, will secure the brigand's services and win the day. Few men in a community so recently emerged from foreign oppression and the worst condition of Oriental corruption are sufficiently independent and patriotic to shake off these contaminating influences. Thus it happens that the brigand, who in spite of his bad name, is practically known only in the community around him as a reckless and good-natured adventurer, influences his acquaintances and friends to vote for his patron. Nothing could be more demoralizing, nothing more humiliating to a free and self governing people. But until older and more enlightened nations are free from the disgrace of employing corrupt means to further political ends, the stone should be thrown lightly at the heads of the Greek people because *some among*

them feed their personal ambition with such unlawful sustenance.

If the politician and the peasant of the mountain districts find it for their interest or safety to bear with the outlaw, the landholder finds it equally the part of policy to conciliate him. The proprietor of an estate would be unworldly wise to expose his people to capture and his property to robbery, by refusing to give bread and meat to a wandering band of suspicious characters who are reported by his servants to be concealed in his grounds. Still wiser is he if, by giving a few thousand drachmés per year to the leaders of bands who haunt the vicinity, he can secure permanent immunity from danger. If he could rid himself and the country from this pest by betraying the brigands to the Government, he would surely do it; but as it is by no means certain that the soldiers sent against them would be even partially successful, he prefers the alternative of discretion. This is why men known for their respectability and moral worth, in Athens and elsewhere, find themselves forced to do that which is nothing more nor less than an encouragement of one of the vilest of public crimes. The police annals of most cities will show that systems of blackmail are not confined to brigandage in Greece. A Greek law enacts that all those who in any way, directly or indirectly, contribute to the support of the outlaw shall be prosecuted and punished. In most cases it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to prove the fact. From the very character of the

transactions they are necessarily conducted with the greatest privacy. The party who pays the tribute will not betray himself, and the last man to violate the secret is the brigand, whose "code of honor" is stronger than the written law.

It might be found, too, that the largest sums which find their way into the pockets of outlaws from such sources are paid, not by Greeks, but by foreigners whose pecuniary interests in Greece induce them to pay this easy premium on life and property assurance. The more closely this matter is examined the more intricate is found to be the web of its solution. It is entwined about the political, social and commercial structure, and although repeatedly swept away, the creative cause continues to exist in spite of judicial action and the ceaseless complaint of public opinion.

The Greeks assert that brigandage has more than once been exterminated, and that nothing but the inefficiency of this Ministry or the complicity of that one, causes the reappearance of the scourge. Experience has shown, however, that political circumstances are more at fault than individuals in this matter. The brigand is a restless character, and danger and adventure have charms for him. A revolution at home, or the prospect of a war with the Turks, finds him on hand ready to join the mob in the city, or the army in the field; and in case of conflict he will be found among the bravest of his fellows. So it happened that many of these men enlisted as soldiers to assist in the Cretan

insurrection, and others came down from the mountains during the late imbroglio between Greece and Turkey, in the hope of finding profitable, or at least lawful employment. With the disappearance of the war-cloud the brigand either returns to his mountain haunt, or for months hangs about the country with that mischievous indefiniteness of purpose which forbodes evil; for his person is unsafe from arrest, and if he would, he could not with impunity take up any industrial pursuit. Such epochs are sure to be followed by open acts of brigandage in different parts of the kingdom. When the presence of bands is reported, the Government despatches troops in pursuit, with more or less success. Reports come in from time to time of a certain number of outlaws captured or killed at the expense of the lives of more or less of the soldiers. The prisoners are lodged in jail, and in the course of time judgment is pronounced; but it not unfrequently happens that "extenuating circumstances" are found to mitigate the punishment of death. Executions occur at rare intervals, and then but few in number. There is a sentiment of pity to which justice at the last moment seems to defer, and in the popular mind an absurd halo of heroism surrounds the "mountain chieftain," which makes it an ignoble act to take his life away in this summary manner. The glory of the ancient Kleft, the "brave defender of his country," the "generous and courageous child of fortune," casts a pale reflection upon the mere mountain robber of to-day, and serves his turn when nothing

else would. It is but just, in the consideration of this subject, to remove the erroneous idea which prevails in many minds, that the brigand is a bloodthirsty monster, reckless of human life, a wild wretch swooping like a bird of prey upon the defenseless traveller, to rob or to kill as may best suit the interests of the moment. A large proportion of the Greek outlaws were forced, or thought themselves forced, by circumstances, to take to the mountains to escape worse trials at home. A family quarrel, a homicide, the result of a drinking-house brawl, escape from arrest for some petty offence, desertion from the army and similar causes, have induced men, otherwise peaceable and well-disposed, to become brigands. The lust for gold, the temptation to obtain even a moderate fortune without the labor of toiling for it, and the mere love of adventure, have induced others, who enjoyed good reputations in their village homes, to join their fortunes with those of some wandering band of outlaws. The disposition to shed blood is foreign to their purpose; but their *prestige* is only preserved by taking the life of the captive if the ransom, or an equivlent to it, is not forthcoming. They bind themselves so to do by an acknowledged law, and so well is this understood that the ransom is always paid by the friends of the captive, the amount being decided by negotiation, which, in some cases, requires many months.

The brigand with a captive in his hands, is a very different personage from what he is when divested of this tremendous implement of power. The transforma-

tion is one of the most marvelous of human experiences. From the abject wretch, hunted, and flying from the pursuit of justice, he immediately becomes master of the situation. The threats of the law are then as idle puffs of the wind, and his pursuers are the meekest of suppliants. He has but to demand, and however extravagant his demands, the friends of the helpless captive generally feel themselves compelled to strain every effort and submit to every sacrifice to furnish the required ransom. When such is the case, the mountain outlaw will not abate his terms until well satisfied by the most thorough investigation, of the utter inability of the other party to obtain the sum first fixed upon. To effect the release of a friend, brother, husband or father whose life depends upon the payment of a certain amount of money, what indefatigable exertions will not be made by the distressed and terrified relatives and friends! Their very nervous anxiety weakens their position and strengthens the attitude of the villain in his stronghold. He knows this and avails himself of it. His messengers are as safe from molestation as are those of the Sovereign himself, and the negotiation proceeds as regularly and with far more earnestness, than many a diplomatic counsel engaged in the adjustment of an international question. Should the brigand become impatient at any unlooked for delay in the progress of the negotiation, he has but to issue a fresh threat or force the prisoner to write, by dictation, a despairing letter to his friends informing them of his im-

minent danger, to infuse fresh energy into the efforts of those who feel that a precious life must not be sacrificed because a few thousand drachmés more are difficult to procure. The cool deliberation which is essential to a satisfactory arrangement with regard to the amount of ransom, is generally wanting on the part of those who have to pay. Were it not so the brigand could often be outwitted and the captive released for a fraction of the sum demanded. The brigand's threats are only intended to operate on weak nerves, and if he becomes persuaded that the friends cannot or will not pay another drachmé he is only too glad to come to terms and rid himself of an encumbrance. When at last the ransom has been paid, the brigand chief takes an affectionate farewell of his enforced guest, often kissing him on both cheeks—in token of his "regard and inviolable friendship thenceforward"—and having returned into his possession all articles of value found upon his person, has him safely conducted by a circuitous route to a locality from whence he can make his own way back to his home.

As has been said, it is not for their interest, and it is contrary to their nature, to shed blood uselessly. It is equally for their interest to treat their captives well, to look to the condition of their health, and to create a favorable impression by contributing, so far as their mountain habits permit, to the comfort of the unfortunate individuals who fall into their hands. All travellers who have had personal adventures of this

kind to relate, speak of the rough kindness, if not deference, which they experienced during their captivity. In this and other respects, the Greek brigand is not to be placed in the same category with the desperadoes of Southern Italy, Sicily, Spain and Hungary.

It is much easier to describe an evil than to suggest practicable remedies for its removal. That Greece will in the course of time rid herself or be rid of the infliction of brigandage is highly probable. To do it speedily and efficiently requires an organization of power, the beginning of which can hardly be said to have commenced. But even the greatest success in this way will not rid Greece of brigandage while the adjacent provinces, dependencies of Turkey, are known to swarm with these lawless rascals, whose character for ferocity is not to be compared with those of Greek nationality, and who enjoy a freedom of action denied to the brigand in Greece.

There is an occasional movement of Albanian troops directed against brigandage, but it has heretofore borne no proportion to even the feeble efforts of the Greek Government to suppress the evil. Mr. Rangabés, now the Minister for Greece at Constantinople, was the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Athens in 1856, and was at that time influential in suppressing brigandage on the Turkish side of the border, by obtaining the substitution in Thessaly of regular troops in the place of those of the *dhervenages*, "who used to dispense with the use of soldiers to the end that they themselves might pocket

the soldier's fee." After that arrangement Greece was comparatively free from brigandage until the revolution of 1861, when the old state of things appears to have returned; for Mr. Rangabés has informed us that so far from fighting them, "the Turks permit the brigands to enter Greece without disturbance, and on their return afford them protection, or what is the same thing, permit them to enter the ranks. The Greek Government has for many years exhausted itself with vain representations to the Porte as well as to the protectionary powers against this condition of things." A correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, an English journal published in Constantinople, wrote on the 19th of April last, that "at that moment, in Thessaly, brigands held no less than twenty captured persons as hostages for ransom." This far worse conditition of the evil in the Turkish provinces explains one of the grand difficulties which the Greeks have to contend with, but it does not excuse successive Governments in Greece for the apathy which exists on this subject when it is not forcibly brought to their notice by outrages committed almost before their very eyes. It is one of those questions which, being not easy of management, they hope will, in time, correct itself. It is brought to the surface by party warfare, and is laid aside when its further agitation is unprofitable.

It is manifest that, to utterly exterminate brigandage in Greece, the work must begin in Turkey. Greece is the youngest of all the free nations, and has not yet

thoroughly learned the elementary branches of political economy. Perhaps if she had fewer teachers she would advance more rapidly. Like all poor and struggling nations, she attracts attention by those defects in her political and social character which other nations conceal beneath an external prosperity. Thus, brigandage is prominent in Greece, while the same evil, in a far more offensive form, has for ages existed in Calabria and the Apennines. It is but lately that Count Gideon Buday, in an official report to the Government of Vienna, stated that the disclosures of brigands arrested in Croatia, in Hungary, "compromise more than one thousand persons, but all the suspected could not be arrested, as sufficient room was not to be found in the prisons, and fears are entertained that further investigation will gravely compromise an incredible number of influential persons, and lead to the discovery of facts of a nature to irritate public opinion."

With a strong and independent Government, with a national guard to relieve the regular soldiers, with a thicker population, and with the facility of roads into the interior, brigandage, so far as it is confined to Greece proper, could be utterly exterminated. At present, there are long deserted places, which, to protect properly, would require more soldiers than there are in the kingdom. But even with these disadvantages, if there existed that potent voice of public opinion which is felt only where power is *diffused* among a people, no villainous bands of outlaws would dare to practise their

enormities in Greece any more than did the ruffians in California, after the people, in self-defence, took the law into their own hands.

The little paper which has here been transcribed, excited a degree of attention in the East for which I was unable to account, except upon the hypothesis that it treated of a subject which had not heretofore been sufficiently examined to be understood. I have met with ten or twelve reprints and translations of this paper, and the Greek journals reproduced it with fulsome encomiums, but it was not difficult to perceive that the touchstone of their gratification lay in the passages which placed upon Turkey the burden of responsibility for what is commonly designated as "Greek" brigandage. Yet, what I felt compelled to say in this regard was certainly not calculated to remove the odium which rests upon the Greeks for allowing this plague-spot to extend its pernicious influence into political circles. One or two journals denied that brigandage and politics were in any way connected. On the other hand, leading men of different political parties called upon me to express their thanks for what they were pleased to term "a just and unprejudiced exposition" of this national evil. There is hope of reform among a people when they admit the existence of corruption in their midst, and do not seek to palliate it with artificial reasoning.

But if some of the Greeks, from ignorance of the

real state of the case, were sensitive to the charge of political corruption, the Philo-Turks of Constantinople were still less pleased at the suggestion, that if the evil of brigandage was to be rooted out at all, the work should be begun in the Turkish provinces. Even the American Minister at Constantinople, Mr. MacVeagh, was persuaded to say in a dispatch, that "it was quite generally felt there, *outside the Greek colony*, that I was wholly mistaken in declaring that Greek brigandage 'was born of Turkish oppression,' and in calling the thieves who followed it for profit, alike before and after the independence of Greece, 'restless men who fled to the mountains for independence,' as well as my assumption that the work of freeing Athens from brigands 'must be commenced at Constantinople.'" My esteemed colleague had been but a few months at his post, and probably had not had time to examine the question for himself, or to look into modern Greek history to ascertain the origin of brigandage in Greece. Had he done so he would have known that the Klepht was as clearly the offspring of Turkish domination as was the Greek war of independence itself. Had he read even recent writers on the subject, he would have known that "the Klepht is the descendant and successor of the brave Pallicar, who, *impatient of the yoke*, lived free upon the mountains, and seized every occasion to annoy the enemies of his country and avenge her;" * and that "it

* La Turkie ou La Grèce, pour faire suite à la brochure, intitulée 'La Solution de la Question D'Orient.' Paris, 1867.

was the *intolerable system of crapulous tyranny of the Mohamedan barbarians* which first forced the most spirited, the most brave, and the most patriotic men of the Greek nation to become outlaws. From the precipitous ranges of Ossa, Olympus and Pindus, the Klephts of old defied their oppressors, and there kept the traditions of their nationality vivid, and the love for their freedom burning, until the time arrived when those bands became the chief instrument of their country's liberation." * Professor Felton, the author of "Greece, Ancient and Modern," an excellent authority, says: "The Klephts were wholly independent during the Turkish dominion. Under the leadership of their captains, who bore a strong family likeness to the personages of the heroic age, they seized every opportunity of dashing down upon Turkish villages and camps, *killing and plundering*, and climbing back again to their rocky habitations before the enemy could rally for pursuit. † The Klephts served an admirable purpose in keeping alive the heroic qualities of the race, when *the degraded despotism of the Turks had elsewhere crushed them out of existence.* They rendered brilliant services in the glorious struggle for liberty, notwithstanding the *propensity to indiscriminate plunder* which their way of life naturally developed and strengthened. They have given some trouble to the regular governments under Capodistria and King Otho."‡

* J. Gennadius. † Vol. i. p. 262. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 406.

The brigand of to-day, as I have stated, is a degenerate issue of this stock. The ancient Klepht, although a robber and a murderer, had a national purpose to subserve. The brigand of to-day lives the same life and carols the same patriotic songs, but he is simply a base miscreant without the shadow of an apology for his crimes, and should be shot down whenever met with as a man would shoot a tiger on his path.

As it is well known that the Turkish provinces adjacent to Greece have been and are the abiding place of brigands who, after committing depredations in the latter country, find a quasi protection in the former, it is very certain that the work of extirpation should commence where these outlaws find concealment, nay, where they are frequently permitted to remain without molestation, when their place of concealment is known to the local authorities. A well known French engineer, who was engaged in the month of March, 1871, in surveys for a railway, wrote to me that he and two of his companions saw the Greek troops attack a party of brigands near Lamia and drive them over the frontier, where they were peacefully allowed to pursue their way before the very eyes of a body of Turkish soldiers.

That there has been great laxity, not to say guilty supineness on the part of the Turkish authorities in this matter of the pursuit of brigands, even under circumstances where the opportunity for pursuit was most favorable, does not seem to admit of a doubt, and even the British Government have felt compelled to request

the Turkish Government to "do all in their power to assist the Greek authorities in the suppression of brigandage."* Mr. Erskine, the English Minister at Athens, informs his Government that "it would appear that there is not much to choose between Greece and Turkey on the score of public safety, and that if less is heard of the atrocities committed beyond the border, it is due in some measure to the fact that the Ottoman authorities are naturally interested in concealing them, and there is no free press, as in Greece, to give publicity to the truth."

Since the massacre of the foreigners in Greece there have been more energetic measures on the part of *both* Governments to cause military action against brigandage. Indeed, for a time, there was actual rivalry between the Greeks and the Turks to report the largest number of brigands killed by each, and the "officials" of the Prime Minister at Athens and of the Grand Vizier at Constantinople showed more eagerness to depreciate the statements of each other, than to offer mutual congratulations on the successful accomplishment of so good a work. The Turkish Minister announced that during the nine months following the affair at Delissi, near Marathon, the Ottoman troops had captured nineteen brigands and killed thirty-four others who had *sought a hiding-place on that side the frontier.*† This indicates a realizing sense of the re-

* Earl Granville's Dispatch, October 27, 1870.

† *Ibid.* November 9, 1870,

quirements of the situation and furnishes additional support to the assumption that in the territory where fifty-three of these wretches had been found seeking concealment, others may be found and killed.

As piracy, another offspring of Turkish oppression, has been swept from the Greek Archipelago, so, by combined and ceaseless action on the part of the Turkish and Greek authorities, brigandage may become a thing of the past.

THE MASSACRE NEAR MARATHON.

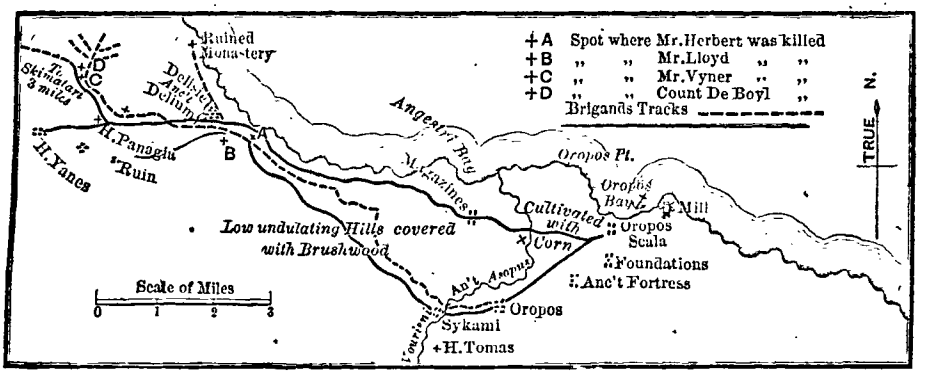
THE MASSACRE NEAR MARATHON.

ABOUT the middle of April, 1870, there might have been met in the streets of Athens a certain gentleman who, from his fine physical type, would readily be recognized as an Englishman. Like many of his countrymen, he had come to Greece as a simple tourist, and was accompanied by his wife and a young friend, Mr. Vyner, who was related to them by marriage. At the period spoken of, Lord Muncaster had completed the object of his visit to Athens, and in the ordinary course of events would have been on his way to other countries. Why did he linger? He was in the enjoyment of perfect health, he was a man of property, and he possessed all the advantages of social and titled distinction. Yet this gentleman, who had done no man any wrong, who had committed no breach of the peace, or rendered himself amenable to justice by the violation of any law, was a prisoner in Greece—a prisoner *en parole*—pledged to return to captivity if he failed to fulfil certain conditions, as strongly as if his free limbs had been bound with shackles, and his person guarded by officers of justice. To whom was he thus bound? To any civil,

judicial, or military authority? To any power in his own land or in the kingdom of Greece which had the right to enforce such restraint upon his individual life and liberty? No. This free Englishman, gentleman, and noble lord was walking the streets of Athens in the sunny days of April, a prisoner to the chief of a band of brigands secreted in the wooded mountains, miles away from the capital. The King of Greece was on his throne; his Majesty's ministers sat in council; the British legation swayed with almost despotic power the will of a government keenly alive to the lawful rights of every absent subject of the realm; and the ships of war of England, France, and Russia lay as usual, ready for service, in the neighboring harbor of the Piræus. Yet, for all their panoply of power, these were as impotent as reeds shaken by the wind, before the imperious will of a rascally outlaw, clad in a filthy fustanelli, and issuing his decrees in illiterate Greek from his inaccessible mountain throne.

The situation seems incredible in this age of law, of railways and telegraphs, of international intercourse, and of free and powerful nationalities. Yet such *was* the situation.

To give an account of the memorable act of brigandage of April, 1870, with all its detail, conflicting testimony, and the judicial proceedings consequent thereon, would fill a volume, and, in many respects, might fail to interest the general reader. Briefly stated, the occurrence was as follows:



THE SITE OF THE MARATHON MASSACRE.

On Monday, the 11th of April, at about six o'clock in the morning, a party consisting of Lord and Lady Muncaster; Mr. Herbert, secretary of the British legation; Mr. Nyner, a son of Lady De Grey; Mr. Lloyd, an English barrister, with his wife and their little girl of five years; Count De Boyl, secretary of the Italian legation, with an Italian servant and a Greek courier, left the hotel at Athens in two carriages, for an excursion to the battle-field of Marathon. There was nothing extraordinary in the fact of such an expedition, as hundreds of foreigners make it yearly, and no preparation is required on their part beyond a notification by the resident foreign minister to the authorities, who at once furnish a military escort, free of charge. In this instance the carriages were preceded by two mounted gens-d'armes, and followed by two others. A detachment of foot soldiers and a patrol were met along the road, and in part accompanied the tourists. After spending two or three hours at Marathon they set out on their return to Athens at about two o'clock in the afternoon. As the party approached the bridge of Pikermes, twelve or fourteen miles from the city, they were suddenly fired at from the brush-wood bordering the road, and at the first discharge the two gens-d'armes in front fell from their horses, badly wounded. The carriages then stopped, and the whole party were compelled to alight. They found themselves surrounded by a band of b igands in the Albanian costume—jackets and fustanellis—armed with revolvers and muskets, and

numbering by count twenty-one persons, mostly young and athletic men. Some roughness was offered to Lady Muncaster, to hasten her movements from the carriage, and the brooch on her dress (subsequently returned to her) was torn from it, but, with this exception, no violence was offered to any of the travellers. The captives were immediately hurried up the side of the mountain—Pentelicus—the ladies and little girl being placed on the horses belonging to the wounded gens-d'armes, the rest being on foot, and the brigands surrounding their prisoners. As the party retreated up the mountain, a fire was opened upon them by the soldiers at not more than fifty yards distance, but as it became evident to their pursuers that a continuous attack would endanger the lives of the foreigners, the engagement was discontinued, and the brigands with their prisoners made good their escape. After a rapid walk of two hours, during which, as Lord Muncaster told me, the brigands were exceedingly hilarious, dancing and laughing over the unexpected "catch" they had made of the "lordies," and talking with their prisoners, one of whom spoke Greek, in a manner which disarmed fears of any personal danger, the party came to a halt at the top of the mountain, and the ladies were informed by the chiefs that they and the little girl could return to Athens, as their longer presence was regarded as an impediment to the long marches and changes of locality which are essential to evade pursuit. These, consequently, retraced their steps, together with the coachmen, who were cap-

tured with the party, to the road, where the carriages had been left, and in which they returned to the city, arriving at a late hour the same evening.

When the brigand chief parted with the ladies he asked one of them to send him from Athens a little souvenir of their brief but not wholly uninteresting acquaintance, in the shape of a gold chain. The lady, with no little presence of mind, demanded an exchange of souvenirs, whereupon his highness, the king of the mountain, presented her with a silver ornament having for a design the head of the Virgin. The chain was duly sent to the brigand, who returned it by the same messenger as not being sufficiently heavy! When Lord Muncaster was subsequently released *en parole*, one of the chiefs kindly requested his lordship to take his watch to Athens, have it repaired, and sent back to him.

The ladies were the bearers of notes from the gentlemen of the party with the terms of the ransom, which were fixed at £32,000 sterling (subsequently reduced to £25,000). The brigands also sent a threatening message to the Greek government at Athens, to the effect that if any attempt was made to send soldiers in pursuit or to alarm the country, the lives of the foreigners would be in danger.

The consternation produced in Athens by the news of the capture pervaded all classes, and from that hour, about nine in the evening of Monday, little else was talked about in the ever-talking capital, the interest in-

creasing in intensity as the days went by, and the fate of the prisoners became more and more the subject of anxious speculation.

The news of the capture was soon followed by full information as to the character of the band. It originally consisted of twenty-eight brigands, almost exclusively natives of Turkey (Vallachs), speaking the Greek language, and inhabiting Thessaly. The chiefs were two brothers, Takos and Christos Arvanitaki. "It penetrated into the province of Phthiotis from the Turkish frontier near the middle of January, the news producing in Athens the greatest alarm. The band was soon discovered and attacked by a flying column of Greek soldiers at Lividia, who wounded and captured one of the outlaws, the rest effecting their escape. After three days' flight they encamped at a place called Paralimni, where, perceiving at a distance another Greek military detachment, they again fled. Near Thebes the soldiers came up with them, and succeeded in killing three more and taking two wounded prisoners." The remaining twenty-one were subsequently traced from place to place, but eventually secured retreats in the mountains of Megara, and were not again heard of until the early part of April, when they suddenly appeared in the environs of the village of Pikermi, on the road to Marathon, and committed the act of brigandage of which I now speak.

It appears also that on the very morning of the capture, a single carriage containing Americans passed

within view of the brigands from their place of concealment, but it turned off toward Kephissia, and was allowed by them to pass, they being attracted by the two carriages a short distance behind, which they naturally presumed to contain a more valuable prize.

At the time of this capture the King, Queen, and Court, with the Prime Minister, were making an excursion among the Greek islands. His Majesty was met with the sad news on his return to the Piræus, and from that moment did all that lay in his royal power to forward the necessary measures for the release of the prisoners, even expressing his willingness to the English minister to place his own person as a hostage, if necessary, to secure the lives of the foreigners.

About noon on the third day after the capture, Lord Muncaster made his appearance at Athens, having been released by the brigands *en parole*, in order to obtain the ransom-money, "or a free pardon," for the brigands. There was, of course, no loss of time in arranging for the money, and the amount of £25,000, in gold coin, was packed in boxes ready at the bank for delivery, when an unexpected turn was given to the affair by a message from the brigand chief to the effect that they would accept nothing less than the "money *and* amnesty," viz., a free pardon for themselves and the previously captured members of the band then in the prison at Athens. The following correspondence between the chief of the brigands and the British minister at Athens will serve to show the lawless audacity of power on the

one side, and the utter subserviency of mere official authority, when placed against it:

LETTER FROM THE BRIGANDS.

(*Translation.*)

"The gentlemen are very well; but as to that which we agreed with the gentlemen concerning the ransom of £25,000, we demand of the Hellenic government amnesty, and that pursuit of us shall be stopped, not only in Attica but in all the provinces. For if we discover that we are pursued, the gentlemen will be in danger. We wait for your answer to-morrow without fail."

LETTER TO THE BRIGANDS.

(*Translation.*)

"The English and Italian Ministers have received your communication. There will be no difficulty as to the payment of the money, but you must not insist on an amnesty which government have not the power to grant. Persons will be sent to treat with you, and in the mean time both the King and the president of the council have assured the English Minister that you shall not be molested. Make your prisoners as comfortable as you can. You can even put them under cover in some rural habitation without any fear. E. M. ERSKINE."

Emissaries were accordingly sent on the part of the Greek government and of the English Minister at Athens to induce the brigand chiefs to modify their terms, as it was not only unconstitutional, but impossible, to grant a free pardon without a trial; and they were urged by letter, and by verbal entreaty and argument on the part of the messengers sent, as well as by the prisoners themselves, to accept the money with the guarantee that they should not be interfered with in

their retreat to the frontier. Furthermore, they were promised, if they apprehended danger in that quarter, that a British gun-boat should be placed at their disposal to land them and their ill-gotten gains at Malta or any other point of her Majesty's dominions. Such terms, such concessions, such humiliating prostration of justice at the feet of vulgar villainy, are probably without a parallel. The chiefs, were, however, obstinate, made the more so by letters and messages from their "koumbároi," or companions outside, advising them "to be firm," and their demands would eventually be granted. While these anxious and unsatisfactory negotiations were going on between the Greek government and the English and Italian Ministers on the one side, and the brigand chiefs in their mountain retreats on the other, the condition of the unfortunate foreigners in their hands was not improving. They were moved about from place to place; and although the brigands appear to have treated them with all the courtesy of which their nature is capable, and to have provided, so far as their rough life permitted, for the physical well-being of the prisoners, allowing them also to correspond continuously with their friends in Athens and receive food and clothing from them, yet they suffered greatly from their forced marches, exposure to rain and cold, and from their ceaseless mental anxiety, which was inseparable from their condition. Yet all was not hopeless to them. They had many days of fine weather, and a degree of cheerful diversion, as appears from the let-

ters of Mr. Herbert and the note-book of Mr. Lloyd. In the former appear such passages as these:

"We are tolerably comfortable here for the present." "I do not think we are very unhappy, although things are not exactly comfortable. The captain says he is going to mass to-morrow in the village church with all his band, and, as at present arranged, we are allowed to go too, which will be a very strange thing. The captain says he will throw away his gun at once if he could get pardoned." "We are well and kindly treated, and shall be so as long as the captain believes, as he still does confidently, that the government will find some means of granting him amnesty or pardon for all past offences."

Mr. Lloyd also writes: "We are well treated, but very anxious."

The intimation that the foreigners would be allowed to go to church was, "strangely enough," as Herbert says, fully carried out. On Palm Sunday, the 17th of April, the brigands, with their prisoners, descended from the "Vallach village," where they were then encamped, to the Church at Oropos, where, stacking their arms outside, the whole party entered and attended the service, mingling freely with the village people! And here in this church occurred a little incident which I have never seen mentioned in print, but which illustrates the hopefulness of the affair at the time. A Greek lady, wife of a merchant in Manchester, England, happened to be at the church service on that day, and was so moved by the appearance of the prisoners, especially of young Vyner, that she resolved to make an appeal to the brigand chief in his behalf, represent-

ing his inoffensive character, his absence from his widowed mother, and other points calculated to awaken an interest in his fate. The brigand listened very patiently as the good lady spoke to him in the church porch, and then laughingly replied to her in words to this effect: "Do not distress yourself, madam; they will *all* be free in a few days." That they all would have been free, had a different policy been adopted by those in charge of the matter, there now appears to be little doubt.

The extracts from Mr. Lloyd's note-book are of such melancholy interest, notwithstanding the brief and fragmentary character of the entries, that I will copy them here, as throwing some light on the condition of the poor prisoners, and the nature of brigand life:

"*Monday, April* 11, 1870, 4.30 P. M.—Cold, mist, rain, 6 P. M. to 5.30 A. M. Wood of Ruplimi, captured by band of Arvanitaki. Night on Pentelicus. Language lesson to brigands. Supped on mountain 2 A. M. Reached first Shemena in Stamata; little copse on hill-side; discussion of terms with brigands. Spend the day. Sixteen soldiers passed along the road below in the afternoon. Alarm of all parties.

"*Tuesday* 8 P. M. to 6 A. M.—Left after dark along high-road toward Kephissia. Halt in plain. Alarm of parties near. Brigands surround us, ready to shoot. Sleep on thorn-bush. Resting-place in pine wood. Very wet and cold. Brigand warms Dormouse [Mr. Vyner] by lying down close to him. Roused at dawn, and go to other pine wood a short way off for the day.

"*Wednesday.*—Day in pine wood. Heavy rain. Caught two peasants, and borrowed their capotes for us. Lighted fire for toast and broiled lamb. Sent off peasant with Muncaster at 9 A. M. After dark moved off to hut of peasants for night. DeBoyl's servant came with grub.

"*Thursday.*—Brigand reads two hours history—Keramide St. John. Rainy and cold. Hut 60 x 20: our end badly closed by pine branches. Fires, but hard to keep warm. Roast lamb again and more presents of liver. Evening came Dionys and agents from Athens. Scene by night—negotiating at one end, feasting at ours. Warmer at night with my oil-cloth from Polly.

"*Friday*, 8 A. M. to 7.30 P. M.—Very fine day, and view of Mount Delphi, in Eubœa, covered with snow. Left at 8 A. M., seven brigands, self on mule, Herbert and DeBoyl on white horses, Dormouse on brown, without saddle. Baggage horse. Other brigands to follow. Pass wood of Tatoe; defile. Magnificent view over Athens, W., Eubœa, E. Halt almost in sight of guard-house to breakfast. By pass of Decelea, 3000 feet above the sea. Guard-house; fraternize with four soldiers. Alarm on descending to plain. Alexander sent on with Erskine's note to troops seen below. Peace. Officer lunches with us and brigands. Across plain and through fine wooded country, Marco Poulos. Received by Demarch, and general fraternization with Albanian inhabitants. Fresh eggs. Reached village of Vallach shepherds.

"*Saturday.*—Coraki. Village twenty-five huts; shared one with chief and five brigands, circular, 30 x 20 diameter. Five in middle; people make everything for selves; spinning and weaving. Hut pretty warm. Walked up to Acropolis; cloudy. View over Oropos, village of La Scala, and house of Paparigo poulos. Two agents from Athens. Dance of brigands.

"*Sunday.*—Down to church in morning. Blessing of palms; had one. Visit to Demarch and house of Pap.; coffee and raki; friendly meeting. Demarch to go to Athens to negotiate.

"*Monday.*—Jumping and throwing stone by brigands very good. Music at night—singing and fluting. Evening came Dionys and Grisner, who slept.

"*Tuesday.*—Servants left. Afternoon marched over to Oropos; good house, room with fire-place, and seven brigands. Fine day, and pleasant half hour's walk.

"*Wednesday.*—Very rainy. Colonel Théagénis come to treat; also Noel, who stopped all night. Long discussion as to terms.

"*Thursday.*—Messenger, from Athens. Armistice partly withdrawn. Troops *en cordon*. We not to move. Chief says he will go to a place a quarter of an hour off, on Ocyoupos. Know troops

are in force; danger impending. Love to I——and Erskine in worst case. Noel left early. Fine view of mountains in Eubœa. Covered with snow from Delphi to N."

During these days the greatest anxiety filled the public mind at Athens, and induced on the part of those who had taken the matter in hand a degree of persevering activity and vigilance which leaves no room for censure so far as a *conscientious* discharge of personal and public obligation was concerned. None but those who watched the daily, I may say hourly proceedings, can form an idea of the difficulties of the position in which the Greek ministry and the two foreign representatives stood. In the case of the government, they found themselves clothed with a responsibility which their relations to the governments of Great Britain and Italy and to the Greek nation could not exaggerate. They were called upon either to ignore all official recognition of the matter or to assume its control with or without the co-operation of the foreign legations, and with the almost certain knowledge that, whatever might be the result, public opinion would be dissatisfied. The Greek government very wisely determined to admit into their counsels the two parties most nearly interested in the fate of their countrymen in captivity, and it may be said that from beginning to end of this most distressing case the English and Italian Ministers joined in, and in many instances directed, their counsel, *no step being taken by the Greek government which was not either suggested or approved by the two Ministers whose countrymen*

were among the captives. As regards their attitude toward the Greek people, and the difficulties they had to contend with in that direction, it is only necessary to say that the measures recommended by the Athenian journals, and by individuals who, without any personal responsibility, thought fit to proffer their advice, were of the most conflicting character. The government were told that they were no more responsible for an act of brigandage than the English government would be for an agrarian outrage in Ireland, or an attack of ruffians in the purlieus of London; and they were told that they *were* responsible, inasmuch as it was a national evil. They were told that to enter into negotiations with outlaws was to trample the crown in the dust and humiliate the nation beyond redemption; and they were told that negotiation was the only proper course, and that better terms for the release of the foreigners could be enforced by the authorities than by individuals, who had no experience in the treatment of such cases. They were told that the only way to deal with the rascals on the hill was to send an effective body of troops after them, to release the prisoners and destroy the brigands; and they were told that such an attempt would insure the death of the captives, and by no means guarantee the capture of the brigands. They were told that the English and Italian Ministers should have exclusive control of the matter, as the lives at stake were those of their countrymen, otherwise the whole blame of failure would be laid at the feet of the government; and they were

told that the English and Italian Ministers ought not to mix themselves up in the affair, but to leave it to the authorities. They were told that it was an international question, and that the representatives of *all* the Powers at Athens should be consulted; and they were told that nobody should be consulted and nothing should be done, for that if left to themselves the brigands would arrange matters with their prisoners, and the whole affair would end as peaceably and quietly as other acts of brigandage had terminated. As to the opposition, they had few such chances presented for attacks upon their adversaries, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it. The shafts flew thick and fast from open platoon and from behind impenetrable breastworks of impersonality, and nothing was omitted which might embarrass the question and lead to the overthrow of the ministry. Not that there was any blood on these men's hands; for until the last fatal move, which turned the comedy into a tragedy of terrible import, few imagined that the prisoners were in any actual personal danger, it being evident to the simplest mind that for the brigands to commit murder, without cause, in the face of such astounding odds as were offered in the ransom-money and free transportation to a place of security, would be an act of sheer insanity.

But notwithstanding the conflict of argument, political abuse and irritating advice to which the Greek government were exposed, few went so far as to counsel the granting of an amnesty to these wretches, which would

not only have been a shameless violation of the constitution; but a virtual legalization of brigandage throughout the kingdom.* No Greek acquainted with the constitution of his country had the temerity to propose this, even as a *dernier ressort.* The honor of doing so was assumed by Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who sent three messages by telegraph from the Foreign-office at London—subsequently confirming them by written dispatches to the English minister at Athens—empowering him to say to the Greek government that "her Majesty's government hoped that there would be no hesitation in granting a pardon to the brigands rather than allow the lives of the captives, by demurring to do so, to be exposed to additional risk;" and he declared "that the British government would not accept, as an excuse for the sacrifice of life, the plea that, even for its preservation, pardon could not be extended to the brigands," and "that her Majesty's government considered that they were justified in calling on the Greek government to consent to any measures for the release of the prisoners." These messages were not received at Athens until after the perpetration of the tragedy which ended the eventful history. What effect a continued

* "If amnesty had been granted to this band," says the Athens correspondent of the London *Times*, "it could not have been refused to the band of Spanos: and it is the general opinion that in a few weeks bank directors, ministers and men of substance would have been seized in the streets of Athens openly, with a threat that if pursuit should be attempted, or a ransom not promptly paid, the captives would be murdered."

pressure of the English government might eventually have had, it is impossible to say, but most certainly brigandage itself would have received an impulse by such an act of leniency as would have required half a generation to have checked. At the request of his government the Greek minister at London, M. Brailas-Armeni, called upon Lord Clarendon to express "the great concern of his government at the capture of the English party by the brigands, and to explain to him the difficulty under which the Greek government labored in regard to the grant of an amnesty for which the brigands were appearing to hold out." M. Brailas said that "the power of pardon vested by the constitution in the King of Greece extended only to political offences, and that the King could not interpose his authority to relieve persons from the penalty attaching to ordinary crimes."* Lord Clarendon replied to M. Brailas that "he could not admit the validity of the constitutional objection stated by the Greek government to preclude them from granting a pardon to the brigands. The Greek constitution had so frequently been violated by the government in regard to matters of internal administration, that he could not listen to a plea founded on it as an excuse for not relieving the British subjects, whose lives were in imminent dan-

* "The King has the right to pardon, commute, and lessen punishments awarded by the courts of law, excepting those pronounced against ministers. He has also the right to grant amnesty, *but only in case of political crimes*, under the responsibility of the ministers." —*Article* xxxix. *of the Greek Constitution.*

ger, by complying with the demands of the brigands for an amnesty as a part of the price for their surrender."

It is a little singular that while his lordship at the Foreign-office was impressing upon the Greek government, in the name of her Majesty, the grave consequences with which they might be visited in case the prisoners were not rescued, even at the price of a violation of the constitution, the English minister at Athens was urging the brigand chief, by a written communication, not to insist upon an amnesty "which the government had not the power to grant," and Herbert, a prisoner in their hands, was explaining to the Arvanitaki that "the amnesty was impossible," and the secretary of the British legation at Athens was saying the same thing in a letter published in the *Levant Herald*. Thus it would appear that the brigand chief, lying at his ease with loaded musket beneath the sylvan shade of Mount Pentelicus, and the English minister, sitting in his arm-chair at the Foreign-office in London, were the only "powers" in perfect accord as to the necessity for violating the constitution of Greece!

As the days rolled wearily on, and the preposterous demands of the Arvanitaki began to be accompanied by impatient threats, the emissaries gave up all hopes of accomplishing their mission, and the prisoners lost heart. Under these distressing circumstances the Greek government, with the approval of the English and Italian ministers, determined to adopt a more stringent policy, and to try the effects of fear upon the outlaws. An ex-

press promise had been made to the brigands that they should not be molested where they then were; but when the former gave intimation that unless their terms were complied with they should move toward the frontier with their prisoners, it was decided to send a body of troops to form a cordon around the encampment, not for the purpose of attacking, but to prevent the removal of the band.* It was supposed that the soldiers, marching rapidly and stealthily forward, could accomplish their purpose before any suspicion of the movement induced a change of position on the part of the brigands. But the order was also given to "prevent" the departure of the band with their prisoners, should they attempt it. Now for soldiers to "prevent" an enemy from making a retreat means action, and military action against brigands *with prisoners in their hands* means death to the latter. Thus it appeared to me inevitable that the failure of the troops to effect a perfect cordon would bring on an engagement with the brigands, to the imminent danger of the lives of the captives. The prisoners themselves seem to have anticipated the result of a military movement, as appears in the following passages from notes written by some of them only the day before the fatal ending, but which were not received at Athens until an hour or two of the time when the frightful drama was being enacted.

* "I have repeatedly assured your lordship that there was never the slightest intention on the part of the Government of attacking the brigands."—*Erskine's dispatch to Clarendon.*

Mr. Herbert writes with that Christian fortitude and gentleness of character for which he was distinguished:

"If things do not look bright, I do not see that they can be altered, so that we have but to make the best of them. If the government could grant those terms, I believe we should be all right. If not, our only chance is that when they know the troops are sent out in force in Bœotia they may wish to save their lives. For the present I do not think we run much risk unless we meet the soldiers, and in that case we shall have the satisfaction of believing that they will not go unpunished. But the captain desires me to say that he considers any movement of troops against him a violation of the written promise given him by you, which said he should not be molested, without adding any thing about Attica. He seems to think himself entitled, so long as he treats us well, to take us where he pleases; but there must, of course, be some limit to this. At present we are on the frontiers of Bœotia, and I believe the captain's wish is to move a little nearer Thebes—that is, to get nearer to a country he and his band know better than they do this. The captain desires me to say that since he has seen Colonel Théagénis's orders he does not feel himself safe, even here, and requests a further assurance from you, in writing, as to where they are safe, and for how long."

At the same time Mr. Lloyd wrote to Lord Muncaster:

"With respect to the movements of the troops, you must remind Mr. Erskine that the undertaking on the part of the government was that the brigands should not be molested as long as they were with them. If their march is now interrupted, they may have a right to complain of a breach of faith, for which we shall most undoubtedly and irremediably suffer.

"The great thing is to gain time for negotiations, and not to hurry to an open conflict. I have suggested what I can to that effect, and leave it in your hands and those of our friends in Athens to do the best for us. You must not rely much on pressure to persuade these men to our terms."

Later in the day came another note from poor Her-

bert, which clearly shows that the military movement was, at least, premature:

"I think he" (the brigand chief) "has some grounds for saying he ought not to be attacked after the promise made to him, though obviously that promise could not be meant to be without limits. He is evidently getting more disposed to negotiate than he was, and I think, if he is not molested for the next week or two, he will come to some terms, could the armistice be prolonged for a little time, and limited, perhaps, to Bœotia or Attica, or to the neighborhood of Thebes and Chalcis, although the latter designation is, perhaps, too vague. We are to move to-day, but only to a village a quarter of an hour distant on the other side of the river, and I do not suppose we shall be attacked there."

The village to which Herbert referred is Sykami, a hamlet, and the river between it and Oropos, where the brigands then were, is the classic Asopus. They can be found on any general map of Greece, and they will ever be of peculiar interest now in the light of the melancholy events which I am narrating. The road is lined, and the spaces on either side are thick with brushwood, through which, avoiding the open road, the brigands proceeded with their prisoners on the afternoon of April the 21st. Before the start on that day, young Vyner addressed the following touching letter to his friend Lord Muncaster, at Athens. It can not be read without emotion by any who appreciate the horrors of the situation in which he was placed, or who were acquainted with the manly presence and nobility of character of this unfortunate young Englishman. The letter did not reach Athens until after the news of the fatal tragedy which followed.

"The messenger has arrived, and has, in conjunction with Noel, had a lengthened interview with the chief. The result is unfavorable. The chief has said to Noel that he will keep us safe for three or four months; but, of course, the soldiers being set loose has done away with our security, and on the first engagement with the troops we must die, for they will kill us at once. . . .There is one thing they would agree to, namely, that a formal trial should be held here, and that they should be pardoned afterward. This does not seem illegal. Thank the King and his ministers on my behalf for their kindness, and say that I do not ask (for I am powerless to do that), but that, as a dying man, I implore them humbly to grant this request of the brigands, and to prevent the operations of the soldiers; as, if not, we must die in a day or two, besides the needless bloodshed that would ensue. The government official regards our position as beyond all hope, so that we must trust to God that we may die bravely, as Englishmen should do. . .Pray for your unfortunate but affectionate friend,

FREDERICK VYNER."

It is said that when the news of the death of Vyner was communicated to the brigand chief Takos, he shed tears. The young Englishman had won the friendship of the chief during his captivity, and the two had sometimes engaged in athletic sports—running, throwing the quoit, etc.

From the various accounts of the occurrences which followed I select a portion only of that of the English commander, Hotham, who officially visited the locality a short time subsequent to the tragedy, and obtained his information from personal observation and conversation with the peasantry, avoiding, as he did, the consideration of military details, as my purpose is to give only a general idea of the principal events bearing upon the massacre of the foreigners.

A Greek gun-vessel being at anchor in the Scala of Oropos, and also the fact of a person having come from the troops about 11 A.M. of the 21st of April, and also, perhaps, what passed at an interview with Colonel Théagénis and Mr. Noel, seemed to have made Takos decide upon quitting Oropos for Sykami. His prisoners tried to persuade him to remain at Oropos, and he seems to have half promised them to return thither in three days' time. From what I can learn, the brigands had no idea that the troops were so near, and I understand that they constantly walked about when in Oropos without arms.

"Takos and Christos Arvanitaki, his brother, seem to have differed (after the interview with Mr. Noel), the former wishing to accept the ransom alone, but Christos objecting to such a proceeding, on the ground that if they did so without any amnesty, they would be immediately hunted down and killed.

"On the 19th and 20th of April, Takos seems to have been kind in manner toward his prisoners, but changed after his meeting with Colonel Théagénis. It was then he seemed to take an angry tone, to which, on the morning of the 21st, was added suspicion, he permitting no one to leave the village of Oropos without satisfying himself of their destination and business. About 2.20 P. M. of that day the brigands left Oropos for Sykami in two parties, each within five minutes of the other, the robbers saying 'good-by' to the inhabitants, and telling them they would be back on the next Sunday.

"The prisoners appear to have been much distressed on leaving Oropos. No soldiers at all were seen from Oropos on the 21st, but after the prisoners and brigands had gone about one hundred yards from that place a policeman in disguise arrived in the village, and almost immediately left again in the direction of Kako-Salessi.

"The band and prisoners arrived at Sykami between half past three and four o'clock, having been delayed a long time crossing the river Asopus, owing to a heavy freshet. After they had been in the village from a quarter to a half an hour, the sentries posted on the hill above, seeing the troops coming down over the range on the opposite side of the river, gave the alarm, shouting out some word, the meaning of which I could not get accurately translated into English, but which would seem to imply, 'We are betrayed,' or surrounded. Takos, his band, and prisoners immediately started off toward Delisie, taking with them thirteen peasants, who all managed soon to

escape I can only surmise that the carrying away of these men was to prevent the troops firing upon them.

"About a quarter of an hour after the brigands had left the village, the troops crossed the river, some at the ford of the village, others further up. The brigands then seem to have taken the most direct course for Delisie, only once diverging toward the sea, probably with the intention of retracing their steps through the valley of the Asopus, and so baffling their pursuers. In the last gully before reaching the plain of Delisie, the body of Mr. Herbert was found, about 300 yards from the beach, and 600 from the large house at Delisie. It was lying ten yards from the foot-path leading up the ravine into the bush. The country round here is covered with small thick brush-wood—arbutus and small pine. The body was lying face downward on a small bush, and when discovered he was not quite dead, but expired almost immediately. This spot is visible directly over the spur from the house at Delisie.

"In a parallel line to the sea, about 400 yards from Mr. Herbert's body, they dispatched their second victim, Mr. Edward Lloyd. He also was lying on a small bush, quite dead. This must have occurred at about 4.45 P. M. Here the robbers divided, one party, under Takos, taking the remaining prisoners (Mr. Vyner and Count DeBoyl), choosing the path leading to Skimitari; the other band, under Christos (who was shortly afterward killed), keeping parallel to the beach. Following Takos's party up the valley they seem to have abandoned the idea of going to Skimatari, and turned so as to leave that place on their left, making toward Deamisi. About a mile after leaving the valley, four miles from Delisie, and about three from Skimatari, was discovered the body of Mr. Vyner, and at 100 yards northeast of him lay the murdered Count DeBoyl. They must both have been killed just before dark. Very shortly after this occurrence all pursuit was stopped by night coming on with heavy rain."

With the death of these noble victims immediate interest in the event may be supposed to end. I will, in the briefest manner, touch upon a few points. The question of who fired first—the brigands upon the soldiers, or the soldiers upon the brigands—has never

been satisfactorily settled, nor does it much matter. It is certain, however, that when the pursuing soldiers witnessed the death of the first victims (and they were dispatched only when the brigands perceived that they could no longer keep pace with them in their flight), they could not restrain their indignation, and without waiting for orders, fired upon the brigands, and with impetuosity overtook and captured others. The result of the conflict was that seven of the brigands, including one of the brother chiefs, Christos Arvanitaki, were killed, and four—some of whom were wounded—were taken prisoners. Ten of the band, with the other chief, Takos, made good their escape over the frontier into Thessaly, from whence they originally came, the whole band, with two exceptions, being Turkish subjects. An English official report subsequently stated that the band "remained unmolested" at the village of Koitza, in the Turkish provinces. Since then it has been heard from in various parts of the country, and both the Ottoman and Greek governments have offered large rewards for the head of Takos, the daring leader of this band of miscreants, but every effort thus far to kill him has proved unavailing. His followers are faithful to their chief, and the chief himself is too wary to be entrapped.

The bodies of the unfortunate foreigners were brought to Athens, and received all the funeral honors which a heart-stricken community could pay them, the King in person walking in the procession, with the min-

isters of state, civil and military officials, and the diplomatic body in uniform. Such a sadly impressive display was perhaps never before witnessed in Athens. The funereal pomp was overshadowed by the intensity of the public grief—grief mingled with a certain fear of the opprobrium, if not punishment which might be inflicted upon Greece by a foreign power for the acts of foreign scoundrels on her soil. And the victims were worthy of the royal and civic honors paid to their mutilated remains. They died, as the noble Vyner foretold, "bravely, as Englishmen should do."

In Herbert was lost a valued friend—a man whose weak physique alone threatened to belie his high promises of manhood. He possessed the most delicate sensibility, united with mental powers of high cultivation. With strong opinions, he was cool in debate, and gracefully yielded to argument. It was his ambition to enter Parliament, but I am inclined to think that his condition of health gave a sober tint to all worldly considerations. I remember one evening he appeared to be greatly depressed, and, in the course of conversation, remarked to me that he had been that afternoon to look at the Protestant burial-ground at Athens, and was disappointed at its "lookout," adding, with a melancholy smile, "I don't think I should like to lie there, and shall tell E—— to send me home to England." This premonition of early death may be some consolation to the friends at home who were called to mourn his sudden and awful fate.

The widow of one of the victims, Mr. Lloyd, received a voluntary present of £1000 from the King, with the further promise that his Majesty would recommend the Greek Parliament to vote her an annuity of £400. On the arrival of this lady in England, a liberal subscription was taken up for her there, to which the Greek residents were the chief contributors. Finally, through the influence of the London Foreign-office, the Greek government were required to change the original suggestion of an annuity into a positive payment of £10,000 sterling to Mrs. Lloyd—a measure which did not pass the Chamber of Deputies without protracted debate, in which England was handled without gloves, as enforcing a most unjust demand. When at last it was passed, the payment was declared to be made, not as a precedent for the future, and not even as an act of justice to the lady, but because to refuse to pay it would be to incur further pressure on the part of England, which might cost Greece more in humiliation and in money than the payment of the first demand, however unjust. Thus Greece put another stone in her already well-filled pocket of "English injuries," against that bitter day of reckoning which, weak as she is, she trusts will some day come. *

* In the case of the capture, a few years ago, by Italian brigands, of two Englishmen, Mr. Moens and Rev. J. C. Murray Ainsley, Lord Russell declared to the Italian ambassador in London that those gentlemen had "no more right to ask the Italian government to repay them their ransom, than the embassador would have, were his pocket picked on London Bridge, to reclaim the value from the English nation."

The heads of the seven brigands killed in the conflict near Delisie were brought to Athens, and displayed on a scaffolding erected in an open place near the city amidst the execrations of the crowd.

The trial of the captured brigands, including those of the same band previously confined in the prison at Athens, was a most painfully interesting affair. The court was crowded with spectators, many from the best classes of society, and the proceedings were conducted with all the solemnity of law. The brigand prisoners, weak with their wounds, were brought into the court-room on litters, producing a lively impression. A sketch of the scene, drawn by one of the English barristers present, appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. During their confinement in jail I was permitted to confer with them, and for half an hour, with an interpreter, was shut up with them in a cell. On my asking the most intelligent of the three who were captured in the conflict why the foreigners were treated so inhumanly, he threw his arms out in the fashion of a nurse, and exclaimed, "Inhumanly! we treated them like babies;" whereupon his companions, making the same gesture, repeated the words, "Yes, like babies." "And why did you murder them in your flight?" "Ah," he answered, "when shots are flying thick and fast about one's head, one does not know exactly what he does."

The five condemned brigands were executed by guillotine at Athens on the 20th of June. They met their

well-merited death with firmness, but elicited no particle of sympathy from the spectators.

The terrible massacre of the four foreigners plunged not only Athens but all Greece into the deepest mortification and affliction. In England the news of the capture had in the first instance created no excitement. The London *Times* pronounced it a "comedietta," and that "beyond the payment of the ransom-money there was scarcely any element of inconvenience, and certainly none of danger in the transaction. It was a customary incident of the spring;" and the *Times* went on to suggest that in case of need "a detachment from Malta might be employed in aiding the Greek government to recover our snared countrymen," a suggestion which contained in it, as the sequel proved, the very "element of danger" which produced the fatal result. But no sooner was the "comedietta" at Marathon turned into a tragedy by the employment of military measures, than a feeling of anger was produced in England which vented itself in the most bitter and unjust denunciations against the whole Greek nation. The London journals declared Greece to be "a country whose political system is anarchy, and whose staple industry is brigandage;" "a miserable failure and a positive nuisance to Europe;" "the home of ruffians, and the den of assassins;" "a nest of robbers and pirates;" "a mere brigand's den;" "the St. Giles of Europe—the Ratcliff Highway of the world;" "a generation of bastards;" "a convict settlement—the curse of the Levant;"

"a rickety bantling, and a political swindle;" and so on *ad nauseam.* *

We cannot wonder at the horror and anger of Englishmen when the news of the ruthless slaughter of their innocent countrymen was telegraphed to London. But we are apt to regard—at least we wish to regard—the press, as we regard a judicial tribunal, as raised high above popular passions and personal vindictiveness; as a calm, unprejudiced recorder of events, postponing criticism until all the evidence is in, and a judgment can be formed on the basis of indisputable facts.

As time threw light upon the history of events, and a better understanding of the matter cleared the Greek government and people of the infamous charges laid at their feet, public opinion was modified; and although there has never been made one generous retraction of these charges, silence has given assent to the idea that they were unsupported by facts. Unfortunately, through the misunderstanding of a remark made by the Greek Prime Minister to the English representative at Athens, the impression was conveyed that the extraordinary tenacity with which the brigands held out was attributable to the intrigues of political parties who wished to embarrass the existing ministry. No sooner was this idea mooted than the British government demanded that a most searching judicial investigation should be had at

* A sharp and incisive criticism on England's injustice to Greece in this affair, from the pen of a Greek gentleman resident in London, was published by Cartright, 21 New Broad street.

Athens for the purpose of discovering and bringing to judgment accomplices of the crime near Marathon, and that two English barristers should be allowed free access to the courts to watch the proceedings. After some difficulty, owing to the unprecedented character of the last demand, it was acceded to. The preliminary examination was accordingly instituted, and occupied in duration nearly seven months. The number of arrests, chiefly of shepherds and peasants, or persons of a similar condition in life, was 111. Of these, two died in prison; forty-seven were released for want of any evidence against them; and sixty-two were sent for trial. Several of these last were finally sentenced to imprisonment, on proof of having protected, given food to, or otherwise been in collusion with the band, and two were sentenced to hard labor for life for having advised the brigand band of the passage of the travelers to Marathon, and urged them to wait and make the capture on their return. The only person of any social standing who was charged with complicity in the crime was a young Englishman, son of the proprietor of a large estate in Eubœa, which island lies along the coast of Greece near its northern frontier, and not far from the scene of the terrible events recorded. This person had in his employ a brother of the Arvanitaki brigand chiefs, and had had business relations with two other brothers of the outlaws. A note, said to have been signed by one of the brothers, to the brigands, and found upon the body of the chief, Christos, urged him to be firm and

not to yield the point of amnesty. The Englishman himself was sent to the brigands to assist in the negotiations for the release of the captives; and whatever he may have said to the chiefs, he certainly made no concealment of his opinion that "amnesty ought to be granted to the brigands." This young gentleman had not only employed the brothers of the brigand chiefs in business connected with his estate, but he stood in relation to them as "koumbáros," or *compère*; that is he had stood godfather to the child of one of them, and was bound to the outlaws by ties which in Greece are regarded as sacred. His position, therefore was extremely difficult.

Such a prisoner and such a charge were, indeed, a most unexpected result of an investigation instituted by the British government in the expectation that some Greek statesman or other would be found at the bottom of the mystery. No wonder that England was chagrined, and that a desire to "hush up the matter" was expressed in government circles in London! However, the young Englishman, whose unfortunate relations with the brothers of brigands is an evidence of the fact that respectable people cannot always avoid seeming complicity with open-handed criminals, was well treated. Unlike the one hundred and eleven low fellows who were doomed to share the unenviable hospitality of a loathsome jail, until slow justice found it convenient to examine into their case, he was allowed to walk the streets of Athens *en parole*, and to reside with one of his

own countrymen, who was kind enough to defend him in a London journal, before he could be brought to trial. Finally, as might have been expected under the circumstances, he was not even brought to trial, the evidence being insufficient to sustain a criminal charge against him.

The English Minister at Athens is accused of having blundered in authorizing, or in not disapproving of the military measures, which, after much earnest consultation, were resorted to by the government, and which, as has been seen, caused the death of the captives. However opinions may vary on this point, every one, upon consideration, will at least agree with the English Minister in the opinion expressed by him in his dispatch to the Foreign-office, that "if the brigands had been allowed to carry off their prisoners without interruption from the comparatively accessible situation they were then in, and *if* the captives had dropped off miserably one by one, or been murdered at a later period by the brigands in some chance encounter with the troops, it would equally have been said that they (the English and Italian Ministers) were to blame, and that they ought never to have consented to their removal from Oropos; that a little firmness would have forced the brigands to accept the terms offered to them; in short, any misfortune to the captives would always have been attributed to their mismanagement."

Lord Muncaster has been the subject of some absurd censure on the assumption that he should have re-

turned to his unfortunate friends in captivity when the demand of the brigands for amnesty was not complied with. This gentleman was true to his *parole.* The terms named to him by the brigand chief were "ransom *or* amnesty," and, as we have seen, the money was promptly obtained, and was ready for delivery, when the outlaws changed their terms, and refused to accept the one without the other. I am in a position to state that both Lord and Lady Muncaster had but one opinion as to his duty in the matter, had he failed in fulfilling his pledge to the outlaws. As it was, there was nothing whatever to gain in honor to himself or advantage to the poor prisoners by his rejoining them; and his death, under such circumstances, would have brought upon his memory the imputation of inexcusable folly.

This paper has been prepared partly to narrate an event which for a time created intense excitement in England, but chiefly to correct erroneous impressions caused by distortion of some of the facts, and intentional suppression of others. Although in this country the news of the massacre of the foreigners attracted less attention than abroad, the idea prevails that in some unexplained way the sole responsibility of the final catastrophe rests upon the head of the Greeks. Of course our journals cannot be blamed for relying upon foreign statements, when they have none other to rely upon; it is nevertheless unfortunate that in borrowing the words of European critics in relation to other countries than our own, we

occasionally—in ignorance of the political animosities which exist across the water—borrow their prejudices also. Especially unfortunate is it when an event which has now become historical, is accounted for in the pages of an American Cyclopædia—professing, and of course intended to be authentic—as incorrectly as the following: "*The Greek Government, instead of devising means for the transmission of the ransom, and consequent release of the prisoners,* ordered troops to operate against the robbers who, being closely pressed in their stronghold, cruelly murdered all the prisoners." The injustice of this statement will be apparent to the reader. The brigands, having changed their original terms, it would have been a useless exposure of property to have forwarded the money while the other question was in abeyance, and the prisoners also requested that it should not be sent. Nor did the brigands demand it. They knew that the treasure was boxed and ready for them the instant they would accept it in exchange for the captives. Indeed the money had become a secondary object with them. They had "no faith in the Greek Government," as the chief told the prisoners, for they had been three times attacked by the troops on their way into Attica, and three of their companions lay in the prison at Athens. They suspected danger even after the promise that they should not be interfered with on their retreat to the frontier; and they only looked for safety through a free pardon, which should extend also to the prisoners in the jail at Athens. Thus this unhappy business turned upon

the persistency with which these wretches urged a preposterous demand—one which, if acceded to, would have violated a principle which no government in the civilized world can violate with impunity.

THE ISLAND OF CORFU.

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HERE Italy uplifts her heel, transfixed as it were in the attempt to make a football of Sicily, the blue waters of the Adriatic mingle with the Mediterranean through the Strait of Otranto. A little to the south-east of this strait, its extremities approaching to within a few miles of the Albanian coast, lies a lovely island. It is lovely alike for its serene skies, its delicious climate, the mountain masses which are seen from it on the opposite shore, and its own range of picturesque eminences, rising at one point three thousand feet above the sea and sloping with graceful irregularity into a hundred valleys verdant with olive groves and luxuriant vineyards.

To this natural scenery, the inspiration of the past lends an indelible charm. Romance and history have marked it for their own. A legend of the greatest of ancient, if not indeed of all, poets floats about its indented coast, and to the eye of the enthusiast gives a deeper blue to its waters, a more tender green to its groves. Here, or supposed to be here, which is much the same thing, the warrior-king Ulysses found safety from shipwreck and held the famous interview with Nau-

sicaa,—she who has been called "the most interesting character in all ancient poetry." Here spread the marvelous gardens of her father, King Alcinoüs. From this island sailed the vessel which transported the hero of the *Odyssey* to the arms of the tried and faithful Penelope, and returned only to be stricken into rock by the avenging gods. For him who doubteth, here lies the ship-transformed islet itself, a perpetual rebuke to the skeptic and a memorial of the imperishable genius of poetry.

But, to the student of history, the island which is now being brought to the reader's attention has more substantial claims for regard. Great men, it appears, have stood upon its soil and great events have occurred beneath its skies. It afforded a refuge, at least during a portion of his exile, to Themistocles, the "savior of Greece." Aristotle, another noble victim of popular injustice, came hither and was "so charmed with the island and its people, that he persuaded Alexander, then in Epirus, to join him." It was the scene of the marriage of Octavia and Antony, and hither she returned afterwards to weep at his neglect. "Titus, after the conquest of Jerusalem; Helena, on her way to Palestine in search of the true cross; Augustus Cæsar, who gave peace to the world; Dioclesian, the persecutor of the Christians; and poor blind Belisarius" are some among the illustrious persons who are said to have landed or sojourned on this island. Lanassa, wife of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, "received this emerald isle for her wedding portion.

Cicero probably passed the place as he came to visit his devoted Atticus, whose estates were on the opposite shore." Cato and Tibullus; the Emperor Nero; Richard I. of England, he of the lion heart; and Robert Guiscard, who seized the island in 1081, are names more or less interwoven with its history. The island is thus associated with the Greeks and Romans in the height of their power, as well as with the times of the crusades. "Here was passed in review that splendid armament which was destined to perish at Syracuse—the Moscow of Athenian ambition—and four hundred years later the waters of Actium saw a world lost and won. Here again after the lapse of sixteen centuries, met together those Christian Powers which off Lepanto dealt to the Turkish fleet—so long the scourge and terror of Europe—a blow from which it has never recovered." But, ages before the last-mentioned events, these quiet little bays floated a fleet of 120 triremes, which were about to engage in the most ancient naval battle recorded in history—that fought between Corinth and Corcyra, B. C. 657. Nor is the latest history of the island the least interesting. Here, within our own times, a political experiment was essayed which terminated in one of the most extraordinary events recorded in the history of modern governments, the voluntary cession of the island—after a protectorate of fifty years—by the government of Great Britain to the kingdom of Greece.

This island of Corfu—the ancient Corcyra—the still more ancient Scherie of Homer—is chief of the seven

Ionian Isles, and lies from north-west to south-east, its northern extremity separated by a channel of but two miles in width from the coast of Albania. Thence the waters expand to about twelve miles and contract again to about five at the southern outlet, forming as it were a huge lake, broken by islands and set in a frame-work of hills that are ever changing, with the changing day, from gray to blue, from purple to rose. The island is said to have taken its name from two prominent peaks or horns which distinguish the towering mountain at its northern extremity. It is about seventy-two miles in circuit, and is very irregular. Its shape has been compared to a sickle, but the outline more closely resembles a leg of lamb, the thicker portion lying to the north, whence it tapers gracefully to scarce a quarter of its greatest width. But, to whatever it may be likened, Corfu is most attractive, whether approached through the northern channel from Trieste or Italy, or the south from Greece and the Ionian Islands. As the steamer advances up the expanding channel, the town of Corfu, surmounted by its double-peaked citadel and protected by a long line of unbroken sea-wall, presents a striking appearance. Two conical crags rise abruptly from the extremity of the peninsula, or tongue of land occupied by the town and its defences, upon the sides of which the accumulated green growth of centuries spreads over the natural rock, half-concealing it. Beyond this the summits are carried by solid masonry. At the base of the inner fortification or citadel a row of white barracks attracts the attention,

and, below all, the steep, well-constructed sea-wall stretches uninterruptedly around the promontory until it meets the town, on the other side of which the square Venetian fortress (La Fortressa Nuova), less imposing than the rocky citadel in juxtaposition to it, rises in defence of the opposite extremity. The town beneath has the look of an Italian city, a clambering mass of tall white-coated houses from which an occasional campanile, or bell-tower, rises in picturesque relief. The whole—the town and fortress, flanked on either side by gentle bays, the broad waters dotted with sails, and, far to the eastward, the imposing mountain wall of San Salvador—forms a picture of exceeding beauty. Less stately than Malta, and without the majesty of Gibraltar, Corfu surpasses both in its union of strength with softness of repose. It is a dream of the past—perhaps a hope of the future—rather than an impending present; a place to linger in and to love, rather than to criticise with the spirit of utilitarian inquiry.

On landing at the "San Nicolo" steps, the visitor takes his way up the narrow passage between the ramparts and finds himself upon the esplanade, a spacious quadrangle lying between the citadel and the town. This space is intersected with graveled walks and surrounded with an avenue of shade-trees. The sea view to the north is here shut out by the government house, now the town palace—a handsome building erected by the first "Lord High Commissioner" of England. The high-peaked citadel at the eastern angle of the esplanade,

which covers its mate, is, however, the most imposing feature of the scene. A ditch and drawbridge separate it from the public walk, along which runs a stone Venetian balustrade. From this point a beautiful view of the sea is unfolded to the spectator, reminding one of scenes so often depicted upon the drop-curtain of theatres, where the inevitable marble terrace forms a foreground to a vista of lapis lazuli waters, skies of cerulean hue, and a pile of purple-tinted mountains. To the right, the panorama is spread out over the miniature bay of Castrades, which is defined by a sea-wall of smooth stone. Around this a well-made road forms a favorite drive and promenade, conducting to the wooded peninsula beyond, from the thick foliage of which rises the "Casino,"—now called by his majesty "Mon Repos,"—the summer residence of the King of Greece.

On the western side of the esplanade the town is shut out by a long row of rather stately-looking buildings, occupied in their basements by shops and cafés, and above as residences by some of the wealthier class and the foreign consuls. Half this line of buildings, absorbed mainly by the three or four hotels of Corfu, has an arched colonnade beneath it like those of Venice and Padua. This form of structure occurs at intervals in the town itself, and, with the campaniles, the frequent appearance of the "Lion of St. Mark"—the device of Venice—rudely sculptured in the ancient archways, and Italian names inscribed upon the streets, gives a Venetian air to the whole place. The esplanade

forms the regular drill-ground for the troops of the garrison as well as the favorite promenade for the inhabitants. It is the heart and lungs of the town, where every summer evening the Corfiotes stroll under the trees or gather around the military band performing operatic and national airs in the centre of the green; or, seated in groups before the cafés, discuss lemonade and ices. Behind this line of buildings the town itself slopes gradually northward to an inner bay, where a few merchant vessels of small tonnage represent the limited commerce of the place.

The streets of the town are narrow and crooked, many of them little better than lanes, paved with cobble stones, and lined with stands of hucksters in fruit, vegetables, and groceries, wine and tobacco shops, cobblers' stalls, cheap jewelry shops, etc. The place, as a whole, is cleanly, and there are few offensive smells, such as disgrace some of the back streets of Athens; the people—unlike their church bells, which are ever jangling—are quiet and orderly; and, despite the absence of an air of prosperity, there is something attractive in these cramped, rambling, old-fashioned streets, where the stranger easily loses his way, and finds himself in odd quarters before he recovers his bearings.

The visitor from other Grecian towns misses in Corfu the occasional glitter and color of the national costume which elsewhere—especially in Athens—is so effective. The only exception to this is the round cap and black robe of the Greek priest, or the shovel hat of

the Catholic clergy, or the dirty capotes of the Albanian boatmen from the opposite coast. Yet the population of Corfu is exceedingly mixed, being composed of Greeks and Italians, with some Maltese and Albanians, and a few English, the latter the remnants of those whose numbers and influence were so marked here during the period of British occupation.

The language of the townspeople is chiefly Italian, that of the country chiefly Greek, but both show the infusion of incongruous elements during the governmental sway over the island of various unscrupulous or unsympathetic powers. The stranger who asks in a foreign tongue for an article in a shop at Corfu, will most likely be surprised at receiving an answer in his own language, whatever that may be. The dialect is imperfect, but a general smatter of modern tongues seems to be at the command of all. They have borrowed a little from the Turks; a few phrases from the French; less from the English than would be expected after their long rule; and a permanent language, or patois, from the Venetians.

The population of the town and its suburbs, Manduchio and Castrades, is not far from 20,000; that of the whole island about 70,000. The religion of the Greek Church prevails, as is readily perceived by the large number of churches and chapels in town and country —in the town alone there being over two hundred. Roman Catholics and Jews are "tolerated," the latter far more kindly than the former. The two Roman Catho-

lic schools founded at Corfu are the cause of much complaint on the part of the zealous and jealous defenders of the Oriental Church. The Jews, on the other hand, being held as harmless, are now entirely free from persecution. They control no inconsiderable part of the local commerce of the town, and at a recent municipal election, three Israelites were chosen by decided majorities. The statistics give the number of Latins in the whole island as five thousand, and of Jews six thousand.

The processions of the Greek Church are frequent, and form one of the most interesting sights of Corfu. The richly-embroidered robes, the Church insignia, the flaring candles, the martial music, and the peculiar nasal chant of the priests, offer an impressive spectacle. Until late years the Roman Catholics have been forced to abstain from street ceremonials, as disorder, and even actual rioting, was to be apprehended. These *public* displays were believed by many to be in violation of the spirit of the Greek Constitution, which declares that "Proselytism and all other interference prejudicial to the dominant religion are prohibited." Perhaps the elongated and image-bearing cross, the angel-winged children, and the Latin chants, which chiefly distinguish these processions from those of the Greek Church, were what the sensitive orthodox communicant regarded as baneful to the interests of true religion. I have, however, seen on "Corpus Christi" day a Roman Catholic procession in the streets of Corfu, than which nothing

could have been conducted with greater decorum or witnessed by the surrounding crowd of Greeks with greater outward respect. The remarks of some of the spectators after the procession had passed, indicated the prevailing sentiment of the Greeks. "Thank God," said one, "we have nothing like that in Athens." "Blasphemous," remarked another; "their bishop under the canopy yonder is playing the part of God!" The criticisms made by the Roman Catholics when the mummied remains of Spiridon, the patron saint of Corfu, are taken out of its silver sarcophagus and given a ride in state around the public esplanade, are equally denunciatory.

Saint Spiridon, the finest church in the town—which is not saying a great deal for it—receives its name from the patron saint, and protects what is believed to be his veritable body. It stands in a narrow street of the same name, and furnishes one of the few objects of historical interest to the passing stranger. The edifice contains a marble screen surmounted with pictures, and the ceiling and walls are dark with paintings of the Italian School, set in heavy gilt scroll-work. The Church of "St. Spiro," as the saint is familiarly called, is frequently the scene of ceremonials which are attended by the royal family. Here "Te Deums" are sung on their majesties' "name days," and in celebration of the birth of the princes. On these occasions the King and Queen, aids-de-camp, and ladies of honor, stand within the choir facing the bishop and priests at the altar, while the

standing stalls are occupied on one side by the chief officials of the State, and on the other by the members of the diplomatic corps. The nave of the church is filled by the military and the public. Not the least interesting portion of this glittering assembly is the group of officiating priests, chanting the service, their long hair, high black caps, and stiff brocaded vestments of rich and diverse colors, thrown shawl-like over the shoulders, forming a peculiar picture. The body of Saint Spiridon, enclosed in a massive silver-embossed sarcophagus, lies within a side chapel, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp which is never extinguished. For those who wish to gaze upon the sacred remains of the saint, a fee of about fifty drachmés (eight dollars), effects the desired object. On special holy days, however, it may be seen without expense—except, perhaps, to one's feelings as he gazes upon the shrunken features of an eyeless mummy, with half a nose and three or four discolored teeth. The head is slightly turned aside, "resulting from the sabre stroke with which he was martyred;" the black skinny hands are folded across the breast in peaceful resignation, and the feet stick out from an embroidered robe shod in spangled sandals. This state of preservation after death is believed to be miraculous, and without the aid of any intervening human hand. Hither, to the shrine of St. Spiro, come the good people of Corfu from sunrise—when the church is opened with clang of bells, annoying greatly the denizens of the neighboring hotels—until sunset, when the church is

closed with the same discordant announcement. It is curious for a bystander to observe the worshippers, old and young, rich and poor; the tattered and slovenly beggar, and the fashionably-attired lady, as they glide, self-absorbed, into the little sombre chapel, mutter their prayers over the inspired relic, and cover the sarcophagus with fervent kisses. If a listening ear could be permitted for one day to catch the whispered words uttered over the shrine of the martyred saint, a curious chapter of human infirmity might be given to the world.

From the credible portion of the history of St. Spiridon, it would appear that he was indeed a worthy man. He lived at Cyprus during the reign of the cruel Maximinus Cæsar, and, although an humble shepherd, deprived himself of the necessities of life that he might bestow hospitality upon all needy wayfarers. His only daughter he devoted to the church. Spiro eventually became Bishop of Trebissond. He was buried in the place of his birth, but, owing to the miraculous power with which he was believed to be endowed, his body was carried in the seventh century to Constantinople and there worshipped as a saint. When the Christians fled before the Turks in 1456, a poor man bore away the remains of Spiridon and a certain other saint, by concealing them in two sacks of provender on the back of a mare. Reaching the coast of Epirus, he crossed the water to Corfu, where he erected a rude church over the precious treasures, and miracles and cures innumerable were wrought at the sacred shrine. Becoming rich

through the offerings then made by the credulous, he married, and at his death bequeathed the saint and church to his sons. The daughter of one of these sons married Stamatello Bulgari and received the saint as her dower. It has remained in that family to this day. In course of time the present church was erected to honor the saint. By testamentary decree, one of the Bulgari family must be an officiating priest of the church, and the three brothers take turns in receiving the annual income of offerings, which give a handsome support to the family. Spiridon was one of the bishops present at the celebrated Council of Nice, and is said to have illustrated there the doctrine of the Trinity in the following manner: "You cannot comprehend," he said, "the doctrine of three in one. Can you comprehend the simplest operation in Nature? Look at this earthen pitcher. Are not the three elements of fire, water, and earth so mingled in its composition that it could not exist without any one of the three? You believe it, but do not see the fire or the water that enter therein. Nay, you cannot see the dust of which it is composed." A writer who relates this as "the only fact in the saint's life redounding to his honor," and one which is said to have "confounded the Arians," weakens the evidence by destroying the character of the witness.

How far the Corfiotes of to-day believe in the supernatural intervention of their saint it is difficult to determine, though there is more latent superstition than the learned are willing to admit. But the force of habit and

the unwillingness to break through old and what are considered at least harmless customs contribute largely to swell the income derived from the saint's body.

Much the same feeling which induces certain intelligent people of the most civilized countries to be influenced by omens and signs impels the well-educated Greek not to deny the virtues ascribed to his saints. Many Corfiotes, with a certain shamefacedness, and others without the shamefacedness, express their faith in the divine intercession and curative virtues of St. Spiro. The ignorant believe, and the priests confirm their belief, that Spiridon, "walks the sea on stormy nights, and indeed seaweed is often found about his legs, which furnishes a lucrative article of commerce." The sick are frequently laid in the street on festival days of the saint that his body may pass over them and effect a cure. It is reported, and believed, that in a certain criminal trial which took place in Corfu some years since, owing to the contradictory evidence, two of the conflicting witnesses were called upon to swear to their testimony by touching the silver case which enshrines the body of "St. Spiro," and, each having taken the oath, the hand of the false witness soon afterwards withered, thus attesting his perjury.

Of other local supernatural beliefs, as recorded by various writers, a few may be briefly mentioned in this connection.

On Easter day in Corfu, when the ringing of bells at noon responds to the voice of the bishop, "Our Lord is

risen," the windows are thrown up and a crash of old crockery resounds along the pavements of the narrow streets; old women shout "avaunt fleas, bugs, and all vermin! make way for the Lord of all to enter?" accompanying the invocation with a shower of broken pots and pans. On these occasions, woe to the luckless stranger who may be walking the streets of Corfu in unhappy ignorance of this domestic institution, of which perchance a noseless water-jug flying in dangerous proximity to his own nose, may suddenly enlighten him. Greek saints, which in a measure supply the places of the gods of a passed-away mythology, are invoked for blessings and assistance in all the important affairs of maritime and agricultural life. The planting of the seed and the gathering of the fruits require each a benediction; a boat purchased by a Greek of a Turk must be formally purified; "St. Eustace is respectfully requested to free a field or vineyard from caterpillars; St. Peter gives his particular attention to the fishermen's nets and lines; Elijah blesses salt; St. Procopius protects the thick skull of the stupid school-boy. After the slaughter of the lambs on Easter day, a lock of wool is dipped in the blood and a cross is inscribed with it on the lintel of the door. Within the memory of old islanders the *obolo*, a small copper coin, has been deposited in the coffin of the dead to pay Charon his fee across the Styx. In parts of the country, evil spirits are supposed to be abroad at noon, during the month of August, and the peasants shut themselves up in their houses." A coffin-

nail, here, as in many other parts of the world, when driven into the door of a house, affords perfect security from ghosts, and a triangular bit of paper, on which is written the name of a disease, effectually prevents the appearance of the malady in that neighborhood. Rags tied to a bit of stick receive the evil spirits exorcised by the "papa" or priest. To drop oil bodes no good, and to see a priest at sunrise is a very bad omen, and a convenient apology for the reverend sluggard. It is but fair to say that these and a hundred other superstitions are chiefly prevalent among the peasantry, and in the towns are confined to the lowest classes. These will fade away with the increasing light of civilization, if it is permitted through natural channels, and not through forced lenses, to pass into the social apprehension of the people of the East.

In educational matters, Corfu and the Ionian Islands are behind Athens, which latter, without the advantages of British influence and culture during the "Protectorate" of the islands, has made very rapid strides in scholastic instruction since her forty years of freedom. Before the cession, there were, according to English statistics, 304 schoolmasters in the island. A university established under private auspices seems to have failed, and yet there are more children taught to-day in Corfu than then. A law obliges the attendance of pupils at school, but, like many Greek laws, it is not enforced. The late "Nomarch" or prefect of Corfu, Mr. Mavrocordatos, an intelligent gentleman and son of the illus-

trious statesman of that name, made exertions to increase the number of schools in the island. Being once on a tour of inspection, he was gratified to find that all the boys in a certain village remote from the capital attended school daily. Thereupon the Nomarch suggested that girls' schools should be established, but this was met with an expression of surprise: "What! would you have girls—who naturally know so much more than boys—educated? They would soon be the masters of the town." This little item may be a crumb of comfort to the advocates of "Woman's Rights" at home. Among other social benefits, female education in the Ionian Islands would occupy with elevating domestic pursuits the minds of a large number of women, and introduce a taste for book-reading of a higher order than French romances. There are, however, many of the gentle sex whose cultivation and manners combine in a considerable degree to enhance the attractions of the pleasant island they inhabit. But strangers know little of the local society of the place and should be guarded in their criticisms. The English used to complain that the Greek families would not mix with their own. Not that the latter were regarded in any spirit of unfriendliness, but rather from natural and unsympathetic causes. The dinners and balls at the "Government House" and at the houses of the leading officials were always graced by Greek ladies and honored by Greek gentlemen, but somehow or other these compliments were seldom returned by the Corfiotes. "They will eat our dinners and slide

over our floors, but we never get so much as a polite request to call and see them, much less to sit at their tables," said an Englishman. It is possible that English affluence and Greek economy were impelling causes in this matter. Still the natural habits of the two peoples are widely different, and the Corfiotes prefer their own society to that of strangers. They are seclusive rather than exclusive. Among themselves they have many reunions. Music and the dance are heard in the houses of the rich and the poor, while those who have no homes —such as young men who go to their lodgings only to sleep, and then among the small hours of the morning—pass their evenings at the cafés and devote the greater part of the night to perambulating the streets and singing songs under the windows of the sleepless. For hours, too, in the neighborhood of the hotels, the ear is forced to keep time to the sound of numerals issuing from some neighboring wine-shop, as the players at "Moro" enunciate "one," "two," "five," etc., according to the guess of the player at the number of fingers his opponent holds up. When all the money has been won or the drinks exhausted, "silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the wounds of sound." But the respite is a brief one. Soon the back streets awaken with fresh abominations. The discordant voices of women, leaning out of the open windows, mingle with the incoherent shouts of drunken sailors, from the foreign ships of war in the harbor, as they stagger through the streets after a beastly carousal. And so with variations passes

many an entire night, until the bell-clanging of daylight begins, or the corporal commences his "one, two, three" drill upon the parade ground in front of the hotels, or the military band goes crashing by at guard-mounting. All this is so susceptible of correction, under proper police regulations, that the traveller wonders why his comfort is not a little more respected by the local authorities. Yet these night nuisances have for years been complained of and existed in full force even during the English Protectorate.

Corfu is no exception to the rest of Greece in the democratic instincts of her people, but, like many of those who dwell even in professed republics, the distinction of titles is not always repugnant to the happy few who acquire them. The cards left upon foreigners—not their own people—are frequently impressed with a coronet or bear the prefix of a "Count." This is the remnant of Venetian island aristocracy. The Venetians, ever proud of their own birthright, were less rigid in the bestowal of titles upon their dependencies, and they were thus sometimes cheaply bought or earned. The Corfiote "Count" of to-day, he who mingles with the best society of the place, is most probably a "genuine," and, like many titled gentlemen in Eastern Europe, may possibly carry all his personal property in his visiting card. But there are occasional spurious specimens floating about the Ionian Islands, who, with their more worthy fellow-subjects, will some day be glad to drop their handles and rejoice alone in their simple manhood.

The society of Corfu is unostentatious, and the people are simple in their tastes. The lower orders are frugal, inactive, generally complaining, yet too indifferent to effect reforms even where reform is at their elbow. They are domestic and exceedingly temperate. Both classes, like the ancient Corcyreans, regard hospitality as a sacred duty. They are polite, affable in manner, excitable, and proud. Oriental subserviency is not carried to the extent observable farther east, but there is enough among those who employ it as their stock-in-trade to amuse the unaccustomed Frank. From the street mendicant to the shopkeeper, the lowest and most deferential of bows to him who is entitled to any official consideration precedes all communication, and "Your Excellency," oftentimes employed superfluously, prefaces every sentence. The landlord will sometimes enter the apartment of such an one with the air of a man who is about to petition for his life, rather than to inquire at what hour "His Excellency" will dine, and on receiving his answer, will back out of the presence at the imminent danger of upsetting himself as well as the gravity of his guest. Yet the pride of the Greek, here as elsewhere, true or false, never deserts him. It goes hand in hand with his poverty, and is the saving salt of his meagre portion in life. The stranger in Corfu, if he remains long enough to be known, and especially if he is supposed to have a plethoric purse, will very likely be the recipient of more than one charitable epistle, elegantly written, and couched in affecting terms, setting

forth the domestic troubles which had reduced the writer from a condition of prosperity to abject want. Perhaps the petitioner will present himself in person, clad in seedy black, and tell his tale with the refinement of manner of one who has all his life been a giver, and never before an asker of alms. He may or may not be an imposter, but will in either case go away with tearful gratitude for the little aid which may be bestowed. Such assistance, however needy he may be, the Greek will not seek of his own countrymen if he can find a stranger to apply to, for he knows that by his own people a man reduced in circumstances is often despised. It is not uncommon for one who has received money in this way from a stranger to go first to a café and put in an appearance before his friends. In an off-hand manner he will order coffee or wine for the companions whom he may meet there, and, having sustained his pride by this display of hospitality, will go home to spend the rest of his money in relieving the pressing wants of his impoverished family.

Like all his race, the Corfiote is excessively fond of amusement and display, and, as in other parts of Greece, the number of holidays seriously interferes with the industry and prosperity of the people. Scarcely two-thirds of the year are occupied by working days. The feasts and the fasts are of such frequent recurrence as to make it imperative upon the stranger to keep the almanac constantly before him to know what days he can, and what days he cannot attend to the business he may

have to do. The bells ring in these feast and fast days —clang again at noon, and clang again at night. No shops but the wine-shop and the tobacconist's are open, and no workman can be found till the sacred day is over. As most of the people are named after saints, it follows that whenever the "Saint's day" comes round, all the "Spiridons," "Demetrioses," "Nicholases," and so on, must keep high festival. On more general celebrations, such as the Anniversary of Greek Independence, the queen's name-day, the baptism of princes, or the public visit of some distinguished guest, the people give themselves wholly up to pleasure, which generally consists in an unusual modicum of bell-ringing, martial music, discharges of cannon, perambulation of the streets in holiday attire, and a devotion of the evening and night to a combination of these elements, to which is added illumination and fire-works. Nothing less than frequent discharges of rockets, interspersed with a copious display of blue, red, and green Bengal lights, seem adequate to relieve the feelings which surcharge the Corfiote on these occasions.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this sketch to offer any extended remarks upon the political condition of the island. A few brief observations may, however, be permitted, touching the political antecedents which led to the union of the Ionian Islands with the Kingdom of Greece. The "Government House," now the town palace, stretches across the northern side of the esplanade, and with its semicircular wings embraces the en-

tire width of this public ground. No better position could have been selected for the residence of the governing power, and it fitly typifies the expansive and engrossing character of the government, which, under the harmless title of a "Protectorate," ruled the people of the Ionian Islands from 1816 to 1864. Every one is familiar with the *modus operandi* of a puppet-show. The operator is concealed beneath the stage where the figures perform to the admiring crowd in front, and only the uninitiated suppose that the little actors on the scene move by their own volition. The Senate of the Ionian Islands—consisting of one Senator from each island—held the executive power and met in the Senate Chamber in the "Government House," and the English "Lord High Commissioner," in whom the "Protectorate" was personified, resided in the same building. It is not intended by this illustration to insinuate that this distinguished functionary was concealed below the political stage as the wire-puller is concealed in the puppet-box. The fact was precisely the *reverse*. The Ionian Senate held its sittings in the basement story of the Government House, and the Lord High Commissioner of England occupied the apartment overhead! From this, the sagacious mind will readily infer the character of "self-government" during the period of British protection.

The esplanade of Corfu is adorned with three monuments, erected in commemoration of three of the ten Lord High Commissioners, through whose varied administrations England virtually exercised sovereign sway

over the Ionian Islands. One of these monuments is in the form of a circular Grecian Temple, and bears the name of Sir Thomas Maitland, the first "Lord High"—familiarly known as "King Tom," from the arbitrary character of his rule. A full-length statue in bronze of Sir Frederic Adams, stands in classic dignity before the old Government House. Sir Frederic's administration was much after that of Sir Thomas's, but his influence for good over an essentially democratic people was impaired by his love of pomp—a characteristic well illustrated in the flowing robes and august attitude of his brazen statue. Overlooking the water, at the other end of the esplanade, rises a granite obelisk, in memory of Sir Howard Douglas, fourth Lord High Commissioner, whose relaxing policy was hardly more successful than that of his predecessor, Lord Nugent, whose efforts at reforms and liberal measures were not sufficiently guided by moderation and sagacity to carry out his well-intentioned efforts. These three monuments are protected against injury by a convention to that effect, entered into between the Ionians and the British government, and, whether acceptable or not to the popular taste, there they stand, perpetual reminders to the Ionians of what they have lost. But if—and it is to be hoped such a contingency will never arise—these monuments should ever be endangered by an excited populace, that of Sir Howard Douglas, at least, ought to be respected, for, whatever were his failings as a political ruler, he had the honesty to state plainly to the British government the.

cause to which chiefly must be ascribed the failure of the "Protectorate." In a dispatch to the Colonial Minister, Sir Howard wrote: "Truth and a strong sense of duty compel me to declare that the internal strength of the country, the moral and physical state of the people, have not been benefitted by British connection so far as to protect us hereafter from the reproach of having attended less to their interests than to our own."

There is another monument in the esplanade at Corfu which, though old and time-stained, infinitely surpasses those just named in its material and moral effect. It is a statue in marble of Marshal Schulemburg, who in 1716 "piled the ground with Moslem slain" and delivered the Corfiotes as well as the Venetians from the brutal ferocity and ignominy of Ottoman oppression. As to the English rule in the Ionian islands, it must be said that those who administered in the name of the Sovereign of Great Britain were men of high social standing—some among them of more than ordinary mental culture—and personally such as to command the respect of those whom they were to govern. The seeming incapacity of the English mind to comprehend and assimilate with other races—the total supremacy of the Anglican idea at the expense of that generous sympathy with foreign habits of thought and action which is born of unselfishness—interfered materially with the intentions of the governing party, which were, beyond question, for the most part pure and noble. England was thus forced by her inability to gain the good will of the

Ionians, to relinquish the islands, and chief among them, Corfu, the "Key of the Adriatic," which fifty years before she had taken upon her hands with all the pomp and circumstance of a conquering power. The English would have left a kindlier feeling behind them if, instead of yielding to the Austrian demand, she had permitted Corfu to retain the defences towards the construction of which the Corfiotes had themselves contributed. But these noble works were ruthlessly sacrificed, and the island of Corfu declared to be thenceforth "neutral ground." The magnificent fortifications on the island of Vedo, lying opposite to the town, which cost upwards of a million of pounds sterling, were in the course of a few hours blown high into air, to fall a mass of shapeless ruins. Nor was this all. Every gun, with the exception of seven left for official salutes, was carried off by the departing English, these including several hundred bronze Venetian cannon which properly belonged to Corfu and had formed a part of the implements of defense from the period of Venetian supremacy. No wonder the islanders "wept" when their protectors stripped them of their raiment and left them half-naked. In vain by intrigue and open counsel were attempts made to induce the Corfiotes to "think again" before relinquishing the arm of Great Britain and accepting union with Greece. They were reminded of the many gold sovereigns which would be drawn from daily circulation by the absence of the British troops and the civil service, and were told of the miseries attending the

early struggles of a new kingdom, notwithstanding that the nation and the flag would be their own. The islanders replied, with an epigrammatic shrewdness worthy of their Greek ancestors: "It is better to be slapped by our mother than by our stepmother." So the "stepmother" sailed away, leaving the Corfiotes to try the experiment of independence and poverty, after a half-century of nominal self-government, but of actual allegiance to an alien power.

These remarks may serve to disabuse the mind of the stranger in Corfu of certain erroneous impressions not infrequently received from conversations with those who were pecuniary sufferers by the cession of the islands. During the protectorate upwards of two thousand soldiers were in garrison at Corfu. Consequent upon this, and the employment of a large civil service, an English community existed in the town. The money thus disbursed among the townspeople by the foreign residents and visitors was something not to be suddenly lost to the Corfiotes without a grumble. The amount of British gold daily circulated in the town is estimated by some as not less than eight hundred pounds sterling. The withdrawal of this brought half the shopkeepers to a stand-still, and such as remain to-day may tell the stranger, *sotto voce*, that the cession of the Ionian Islands was a "great mistake," and that "Corfu had nothing to hope for but by a return to the protection of a richer and more powerful nation." Corfu is no exception to a condition consequent upon abrupt political transform-

ation. There are many Venetians who grumble to-day at the loss of their Austrian patrons and customers, and would welcome them back at the cost of the national liberty; yet what disinterested mind would see Venice again under an alien flag? But out of the town—out into the free air of the agricultural districts, where the English tongue and Italian patois are unknown—no such complaints are heard. The spirit of the country people, like their language, is Greek, although neither will be found as pure as in Attica and the Peloponnesus.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the condition and prospects of the Ionians since they threw off British protection, every one will agree that by the "union" the Kingdom of Greece has added to her own territory—much of which, though hallowed by classic history, is sterile and unproductive—as charming and delightful island scenery as, perhaps, the world has to offer. The drives out of Corfu over the well constructed English roads—now, however, somewhat out of repair—are very attractive. From the rampart gates the hard macadamized roads run out like veins over the greater portion of the whole island, conducting, through pleasant valleys and miles on miles of olive groves, to many a little rustic village picturesquely perched upon hill-side and summit.

The views from these elevated points are, in many respects, unparalleled for scenic effects. Stanfield, the English painter, declared one of them to be the finest he had ever seen, and the American poet, Bryant, says:

"Here is every element of the picturesque, both in color and form; mountain peaks, precipices, transparent bays, woods, valleys of the deepest verdure, and pinnacles of rocks rising near the shore from the pellucid blue of the sea." He might have added that the picturesque costumes, graceful figures, and frequently beautiful features of the peasantry contribute in no little degree to the charms of that unique scene.

The island is covered with forests of olive trees, whose varying tints from deep to whitish green, charm the eye at every turn. The olive tree furnishes to Corfu its chief means of support, large quantities of the oil being shipped—chiefly to England—for lubricating machinery. The fruit is coarser than that of Zante, which latter is carefully picked from the tree and not allowed to fall and accumulate upon the ground, as is the case in Corfu, where the peasant—unlike the Greeks in general—is indolent and unthrifty. The flora of Corfu is very abundant; indeed, it has been said that "Corfu offers a more fertile field for the botanist than any space of like extent in the known world." I have seen a list, and that but a partial one, of over three hundred plants indigenous to the island. Roses and jessamines, the sweet-scented clematis, the myrtle and hawthorn, with other varieties of plants and shrubs, sweeten the air and break in bright colors on the eye as they straggle along the road-side, or invite the pedestrian to follow some unfrequented mountain path where they bloom in luxurious solitude.

Fruits are also very abundant, as the tables of Corfu fully attest. Melons in large variety; pears, peaches, apricots, oranges, plums, almonds, figs and grapes of the most delicious flavor, tempt the appetite and largely contribute to the health of the resident during the trying heats of summer. Only the currant, that staple of the Southern Ionian islands, refuses to grow in Corfu. When transplanted there it becomes a grape, losing all the peculiarity of size and flavor which make this fruit so profitable an article of export from Cephalonia, Zante, and Peloponnesus, under the name of "dried currants." Homer's account of the fruit trees that grew in the famous garden of Alcinoüs, in this same island of Corfu, may be quoted here as an almost literal description of the horticultural condition of the island to-day:

"Tall thriving trees confessed the fruitful mould,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold:
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale,
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail;
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies;
On apples, apples; figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the bloom to blow,
The buds to harden and the fruits to grow."

Few travellers who touch at Corfu remain long enough to visit the interior of the island and obtain an idea of its scenic attractions. Those who drive out of the town, during the stay of the steamer, have scarcely time to

visit more than a single point, and that, perhaps, the least interesting. Many days may be agreeably spent in excursions over the island, ascending the various elevations and skirting the sea-coasts. I have myself passed entire summers on the island, which are embalmed among my happiest experiences.

Coming from the North, the Ionian Islands may be regarded as the seven stepping stones of Greece, and Corfu is the first of these stepping stones. Politically and geographically considered, it is the most interesting of the group, but Cephalonia, and especially Zante, the so-called "Flower of the Levant," is well worthy of a passing call.

It was the fashion, during the years of the protectorate, for English writers to laud the Ionian Islands, and especially the island of Corfu, as a sort of terrestrial paradise. Now, silence condemns that fair region as unworthy of the traveller's passing regard, or the pens of ready writers denounce it and its people as lapsing into physical and political degradation. When I first visited the island in 1856, the British flag waved from the fortress, and English troops paraded on the esplanade; the streets of the town were lively with English pedestrians, and the blue waters of the harbor were whitened with the spread of English canvas from Her Majesty's men-of-war, and the swift-moving yachts of innumerable tourists and sportsmen. To-day there is not the feeblest evidence of that imperial power which swayed the Ionians for half a century. The roads and

the effigies of three or four Lord High Commissioners are alone left to remind us of that great political failure. Yet the people, though poor, are happier for their independence, and the island, in natural charms, is as worthy as it ever was of the praise accorded to it by Homer when he called it *erateinos*—"lovely,"—and "the ever-pleasing shore, with woody mountains half in vapor lost," and "the favorite isle of heaven."

CHARACTER OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

CHARACTER OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

F there is one name more odious than another to the Greek philologist or historian, it is that of Fallmerayer. That distinguished Savan of Munich published in 1830 a brilliant history of the Morea, in which he argues, with much cleverness and learning, that the Hellenic race is utterly extinguished; indeed, that since the invasion in the eighth century of the Christian era, "not a single drop of Hellenic blood has throbbed in the veins of the mixed barbarians of modern Greece." One sentence of the eminent professor will suffice to show the calmness with which he surveys the historic scene, and the masterly conviction with which he enunciates results. "The Scythians, Slavi, Slavesiani, Bulgars, Avars, Huns, Alans, Kumans, and other Devils' imps—*teuflische Unholdekin*—murder and slaughter the entire Hellenic race, to the very last man! Nay, they burn, uproot, tear down, destroy, and annihilate every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the whole country."* Such conclusions are hardly calculated to win the unmixed applause of the Modern Greek. Indeed, he rejects them, and oftentimes with an argu-

* Prof. Koeppen.

mentative ability which would place the great Bavarian *hors du combat*, but for an excess of vehemence on the part of the defender of Hellenism, which is always prejudicial to the cause of truth. At the name of Fallmerayer, I have seen a University man at Athens, whose natural temperament was that of imperturbable calmness, rise from his seat with flashing eyes and excited gesture, and pour forth for a good ten minutes a volley of indignant rodomontade against the memory of the unfortunate Professor, which, if not absolutely conclusive in point of argument, had the effect of adjourning, *sine die*, any further discussion of the subject.

The question of how much, or how little, or if any at all, of the glorious blood of Hellas flows in the veins of the people now called Greeks, will probably never be decided to the satisfaction of the world at large. The study of the ancient Greeks is a study distinct and apart from that which, with any practical advantage, can be applied to the people of to-day. It is admitted that the Modern Greek *claims* genuine descent from the race which once made Athens the light and the glory of the world; and with the modern Greek may properly rest the responsibility of proving by practical, rather than historical demonstration, that the action of his mind, as traced in visible results, is indebted for its vitality to hereditary influences going back to the Illyrian, or even to the Pelasgian tribes. If this claim of ancestry on the part of the Greeks is wholly fictitious, then we must accept in its place what is unquestionably a greater phe-

nomenon. We must, in fact, admit that what has once been destroyed and annihilated by the crush of ages and the waste of centuries, has reappeared or been repeated without any connecting link with the past, and without any origin traceable by natural deduction. For certain it is that the Greek of to-day possesses and manifests certain distinctive traits of character which were distinguishing characteristics of the ancient inhabitants of Hellas, and which, in a similar degree and manifestation, do not pertain to other modern nations. Curiosity, vanity, ambition, cunning, etc., are traits of humanity which every people exhibit in a greater or less degree, but these and other qualities are peculiarly marked in the Modern Greek, and in their *ensemble*, more strikingly conform to the character ascribed to the Ancient Greeks, than do those of any other people. Nor is this resemblance confided to intellectual peculiarities. The ancient type of physical beauty reappears in an imperfect but perceptible degree in many parts of the present kingdom of Greece. This is attested by a host of writers, some of whom note it rather as a curious fact than as a natural result of the history of the people. What is still more surprising is, that the ancient tongue of Greece has been so little affected by the centuries of alien power and material degeneration. "The preservation of the language," says Felton, "which substantially is that which was spoken in the time of Demosthenes, is one of the most surprising instances of tenacious nationality in the history of our race." These

facts cannot be lost sight of in any examination which seeks to resolve the question which the school of Fallmerayer has presumed to decide in such arbitrary language. If I were disposed to argue the point—which I am not—I could hardly do better than to place side by side certain passages of the old historians descriptive of the traits of character—bad and good—of the ancient Hellenes, with the criticisms of modern writers upon the present race. In many instances they would be found to be almost parallel. In other instances the difference is marked enough, the deficiency being the more perceptible from the comparison being instituted on the spot where ancient greatness culminated, and among a people whose claims to recognition of direct descent are out of proportion to the visible evidences they are prepared to bring to support it.

I do not propose to analyze the Greek character, but to touch upon its salient points with a view to correct existing prejudices and wide-spread misconceptions. A mere enumeration of mental and moral traits would give an indefinite idea of the Hellenic mind. It is the peculiar assimilation of these qualities that makes up the Greek of to-day. So far as characteristics go, it may be said that he is vivacious, impulsive, shrewd, inquisitive, sensitive, impressible, the child of the moment; in temperament more French than German or Italian, and the opposite of the Anglo Saxon. He is jealous and ambitious, vain and egotistical, receptive and sympathetic. He will return confidence with fidelity, and suspi-

cion with suspicion. He has "wit to confound, and cunning to ensnare;" is dissimulating and frank by turns. He is a bitter enemy, and a generous and hospitable friend. Perhaps the most distinctive feature in his intellectual system is finesse, and if there is any analogy between the Athenian of to-day and the Athenian of twenty-two hundred years ago, it is exhibited in this peculiarity. The subtlety of the Greek is in such marked contrast to the blunt frankness of the Englishman or American, as to be often mistaken by the foreigner for dishonesty. The polish of manner and politeness of speech observable in the French and the Greek, the Spaniard and the Italian, are rejected by the American and Englishman, and often by the German, as mere deceptive veneering. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the substance beneath is hollow or unsound. A man may "smile and be a villain," but he may also smile and garnish his language with compliment and flattery, without a jot less of human sympathy or honesty of purpose than the bluntest of his critics. The Greek may conceal his real thoughts while appearing to harmonize with yours. It does not follow that in so doing he practises premeditated deception. Policy and tact suggest a manner and language which the Oriental regards as more fitting than downright plain speaking, which, if it did not defeat a purpose, might offend. Modern Greeks embellish facts as their ancestors embellished their architecture. Some men prefer the airy involutions of the Ionic, others the efflorescent Corinthian. A Greek

will look one in the eye and fathom one's thoughts before expressing his own. He calculates your wants rather than his own; he assents, or seems to assent, with eyes and tongue, while mentally snapping his fingers at your ignorance or folly. You may leave him with the impression that your superior intelligence or persuasion has made a deep impression; he may leave you with a feeling that he is relieved of a bore. He understands you better than you understand him; and while you go away deceived by your own want of perception, he goes away with a respect for your honesty, but more and more convinced that your nation and habits are at fault. The Greek will not contrive to delude unless in a game of wits; but he despairs of assimilation, and wishing your friendship, avoids antagonism. If he believes in any thing, it is himself—in his origin—in his capabilities—in the superiority of his rights. If he is despised and thwarted, he laments his fate, which he puts upon his poverty or his physical inability to cope with his adversary. He appears weak, and offers no resisting hand, but he wraps himself in his own merits and finds compensation in ideas. As a poor and distressed gentleman, with the claims of ancestry, will sometimes reap all the advantage he can from the society of the *parvenue*, whom he inwardly despises; so perhaps the Greek derives consolation from the thought that other nations in their power and strength are but as underlings in comparison with the gift of blood which flows with ancestral pride in the veins of his own countrymen. He

will take all the world has to give and ask for more with an inward conviction that he is receiving but his due. Hence the vanity of the Greek, which is a national more than a personal characteristic. This trait leads him to imitate other Powers, so far as externals may give his nation importance in their eyes. He hears the boast and recognizes the advantages of pompous Courts, strong armies, the displays of national assemblies, and of ministerial prominence. Like the Ancient Athenian, he contributes to the support of public institutions, pays cheerfully the tax which goes to sustain the little army and the little fleet, and if he dies rich—whether abroad or at home—will bequeath a generous sum towards the national university, museums, colleges or hospitals, or towards the foundation of some public institution that shall bear his name.

The vanity of the Greek lies chiefly in the direction of intellectual endowments. If he can make no figure himself, he takes pride in believing that the diplomacy, the legal and forensic talent and the University knowledge of Athens, compare well with that which other nations produce in these regards. The personal vanity of the Greek, especially among the lower classes, displays itself in the passion for dress. The oft-recurring holiday affords to even the most modest-mannered women—and all Greek women are by nature modest—the opportunity to bedeck their bodies with cheap jewelry and incongruous colors. He of the fez and fustinella, who may have paid more for his gold-embroidered

jacket and tasselled leggings than his means warranted, will sport his snowy skirts on the deck of a dirty steamboat where the foreign traveller is wearing from choice his shabbiest suit. The Greek officer takes especial delight in the rattle of his sword, not only in the "tented field," or on dress parade, but in the drawing-room when he makes a morning call. One may sometimes count the ring of the scabbard on every step of the staircase as he makes martial way to the scene of his captures. If he has won an enamel cross or shoulder sash for having been in attendance upon some foreign prince, the mental gratification evinced in his ample display is intensified. Decorations are bestowed in the kingdom with such a lavish hand as to be almost valueless. It is the cheapest way to give contentment to those who, disbelieving in the theory that virtue is its own reward, desire some outward sign and token of personal distinction. But to ascertain for what the wearer is distinguished one must often ask the gentleman himself. The Greek does not deceive himself in this respect any more than does the child who knows that his wax doll is empty and fragile, but for all that, his decorated lappel is the pride of his heart. The plain dress coat of the American Minister at public ceremonials, contrasting with the glitter and gold of the rest of the diplomatic corps, has more than once elicited the favorable comment of the press; and once when a distinguished general of the United States army was present at a Court ball at Athens, a journal on the following morn-

ing commented on the simplicity of appearance of "the winner of forty battles in a uniform without a single decoration" in invidious comparison with that room-full of "gold-laced and star-spangled gentlemen not one of whom had shed a drop of blood for his country, and many of whom were utterly ignorant of the smell of gunpowder." Mingling with the vanity of externals there is a good deal of false pride on the subject of social position. This runs through the lowest strata of Greek life and seriously interferes with wholesome occupation. In the cities nowhere is the social grade more jealously guarded than in Greece, and this extends to the lowest ranks of menial life. In China a gentleman's private servant would not willingly pick up a broken wine glass from his master's table, but calls upon the house servant to do it. Much of that sort of nonsense prevails in Athens. A servant lad once came to me for his wages and to ask for his discharge; and the only reason that could be elicited from him for leaving the service was that the occupation he was engaged in was "not respectable." "What occupation do you mean?" "Helping the cook, sir." Passing into the Chamber of Deputies a few months after this, I was saluted by the guard at the door, and recognized my former servant in the "more respectable" employment of serving his country in a military uniform at the rate of three cents per diem and his rations.

Personal ambition is to-day as prominent a trait among the modern Athenians as it was in ancient

Athens. Rivalry is the whetstone of the University, the bar and the political arena—the aspirant for academica or civic honors though baffled is never beaten; the love of distinction in the one case, and the love of power in the other is as vital as life itself. It is not the modern Themistocles only who "cannot sleep" because of his rival's successes, but it is young Plato also and Alcibiades, and Demosthenes of the Chamber of Deputies! But as he climbs the rugged and deceptive steep, deformed and haggard shapes start from out the shadowy by-ways and keep pace with him. Jealousy and revenge, more or less developed, active or latent, according to his degree of cultivation, stir the blood of the Greek and are not easily subdued. Success may bring the required satisfaction, or, failing that, the disappointed one may wound his adversary to the quick with well pointed irony or scorn. Jealousy in communities is no less prominent than in individuals. Attica and the Peloponnesus faintly recall to-day the dissensions of ancient times. Continental Greece and the Ionian Islands still view each other askant, and between provinces, villages and classes there exist jealousies and petty feuds which, while they rarely assume the attitude of belligerency, seem to be beyond the power of reconciliation. The "E Pluribus Unum" principle, the neglect of which brought the states of Ancient Greece to ruin, is not yet comprehended by the Moderns sufficiently to induce self sacrifice for the good of the whole.

The Greek is inquisitive. Nothing, however insignificant, escapes his restless eye and busy tongue; as in the olden time, he is "ever seeking something new," but the impression is fleeting, and with the love of versatility and from mere caprice he seizes straws which the next moment he gives to the wind. He enjoys life and with a keenness of temperament which would seem to assert that no sacrifice would be too great to preserve it; yet no people will meet death with more stoicism, or more eagerly wish for self-martyrdom, if his fellows are standing by to applaud the act, or if there be the faintest promise of leaving a legacy of glory behind him. Premeditation rather than impulse was the mother of many of those gallant deeds during the revolution which have enshrined the memory of Canaris, Miaoolis, Botzaris, Colocotronis and others in niches of perpetual fame. The love of glory is a very active element in deeds of war, but a higher and deeper feeling, intense love of country mingling with the horror of the shame which awaited them if captured, led the Suliote women of 1823 to fling themselves headlong from the ramparts, and the besieged women of Candia during the late Cretan war, to apply the torch to the powder magazine, preferring death to dishonor. Thus heroism, in its noblest signification, equal to any example in ancient times and surpassed by none in modern history, is another characteristic of the Greeks, to question which would be to question the motives of all men who have left behind them illustrious names as martyrs for the cause of country. A

Greek officer once laid before me the plan of a most ingenious but hazardous enterprise which during the * * * war he had proposed to the military chiefs to carry out under his own leadership and at his own risk. The probabilities of success were great, and the result, if successful, would have been disastrous to the enemy. His proposal, however, was rejected, chiefly because his own life would have been exposed to the most imminent danger, for the chances were indeed a hundred to one against him: yet he was positively indignant that for this reason the loss of one man's life,—namely his own—should cause the abandonment of an enterprise of such "pith and moment" to the State. "If I am willing to take the risk," he argued, "that is my affair—I relieve you of all responsibility—but if you deny me, then you will be responsible for losing an opportunity which will not perhaps occur again in the campaign." This truly brave man has never got over the disappointment at not being allowed to expose himself to peril in order that some hundreds of the enemy might be blown to perdition.

The Greek is a passionate man; his emotions are excited as readily as dry straw kindles to a flame, but it consumes as quickly, if the cause is not substantial. Thus we see a man cracking a joke with another whom a moment before he was berating with the vilest of epithets. But in many parts of the country the knife is as quick as the tongue, and this accounts for the large number of fugitives from justice, some of whom, as a means of eluding the vigilance of the police, fly to the

mountains, or join bands of brigands, which keep detachments of troops incessantly moving in pursuit of escaped homicides and murderers. But if passion goes out with the straws that kindled it, a deep-seated injury like wounded honor or a family insult burns like compressed and slow consuming tow. In coarser natures it urges to desperate measures, and the traveller in the interior of Greece sometimes sees men with their hair and beards growing long in token that the wearer has an enemy to meet; nor will it be cut or shaved until he has met insult with insult, or blood with blood, like Achilles nursing a

> "Wrath which sets the wisest hearts on fire,
> Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
> But in the bosom of mankind a smoke."

The Greek is notoriously sharp-witted and takes a pride in his wit. To be out-manœuvred in a bargain, especially by one of his own countrymen, is a source of the deepest mortification. Hence the proverb, "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." It is very amusing to stand by and watch the process of a business transaction, even if it be the buying and selling of a string of dried onions. The argument is often lost in the vehement and and simultaneous declamation of both parties, and is ended only by a concession of the original terms on the part of each. The little girl who sells her pottle of strawberries just as the train is moving out of the railway station in England, and which turns out to be half waste paper, would hardly deceive

the Greek. Before he lets his sixpence change ownership he will empty the fruit into his hand and, if found wanting will make the change to correspond. As to petty cheating, it is an error to suppose that this prevails in Greece more than in other communities. The almost universal charge that the Greeks are "a set of thieves and swindlers" is about as true in its application to the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Greece, as was once the idea that the people of the State of Connecticut adopted the principles of wooden hams and nutmegs in their general business transactions. The Greeks as a people are an honest people,—that is they are not the "dishonest scoundrels" which they are so frequently asserted to be by those who employ this *manière de parler* without personal knowledge of the subject. Much of the prejudice against the Greeks is traceable to the low character of the mixed population of the Levantine ports. All who are not distinctly marked as Arabs or Turks are put down under the generic title of "Greeks," and the traveller who has been cheated by a Jew in the Bazaar at Alexandria or Smyrna, or swindled by a Maltese hackman, boatman, or dragoman, instantly assumes that he is the victim of Greek villany. But these Levantine scoundrels are no more Greeks than a Mexican half-breed is a "Yankee," and it would be quite as just for a traveller along our western frontier to attribute to the laxity of American morals the brutal character of the border ruffian, as to charge upon the Greek nation the sins of the Levantine ports—that is to

say of the mixed population—including no doubt many Greeks of Alexandria and the commercial towns of Syria, Asia Minor and Turkey. The commercial and working classes in the cities of "free Greece" are as respectable and honest as the same classes in other European cities. The stranger will not pay more for an article to a shopkeeper in Athens, because he is a stranger, than he will in a shop in Paris where, as is well known, the price to an Englishman or American is not that demanded of a Parisian. Neither will he be imposed upon by a Greek boatman or cabman with half the audacity which he encounters on the Thames or in Piccadilly. If the image of King George stamped on silver has occasionally a potent influence on the Custom-House underlings at the Piræus, the image of Victoria on a still smaller coin produces the same effect at Liverpool or London. Indeed the traveller finds little difference in this respect wherever he goes, and I fear that nothing short of an "International Society for the prevention of imposition upon travellers"—something on the principle of the "Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals"—will have any effect upon this widespread and incalculable evil.

The character of servants is generally a pretty correct test of the character of the society they serve. I believe Greek servants are as honest as Irish ones, which is no left-handed compliment, for Biddy in spite of her faults is not a thief. Perhaps I ought to except cooks, for I never yet heard of one who went to market

for his master who did not present a bill monstrously out of proportion to the value received. I once offered to relieve my cook of this arduous duty of going to market by providing a substitute, but as he threatened to leave my service if I did so, I surrendered unconditionally. A certain French Marquis sent for his cook one day and asked him *point blanc* how many francs a year he robbed him of—Is it 5000? Is it 10,000? The *Chef de Cuisine* was indignant at the magnitude of the sum. "Very well," said his master, "I'll add 5000 francs to your salary if you'll take your oath never to charge me more than you pay." The proposition was accepted, but after a few days the cook returned to his master with a discontented air and remarked, "I think M. le Marquis, that we had better return to our original agreement!"

A Russian lady at Athens who, among other brilliant attractions, was noted for the magnificence and variety of her jewels, informed me that these treasures, valued at I know not how many hundreds of thousands of roubles, were kept in a small cabinet in her dressing-room and that her servant kept the key. When I suggested that cabinets were not always impregnable nor servants immaculate, she exclaimed with genuine *naïveté*, "But where's the danger? I have only Greek servants in the house, and the Greeks never steal." As regards the general fact implied in the remark, I believe that the lady was right. Greek servants do not steal. That some among them are "light-fingered" may be inferred

by an occasional missing mouchoir, or a bit of "my lady's laces," but it cannot with justice be asserted of servants at Athens what is undeniably true in many other countries. An American lady writing from a city in Saxony, says: "All servants here pilfer; every thing has to be kept under lock and key." An official in Switzerland told me that he had no confidence in Swiss servants—"they will steal if they get a chance." An American resident in Italy says: "I have an honest serving-man, but where I should look to replace him if I lost him I do not know." As a matter of curiosity a friend of mine once threw a small silver coin under a piece of furniture in an obscure corner of the house. After the next sweeping day he found the coin lying upon his office desk. Now Biddy would have returned it to the owner as promptly as the Greek servant, but it would have been done with a flourish something after this style: "Has your honor lost a shilling? Then shure it's I that have found it for ye," and Biddy would have received the shilling as the reward of her honesty.

Such crimes as housebreaking, highway robbery, or even pocket-picking, are extremely rare at Athens. On the occasion of the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of Greek Independence, when the streets were choked for hours with dense crowds—not less than fifty thousand people, as was estimated being in the streets to witness the military pageant, when every house excepting those in the line of the procession, was deserted—"not the meanest servant consenting to remain

at home on such an occasion"—not the slightest disturbance occurred; no house or shop was entered, and not a pocket was picked! Two years ago the safe of the Minister of Finance at Athens was robbed in a very ingenious manner. The thieves entered the city sewer at a distance of more than a mile from the building, and with great labor and patience constructed an underground passage from thence until they stood directly under the floor of the apartment they designed to enter. This was ascertained by means of an accomplice, who went daily to the room on pretence of business, and knocked with his cane on the floor to indicate the exact position to the workmen beneath. The entrance was effected at night, and without any suspicion on the part of the armed patrol who guarded the building from without, or the watchman within. Owing to the vigilance of the police the robbers were subsequently arrested and much of the money recovered; but the Quid Nuncs had to withdraw the stone they had hastily thrown on the pile of "Greek obliquity," and the ingenious originator and prime mover in this cleverly managed affair, turned out to be an Italian.

Crime exists in Athens as in other Capitals; but what is commonly designated as the "criminal class," is unknown here. It is confined to the mountains, and expends itself in acts of brigandage. In morals, the populations of the cities and towns of Greece compare most favorably with the condition of other Capitals or towns of similar magnitude. Athens, even relatively

speaking, has no such criminal statistics to show as London, where, according to a reliable report recently published, "one person in every one hundred and fifty persons is a forger, a housebreaker, a pickpocket, a shoplifter, a receiver of stolen goods, or what not; a human bird of prey, indeed, bound to a desperate pursuit of that terrible course of life into which vice or misfortune originally cast him; a wily, cunning man-wolf, constantly on the watch, seeking whom he may devour. "And these," the report states, "are known to the police." Neither does, what is known in some of our cities as the "rowdy" element, exist in Athens. The people are peaceable, orderly, and well disposed. No crowd is more easily gathered together than a Greek crowd, and nowhere does a large assembly more quietly disperse. I have seen twenty thousand people gathered together at a spectacle at Athens, and seen them disperse at the conclusion in as good order as a congregation of worshippers leaves a church. The revolution in Athens, which forced from the former King Otho a constitutional form of government, was not less remarkable for its results than for the marvellous manner in which those results were obtained. The whole city was in the streets, and for an entire day the open space in front of the palace was filled with an excited and determined people, and a revolted soldiery. All police surveillance was suspended; men of the lowest classes paraded the streets with loaded arms, and the largest opportunity for license and lawlessness was afforded;

yet, "not a gun was fired, nor a stone raised; nor was even a flower picked from the public gardens." The people waited patiently until their sovereign—unable to withstand the demonstration at his very palace door—signed the Constitutional decree, and then retired peaceably to their homes.

Family obligations and the ties of kindred are nowhere more respected than in Greece. Children are the jewels of their parents, and that one or more of them may shine in some sphere, the father will submit to the greatest of personal sacrifices. The son who dishonors his parent will often literally bring down his father's hairs in sorrow to the grave. Brothers and sisters seek for each other's advantage, and together respect and venerate their parents. The sons will not, as a general rule, think of marriage until the sisters are provided for; nor does the young lady, as in our country, indulge in preliminaries on her own account. The emotional is left to come, if it is to come at all, after her parents or brothers have introduced to her a suitable individual upon whom to fix her affections, or at least to bestow her hand. Not that the lady is called upon to take a husband who may be indifferent or repugnant to her; but the custom in this matter of marriage is so generally recognized that the maiden is, from the nature of things, "fancy free" until her wedding day. If perchance there is an *arrière pensée*, she does not allow it to bloom beside her marriage wreath. Once a wife, she learns to embrace her husband as a lover, and as mistress of her

household and mother of children, finds, without seeking, all the happiness she desires. Domestic fidelity, maternal affection, family unity, and the cheerful discharge of the duties and responsibilities of wedded life, are nowhere more beautifully illustrated than among the Greeks. As a natural consequence of this condition, the people are emphatically a chaste people. This statement may open the eyes of many who are accustomed to regard the Greeks with an obliquity of vision, but I am persuaded that no city in the world of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants can boast of fewer invitations to sensual vice than does Athens. It is but fair to infer, in the absence of positive proofs to the contrary, that private morals keep pace with outward observances in this respect. As to the inhabitants of the country, there is no room for any question on the subject. The Greeks are a temperate people. This is evident to the most superficial observer; but I am not sure that this should be noted as a national merit, since, as in other warm climates, it is the result of the absence of strong intoxicating drinks. Large quantities of wine are imbibed here; but the wine of the country is of pure grape juice, fermented naturally in barrels, and is very cheap. Rum and brandy are chiefly consumed by foreigners, of whom the greater part are sailors. Alcoholic drinks are very deleterious in warm climates, and this fact, with the comparative high cost of these stimulants, limit their consumption. The light wine of the country, on the contrary, is comparatively harmless, if not positively

wholesome, when drunk with moderation. On high feasts and holidays one often sees carriage loads of song-singing Greeks, under the effects of partial exhilaration; but positive drunkenness is rare, while it is not an uncommon sight to see sailors from foreign ships reeling through the streets in various stages of intoxication. But even wine-drinking leads to brawls and high words, for the brain of the Greek is highly excitable. The statistics of registered deaths in the city of Athens from the effect of strong drinks may not be very reliable, yet it is noteworthy that out of a population of fifty thousand, but twenty-six natives are known to have died from this cause in ten years; while of foreigners, who form scarcely one per cent. of the whole population, the number recorded is sixteen. Englishmen and Americans bear away the first prizes in the international exhibition of drunkards; while Greeks and Mussulmans, especially the latter, are perhaps the most temperate people in Europe. With the Turk it is a religious obligation; with the Greek it is more the result of circumstances.

The Greeks are a hospitable people. Many a traveller in the interior of Greece, some of whom, perhaps, have forgotten whose roofs sheltered them, and whose table they have shared, can attest to a trait of character which if not inherited, is most admirably copied from the Ancient Greeks. There are few parts of the country where the stranger will not find a hospitable hand to take him in; and no hut, however limited its capacity,

where room cannot be found for the wanderer, be he the well-to-do traveller, the wearied peasant, or the half-starved refugee from justice. Akin to hospitality is charity, and the beggar who gets no recognition from a stranger in the streets of Athens, seldom fails to have a coin thrown to him by the passing Greek; especially the poor, there as elsewhere, remember the poor. The political and religious condition of the Greeks have been dwelt upon elsewhere. They form distinct chapters in the life of a people who are themselves distinct in the chief characteristics which make up a race.

It may well be asked, if the Modern Greeks are no worse than has been here represented, whence arises the spirit of detraction—so widespread—so eagerly directed against them. Why is the very air of free Greece impregnated with denunciation, and the press of Europe almost a unit in condemning her people? To answer this question as it should be answered, would be to go into an analysis of cause and effect which would exceed the limits of this paper. "Give a dog a bad name" and no explanation may get his good name back again. It cannot be doubted that if the Greeks were more pliant in the hands of those who would mould them to their purposes—like Turkish clay in the hands of the potter—we should hear less to their disadvantage. But the political aspirations of Greece, as has been noticed, are not in keeping with the policy of Western Europe, and she continues to flaunt her flag, with its extravagant inscription, into the eyes of those whose aim and object is

to keep the Greeks as they are and Greece where it is. Thus a spirit of perpetual provocation is aroused, and the little kingdom manages to keep herself so much *en evidence* in the Eastern European Question as to weary and disgust those who might otherwise be her political friends. England has been disappointed in Greece from the day she assisted to save her at the battle of Navarino. When the Greeks boast of their independence, England does not fail to remind them that they are indebted to her for that independence. This is true enough, and if Greece were ever likely to lose sight of the fact, England would keep the fact distinctly before her. The kingdom has not been as grateful to the Powers for that "untoward event" as they would have wished. Instead of docility and submission, Greece has been arrogant and independent. She has disappointed England also in the non-payment of her obligations; in her dissatisfaction with the boundaries assigned to the new kingdom; in her persistent rejection of English counsel, in not opening her coasting trade to English vessels of commerce; in her repeated attempts at territorial enlargement, and in her preference for French over English ideas. All this and much more were calculated to irritate the mind of her great "preserver," and to color it with political prejudice, which the Greeks choose to call "jealousy," on account of English loss of maritime supremacy in the East. The idea that great and potent England should be jealous of young and struggling Greece increases the indignation

of the former, and whets her thousand pens of irony and scorn. Thus the battle of the giants and the pigmies becomes a ceaseless battle, in which Greece gets no quarter, and seldom gains any advantage; for when the cannonading of the enemy reduces her to some humiliating condition, she is pelted with epithets selected from the vocabulary of personal abuse.

During the English protectorate of the Ionian Islands, England looked coldly upon any sign of political or commercial strength in Greece which might win the affections of the islanders to their mother country; and when at last the cession of the islands to Greece became an inevitable necessity, the last link of sympathy between the two peoples seemed to be destroyed. In spite of England's denial of malevolent feelings towards Greece, and of her frequent professions of interest in all that relates to the advancement of that kingdom, the Greeks maintain their own views, and withhold their confidence from her. Hear one of them: "It is vain to endeavor to make us believe that the English press is actuated only by a sense of justice and a love of order in browbeating every aspiration, in ridiculing every effort, in exaggerating every misfortune, in trampling upon every thing most dear to the Greek people; and in upholding and bolstering up Turkish interests, in whitewashing Turkish infamy, and in applauding every silly and apocryphal speech of the Sultan. Let them make a clean breast of it; let them tell us honestly—"Our policy and our interests in the East are such as to make it impera-

tive for us to uphold Turkey at all costs, and as long as we can. We desire to have there a nominal power strong enough only to keep up the semblance of an independent State, and weak enough to be our obedient tool. We do not wish a progressive people who would soon mark out their own destiny, and would break loose from our tutelage. We want a people who are indolent and extravagant in their barbarous habits. We want them to take off our hands all the Manchester goods and Birmingham ware for which we can find no market elsewhere, at the price and on the conditions we see fit to impose. We want them to contract periodically, and at usurious rates, loans, the major part of which will remain in our hands, in return for material and moral support. We want them to give employment to our dockyards and to our gun factories. We want them to take over the bankrupt captains of our navy who cannot conveniently remain amongst us for fear of duns, and make them Pashas and admirals. Their ambassadors in London, Paris, etc., are men of the world. They give first-rate parties, and are always ready to befriend gentlemen of a literary turn of mind, and inspire them with pure and poetic affection for a maligned race. When we visit them at Constantinople we are treated like princes—even the meanest of us; we are allowed to carry away gratis any antiquity we can lay our hands upon, and—witness our Museum at Bloomsbury—we have already transported entire temples and almost whole cities to London. We were once feeble enough to allow our

selves to be carried away partly by the entreaties of some really generous and noble men, and partly by a jealousy of other powers, and to aid you in your endeavors for liberty; but we have since deplored the event. You see you Greeks are too sharp for us; and if you are allowed to have your own way, you will soon sweep our commerce from the Mediterranean. Even now, weak as you are, and struggling, your merchant marine is the seventh in importance in the world. We cannot afford to allow you to go further at present. We must look after our own interests. Therefore we give you a fair and honest warning, we will favor the Turks through thick and thin, and oppose you.

If Englishmen had spoken thus, we would certainly still be grieved, would regret their determination, and would deplore a policy which is shortsighted, if not also unjust; but we would allow that we were treated fairly, and would give them credit for sincerity and straightforwardness. But to endeavor to convince us that all this clamor is the result of virtuous indignation, that there is a real desire for the progress and welfare of Greece, and that therefore the beloved child is chastised, is simply preposterous. We say, *We know what is going on.*"

If Greece had larger resources—such a commerce with the Western nations, as has Turkey; if, instead of her liberal notions she would bend her energies to conciliate her enemies, suppress her own schemes and advance those of other Powers, she would find herself

with as many champions among Christian nations as has now the government of the Ottomans. Under such a condition of things we should cease to hear of the moral deficiencies of the Greeks, or rather those deficiencies would be ascribed to causes for which the nation is not wholly unaccountable, and which would rapidly disappear under the benign influences of European civilization. But the individuality of the Greek mind forbids the realization of any such change of opinion on the part of Europe until the political relations of the East are materially modified. With such modifications it is not improbable that Greece will have her turn of kind treatment if not of political indulgence. Until then, the traveller as he approaches Greece, must expect to hear the people denounced for all the sins which they have, and for many more which exist only in the imagination of their detractors. Some of our countrymen are actually deterred from visiting Athens by the terrible accounts which they receive on the way of the lawless character of the people and the danger to life which exists in the capital. A distinguished American told me that from the moment he left Vienna he heard nothing but what was bad of the Greeks; these reports increased in intensity as he passed down the Danube, and culminated at Constantinople, where he was told that at Athens it would be hazardous for him to go out of his hotel in broad daylight on account of the prevalence of brigandage in the very streets of the capital. Being a military man however, who had faced open and secret foes, he

stood the hazard of the die and ventured to land in that classic corner of the world. He came to me with a face of astonishment to know "what it meant?" He found himself in a quiet and attractive city, with well-informed and polite people about him and surrounded by evidences of civilization—taste, wealth and social enjoyment. "It is true," said he, "that I regarded much of what I heard as exaggeration, but where there is so much smoke I concluded there must be some fire." This is the experience of too many of our countrymen who visit Greece. How can it be otherwise when there are none but Greeks to set them right; and when, from the nature of things, every word the native may have to say in his defence is taken with the very largest allowance of salt. If a stranger in an English, French or German hotel, club, or coffee-room in any Levantine or Turkish town, mentions the Greeks, he hears them denounced for every sin in the decalogue and with a vehemence of language which alone suggests the possibility that the speaker is discharging himself of an excess of bile, rather than expressing the deliberate result of his own personal observation. If the traveller takes up some of the English "guide books" he may discover that he has paid his money to read the outpourings of an individual's wrath, rather than the record of dispassionate facts. For example: "The Greeks," says one of these authorities, "have insinuated themselves into every office (in the Turkish Empire) where their venality, cupidity and utter unscrupulousness promise wealth

and rank. They are the parasites, the vermin, that cripple the Ottoman Empire; and no foreigner can withstand their allures, be honest to his trust in the Ottoman service and live. My advice is never to engage a Greek in any capacity whatever, unless you have the most ample proof of his honesty—a proof seldom to be met with. * * The Greeks of the Levantine ports were born to steal," etc., etc., etc. This English Christian guide book further recommends the traveller in Turkey to keep himself supplied with potassium, in order to play upon the credulity and ignorance of the *Moslem* by burning this chemical upon the waters, and so "win for the stranger veneration and titles." The Greeks of Greece come in for pretty much the same strain of opprobrium from European and especially English writers, and it is very difficult indeed for the American traveller to disabuse himself of the most unfavorable impressions of the race, or to believe that the brave and persistent people whose seven years' struggle for their independence won the admiration and sympathy of the United States, are not hopelessly degenerated, base and venal. The "self-complacent British sneer,"—heard in all countries—is peculiarly sonorous in Greece. Phrases like these salute the ear at every turn: "O, that's so very Greek." "None but a Greek would do this or do that." "A Greek trick." "A Greek lie," etc., etc. People who get into the habit of talking in this way never leave it off, and they soon learn by simple repetition to believe that the sum and substance of human

depravity is fully expressed in the word "Greeks." It is amusing to note to what insignificant matters the prejudiced foreigner will descend to illustrate the degraded character of the Modern Greeks. An English officer whom I met in the railway carriage between Athens and the Piræus, called my attention to the wooden fence then in process of erection on each side the road. "How long, sir, do you think it will be," said my companion, "before these destructive brutes (the Greeks) carry it away piecemeal for firewood?". Not being well versed in the natural history of railway fences, I was unable to gratify his curiosity on the subject. This was five years ago, and the fence stands to-day in about as good condition as when it was erected. "Look at that monument," continued my friend, pointing to a distant white marble obelisk in memory of the English and French soldiers who fell in the vicinity, "it is absolutely peppered with gun shot fired by these infernal Greek sportsmen." I dare say that many of the shot were delivered from Greek fowling-pieces, but as the plain of Athens is frequented for sporting purposes by foreigners as well as Greeks, it is fair to presume that the former as well as the latter yielded to the temptation to take a shot or two at the "shining mark." Now, in the middle of this same plain, rendered historical by the famous battle of Athens, stands another monument, erected to the memory of Karaiscakis, a hero of the revolution, who fell upon the spot; and whose memory is dear to every Greek. As the visitor approaches to read

the inscription carved upon the tablet, his eye is attracted by another inscription, not in Greek, but in English; not carved, but daubed in huge characters of black paint upon the stone slab around the base of the monument. The words run thus:

RACER'S
FOOTBALL GROUND
1867.

To establish uniformity of effect, or perhaps not to be outdone by the "other fellows," the blue jackets of another of Her Britannic Majesty's ships-of-war have daubed upon the corresponding slab of the Greek hero's monument another inscription, to wit:

SAUCY.
CRICKET GROUND.

There the letters have stood through all the rains and sunshine of these years, furnishing an instructive lesson to the destructive Greeks of the respect due to the illustrious dead. The reader may be struck, as I was with the superfluity of language employed by the ship's artist. He should have studied brevity, which is sometimes the soul of vulgarity as well as of wit. Why, for instance, the word "saucy?" Does not the inscription itself fully establish that fact? And why the words "football ground?" Does not every Greek know that by right of preëmption his native land has long been recognized as the football of Europe?

The Greeks have not only open enemies to accuse of creating prejudice against them. There have been

but too many instances when from the bottom of their hearts they might have exclaimed, "Save us from our friends." The enthusiastic "Philhellene" has often damaged the cause he espoused by the heightened color of his picture, without a shade or neutral tint to give it the semblance of nature. The victim of imagination, he flings a tinsel robe over the Greek, and struts him before the footlights in the expectation of applause, which does not come. He indulges his bombast in journals which will print his effusions, but deceives no one but himself. The Greeks themselves may give currency to every Philhellenic rhapsody and exaggerated eulogy, but it is only to counterpoise the scale heavy with unjust aspersion. If I read the Greek character with any degree of perception, I understand that he does not desire flattery or fulsome praise so much as just estimation of what he is; honest criticisms of his defects, and generous allowances on the part of the critics for those extraneous circumstances which have largely contributed to produce those defects.

Of the foreign writers who denounce Greece, all are not wilfully malignant. The majority write for the sake of writing, and, as a matter of policy or gain, take the popular side of the question. These are, perhaps, the most dangerous of all, for they write with a reckless pen, and refuse to be enlightened, because they would then be deprived of the piquancy upon which they depend to make their effusions palatable. I remember meeting a well-known Irish humorist on board a steamer return-

ing from Greece, who was positively offended because he was set right in a matter in which he was altogether wrong. He had primed himself during a sojourn of three or four days in Athens with a volley of abuse against the Greeks, and all who attempted to defend them, which he purposed to discharge in full force in his first fiction or magazine article. The British Minister at Athens was especially offensive to him, because the facts stated by the former were not compatible with the fancies of the novelist. Yet, "Cornelius O'Dowd"* was at heart as indifferent to the Greeks, whom he wished to abuse, as he was to the Confederates of the Southern States, whom he exalted in the pages of *Blackwood* until the "lost cause" diverted his humor into other channels.

Many of the detractors of Greece write from conviction and the difficulty of casting off their national or personal prejudices. Their sentiments, however unjust, are openly and honestly expressed. Such men—especially if they have no Turkish bonds in their pockets—when convinced that their ink has been too strongly imbued with gall, will dip their pens in a milder fluid, and when occasion offers, make the *amende honorable*. These are noble enemies compared with that lesser crew of "Bohemians," who, under the gilded jacket of Philhellenism, philanthropy, or what not, win the confidence of the Greek for the purpose of making political capi-

* Charles Lever.

tal or personal gain from the cause they pretend to espouse with such disinterestedness.

The extremes of encomium and censure passed upon the Greek nation have created a party spirit outside the kingdom, which increases in acerbity; while the Greek himself, tired of the spectacle, grows indifferent to both friend and foe. He despairs of being admitted into the political council of nations with the respect which he feels to be his due; and he equally despairs of seeing his gallant defenders win the day and establish his neglected rights. This indifference is not calculated to advance the cause which every right-minded man in Europe ought to wish to prevail—that is, the cause of an independent people striving against great odds, even if those odds are their own infirmities. If the policy of harshness has been unavailing, does not the simplest principle of human conduct suggest a change in the remedial agents? If stimulants and counter-irritants increase the excitability of the patient, had they not better be abandoned? "J'aimerais mieux," says Joubert, "la nollesse qui laisse aux hommes le temps de devenir neilleurs, que la séverité qui les rend pires, et la precipitation qui n'attend pas le repentir." It is with nations as with individuals: if the three political physicians (especially one of them), who have taken Greece in charge, will let nature take care of itself, giving advice only when the patient desires it, and abstaining from the harsh remedies of the "old school," the Hellenic Kingdom will gain in strength. If I refer to England more point-

edly than to other nations in these connections, it is because she has been more prominent than other nations in the affairs of Greece. Perhaps my prejudices in favor of England and Englishmen, my respect for her institutions and her statesmen, for the cleverness of her thinking, and for the honesty of her working classes, give color to the regret with which I perceive that aversion is taking the place of regard for her in the minds of the Greek people. The Greeks have, no doubt, laid themselves open to reproach, but they nevertheless feel, and disinterested observers feel with them; that they do not receive from English statesmen and from English writers that just and considerate treatment which one nation has a right to receive from another nation, and which comes with especial grace and efficacy from the strong to the weak. While I do not believe that it will ever be a wholesome policy for Greece to ally herself or give her sympathies wholly to any one foreign power, I do believe that to no European nation can she hope to look with more confidence for disinterested advice and friendly counsel than to England. That such counsel may in any way be effective for good, Greece must be encouraged to accept it by demonstrations of genuine sympathy on the part of her adviser.

Greece is fond of asserting that the United States is her model, and of lamenting that she has never had a Washington to guide her political progress. It is natural that she should feel a sympathetic interest in a people who from the earliest period of her struggle for in

dependence have manifested a desire to see free institutions flourish on her soil. The established principle of our government of avoiding entangling alliances abroad, and of refraining from intermeddling with the political affairs of foreign States, have preserved to the United States an independence of judgment which would not be the case if any other policy were adopted. The geographical and political conditions of Europe are so widely different from our own, that this circumstance must ever be considered when passing judgment upon the action of larger states towards inferior political organizations. But while Greece must naturally expect to suffer from the ambitious designs of her more powerful neighbors, she can look with confidence to the potential voice of public opinion, both in Europe and America, to protect her independence as a State, so long as she can convince the world that she is worthy of her independence.

If the patience of the reader has gone with me through these papers — which it is necessary to remark, have been written hastily during the pauses of a long journey, and sent to the publisher without revision—he may have perceived that in writing them, I have resisted a temptation. It is easier to row with the current than against it: still easier to sit on the shore with the indifferent spectators and not get into the boat at all. But I conceive that I should be doing wrong to remain silent in the midst of

calumny, and refuse to give my testimony—so far as I have any testimony to give in a matter in which I have at least endeavored to arrive at correct conclusions. In doing so, I have had but a single purpose in view, which is to awaken a more general interest in the condition and destinies of Greece, and to induce influential writers to accord a more impartial judgment than has heretofore been accorded, to the people of that struggling kingdom.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. (page 149.)

A decided and important commercial movement has recently commenced in Greece, which if it be not impeded by undue speculation, argues well for the future of the kingdom. New banking establishments have been created, and a steam navigation company under the Greek flag has been formed by Greek capitalists of Galatz, Odessa, and Constantinople, which is to work all the lines of home steam communication and run lines of steamers to the chief ports of the Levant, the Black Sea, Egypt, Italy, France and perhaps England.

But that which has chiefly attracted public attention is the formation of a new company for the working of the ancient Laurium mines. The capital employed is stated at 20 million of drachmes—equal to $3\frac{1}{3}$ million of dollars—all of which was subscribed for by the Greeks as soon as offered. The success of this company depends upon the actual value of the mineral deposits, which has not been thoroughly ascertained.

"Extensive beds of scoriæ, the refuse of the silver and lead mines worked during eight centures by the ancient Athenians, became, at the termination of the Greek Revolutionary War, the property of the villagers of Keratia, from whom they were purchased by a company represented by M. Roux, an enterprising capitalist of Marseilles. The company in question, which comprised Italians and Greeks, obtained, by a law passed in 1865, the right to work the old mines of Laurium, paying 25 francs duty on each ton of lead exported. The annual export of lead has been from 7,000 to 7,500 tons (value, £177,000), all of which quantity was sent to England. The proportion of silver found in the lead is said to be 5 per 1,000 ($\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) There are twelve furnaces constantly at work, and three engines of from 40 to 80 horse power. The lead is refined at Ergasteria, and it

is intended that the silver shall be extracted there likewise, later. From 3 to 3½ per cent. of lead remains in the rejected scoriæ, the proportion left in the refuse of the ancient mines being 10 per cent. 8,671 tons of argental lead were extracted in 1869."

The right of the former company to use the *ecvolades*, (a mineral deposite distinct from the *scoriæ*), was contested by the Greek government and formed the subject of diplomatic correspondence with France and Italy. This contest was finally terminated by the purchase of the rights of the Franco-Italian Company by the new Laurium Company, composed chiefly of Greeks, who have also come to an understanding with the Greek government as to the employment of the *ecvolades*.

"These private undertakings, including mining and railway operations," says an intelligent correspondent, "have already begun to produce most satisfactory results, not merely as regards the social, but also as regards the political condition of the country. It is thus that we have lately witnessed quite an unprecedented phenomenon. A large number of clerks and other *employés* of the Civil Service are sending in their resignations and are accepting posts in these new establishments at rates of remuneration even lower than the government salaries, preferring the stability and hope of advancement offered them by private enterprise to the torturing and ruinous uncertainty with which they held offices dependant on the arbitrary will of each successive minister. In this new movement, I see the solution of one of the great difficulties this country has been laboring under—the fight for public offices. They will in future be at as great a discount as they have up to this stood at a premium."

NOTE 2. (page 161.)

The pioneers of Railway enterprise in Greece were a combination of English capitalists whose names deserve honorable mention. Sir Edward W. Watkin,—so well known as a leading authority in railway matters in England,—Captain Henry W. Tyler, R. E.; William Newmarch, Esq.; Alex. Grant Dallas, Esq.; Henry Rawson, Esq.; James Shaw, Esq.; and J. S. Negroponti, Esq.; successfully laid down and put into profitable operation the first railway constructed in Greece,—that connecting the capital, Athens, with the Piræus. The concession of this road had been granted to previous applicants, who found themselves unable to comply with the terms of their agree-

ment, nor was it without great difficulty and unexpected outlays that the work was finally accomplished. Since the publication of the first edition of this work railway enterprises have attracted the attention of Greek and foreign capitalists, and contracts have been made with the Greek government for the construction of a line between Athens and Lamia on the Turkish frontier. There is reason to believe that this road will be in operation before many years. A contract has also been made for a line from Patras to Pyrgos, in the Morea, and proposals offered for a line from Athens to Patras, by the shores of the Gulf of Corinth. If these lines are completed, they will afford continuous railway communication from the northern frontier of Greece to the southwestern point of the Peloponesus. These movements may induce the question of a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth to be seriously considered.

NOTE 3. (page 238.)

Mr. Serpieri, the Italian proprietor of the lead mines of Ergasteria, in 1865, paid the brigand Kitso a sum equal to about $1,100 in lieu of a larger sum demanded.

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